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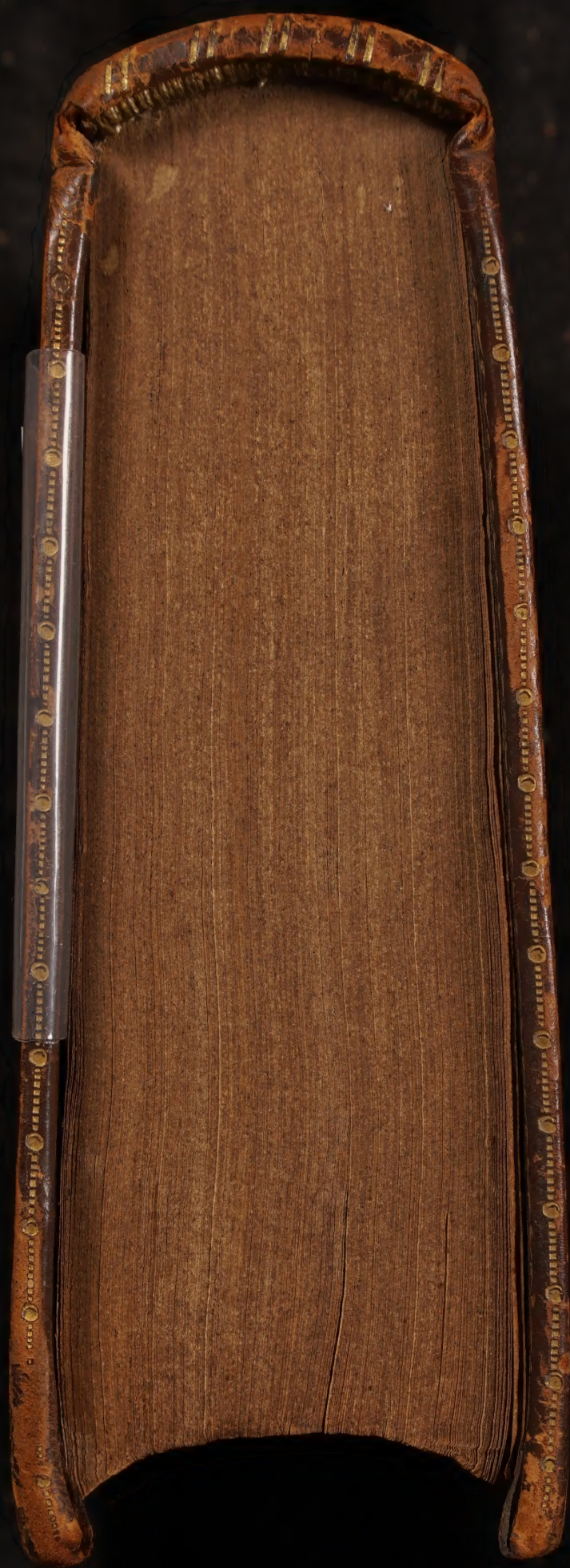


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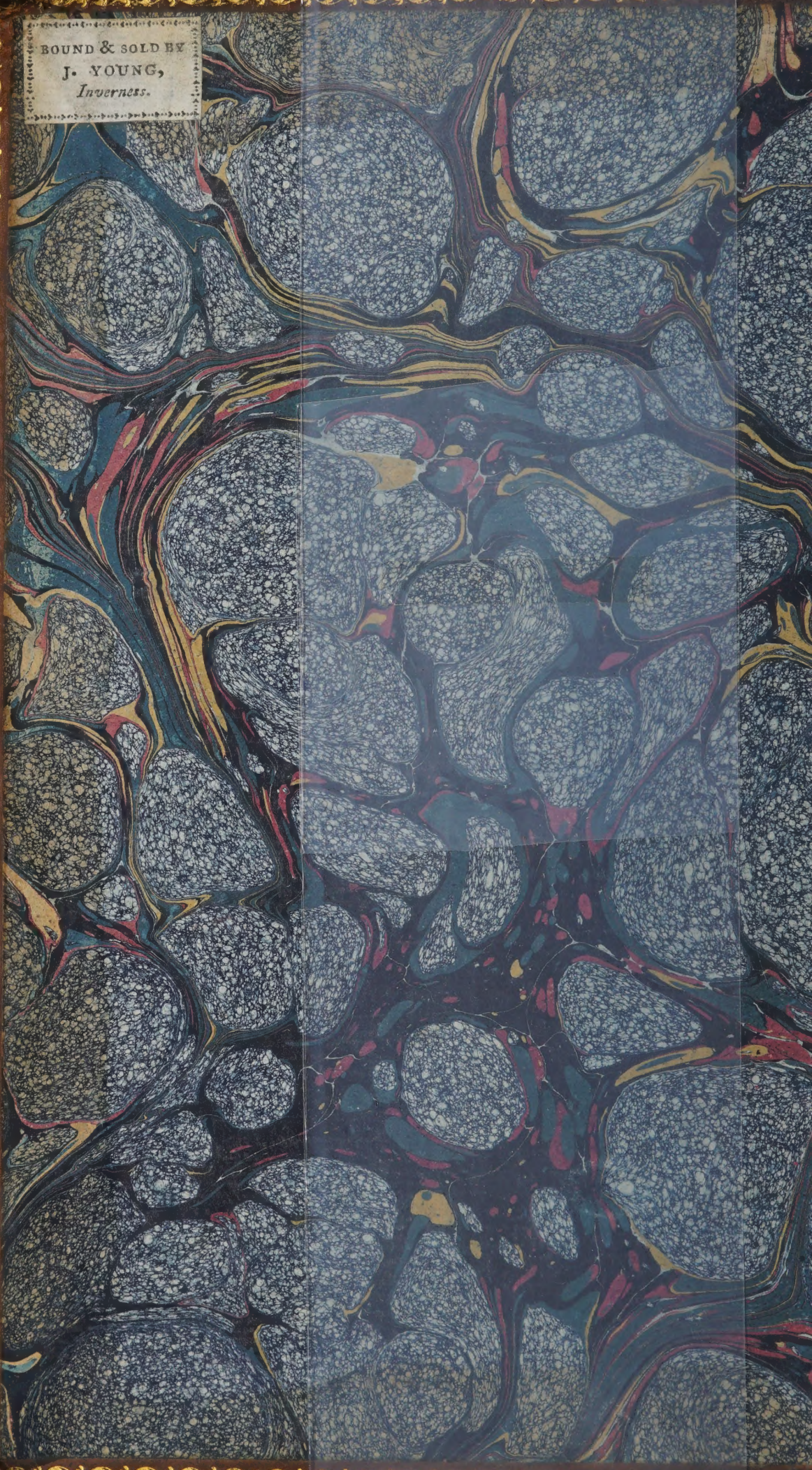
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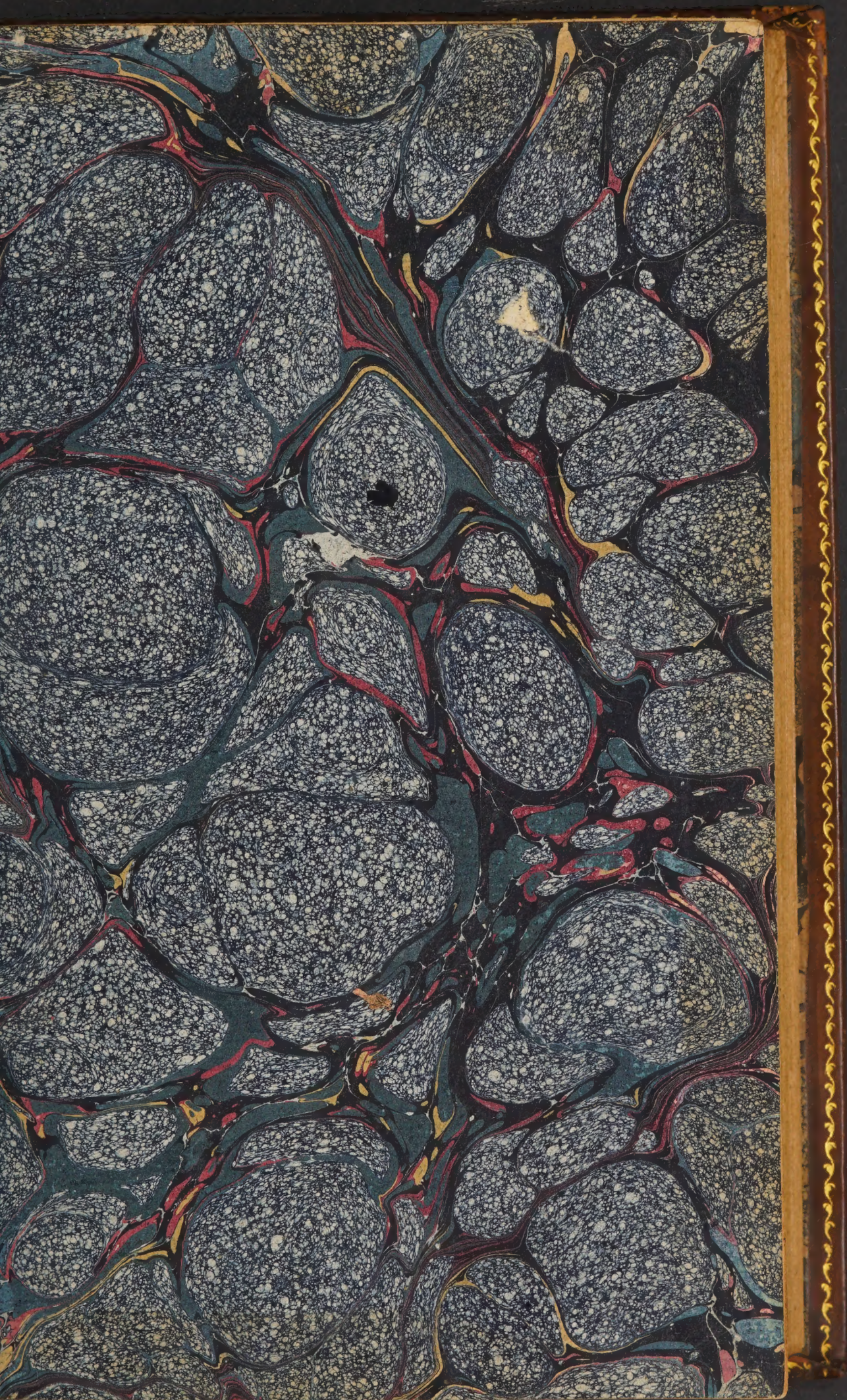


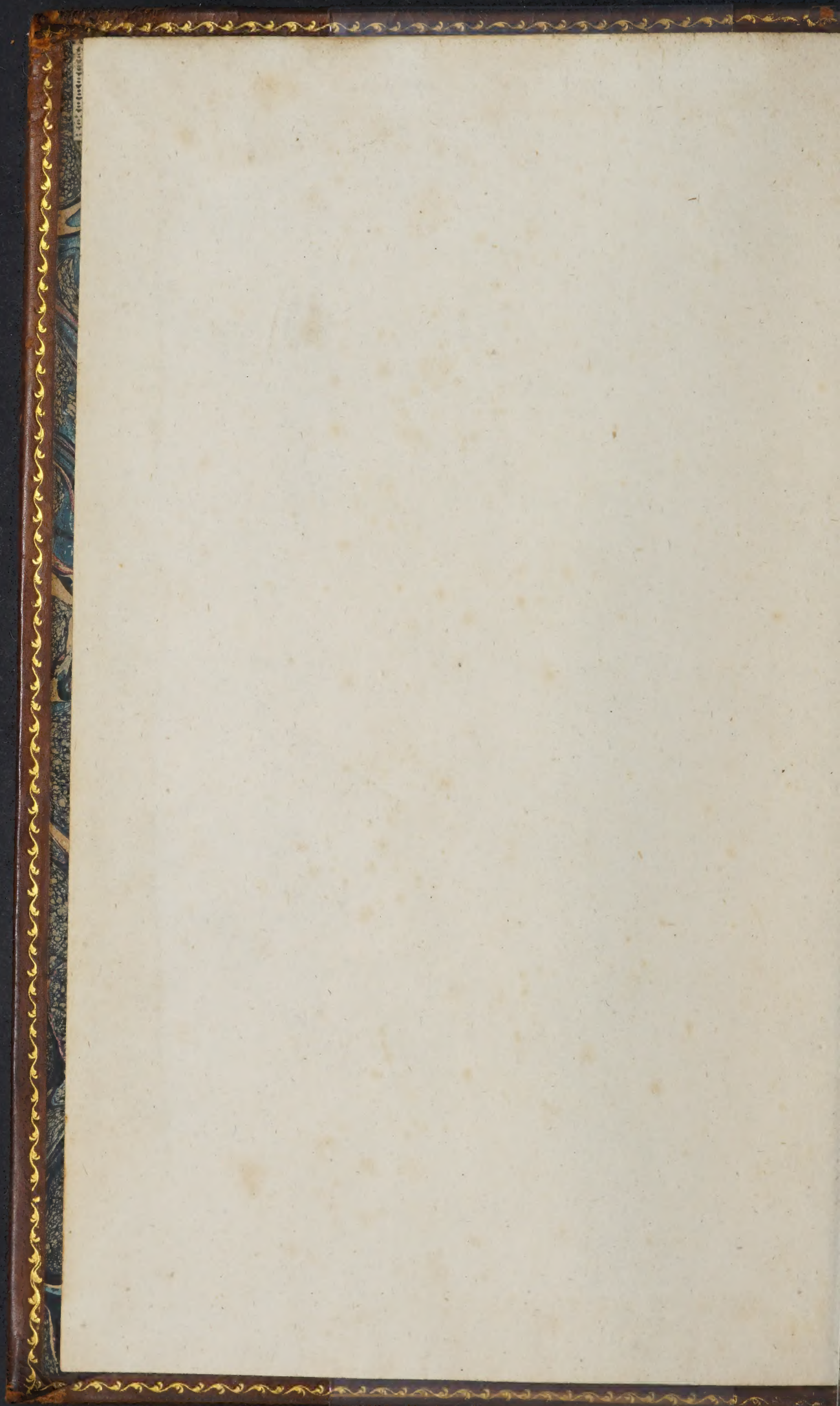




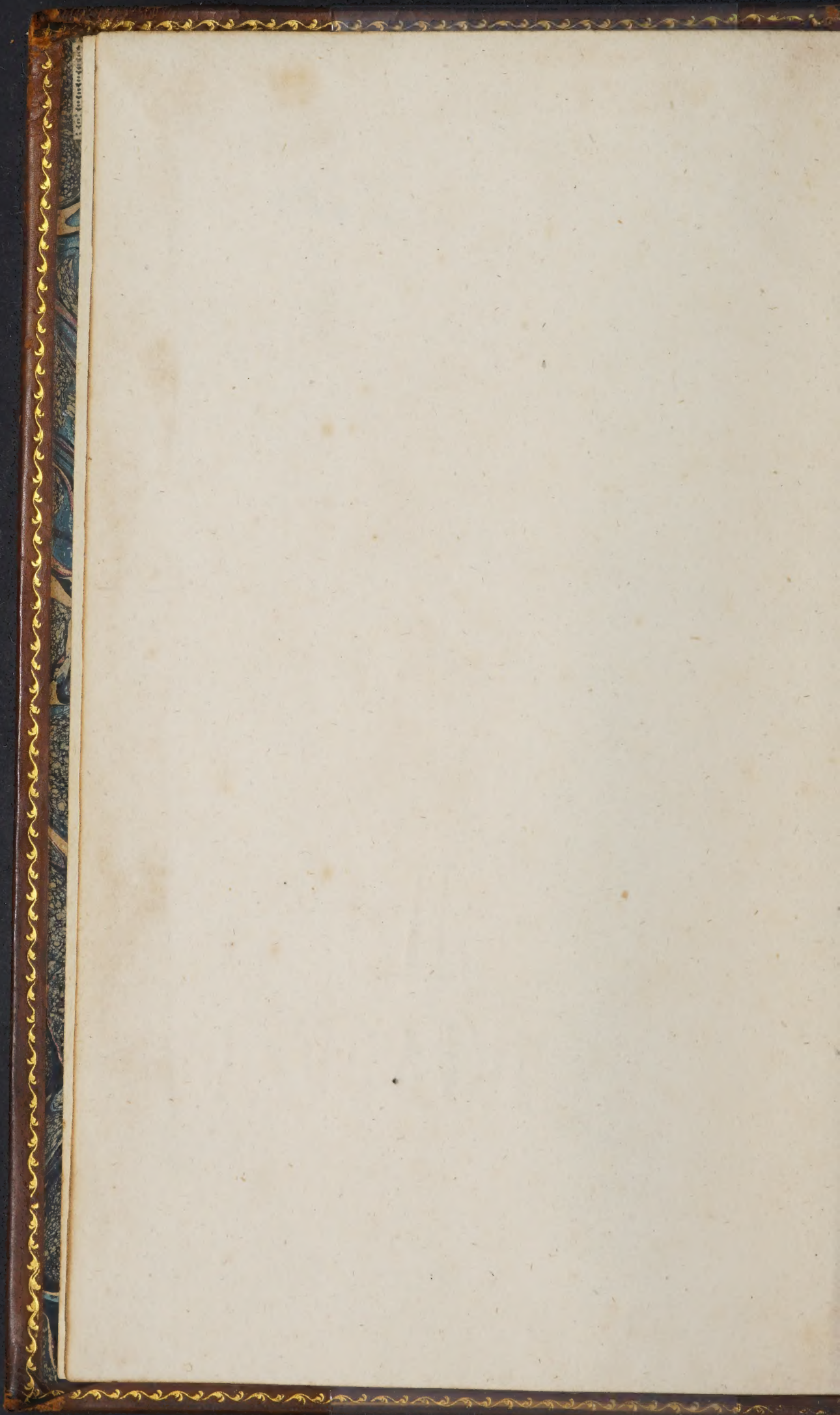
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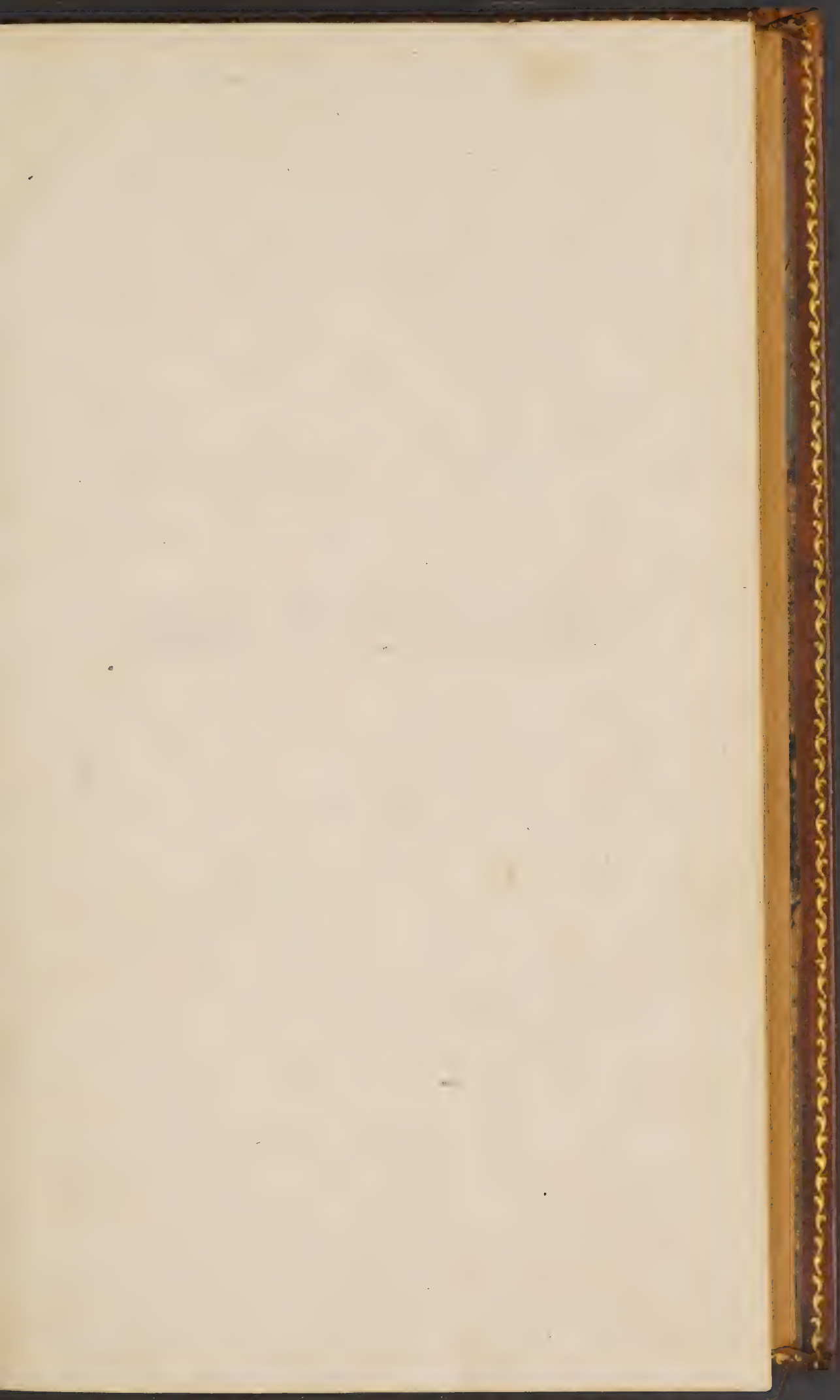


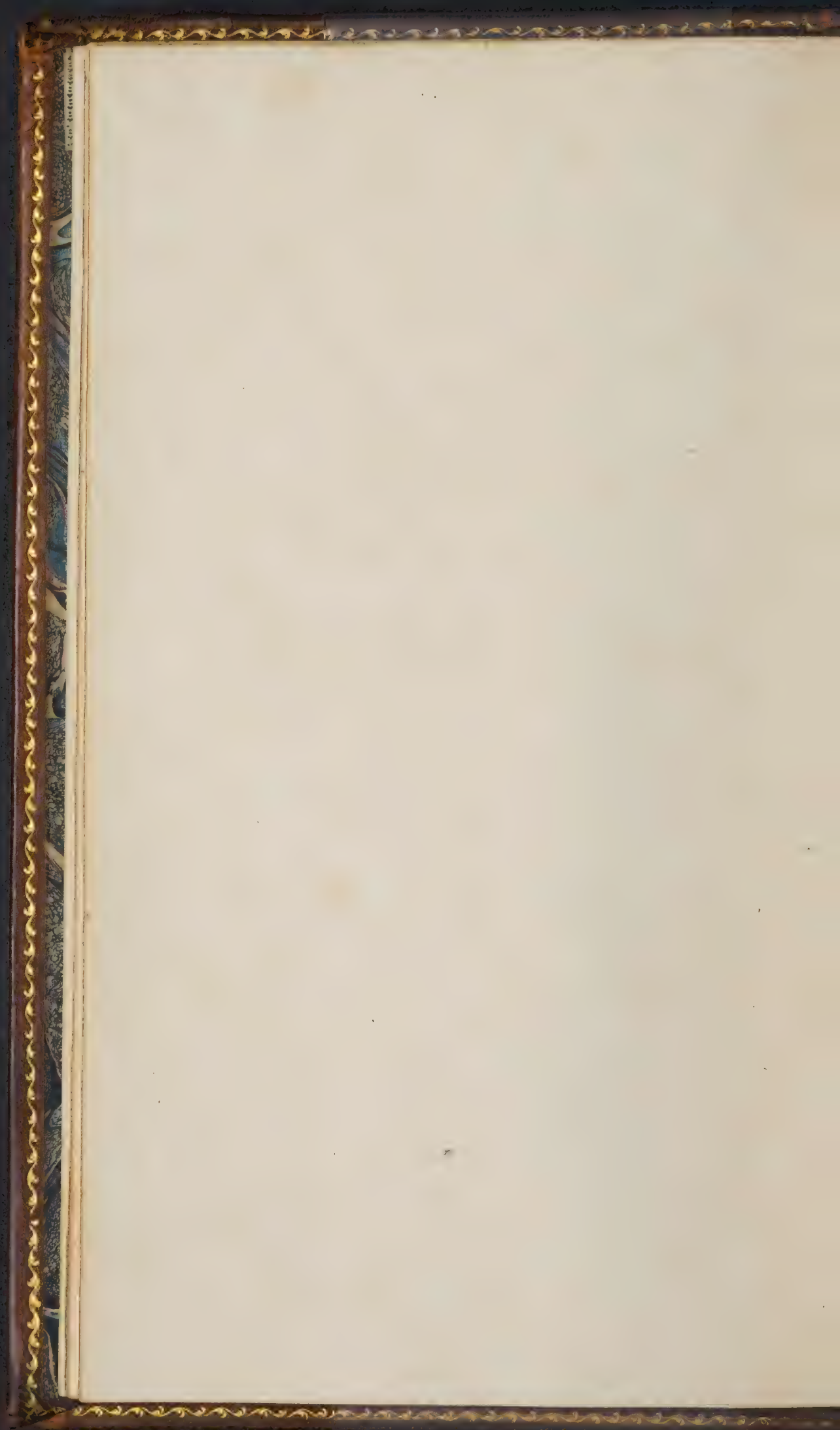




2004







THE
POEMS OF OSSIAN, &c.



Cecil, 1805.

THE
POEMS OF OSSIAN,
&c.

CONTAINING THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

IN
PROSE AND RHYME :

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
MALCOLM LAING, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1805.



CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

	Page.
TEMORA, Book I.	1
Book II.	51
Book III.	81
Book IV.	111
Book V.	139
Book VI.	167
Book VII.	193
Book VIII.	223
Cathlin of Clutha,	265
Sulmalla of Lumon,	279
Cath-Loda, Duan I.	293
Duan II.	309
Duan III.	323
Oina-Morul,	337
Colna-Dona,	349

Specimen of the Original of Temora, Book VII.	359
Malvina's Dream,	375
Fragments of Ancient Poetry,	377
The Six Bards, a fragment,	414
Death, a poem,	443
The Hunter, in ten cantos,	463
The Highlander, in six cantos,	525

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

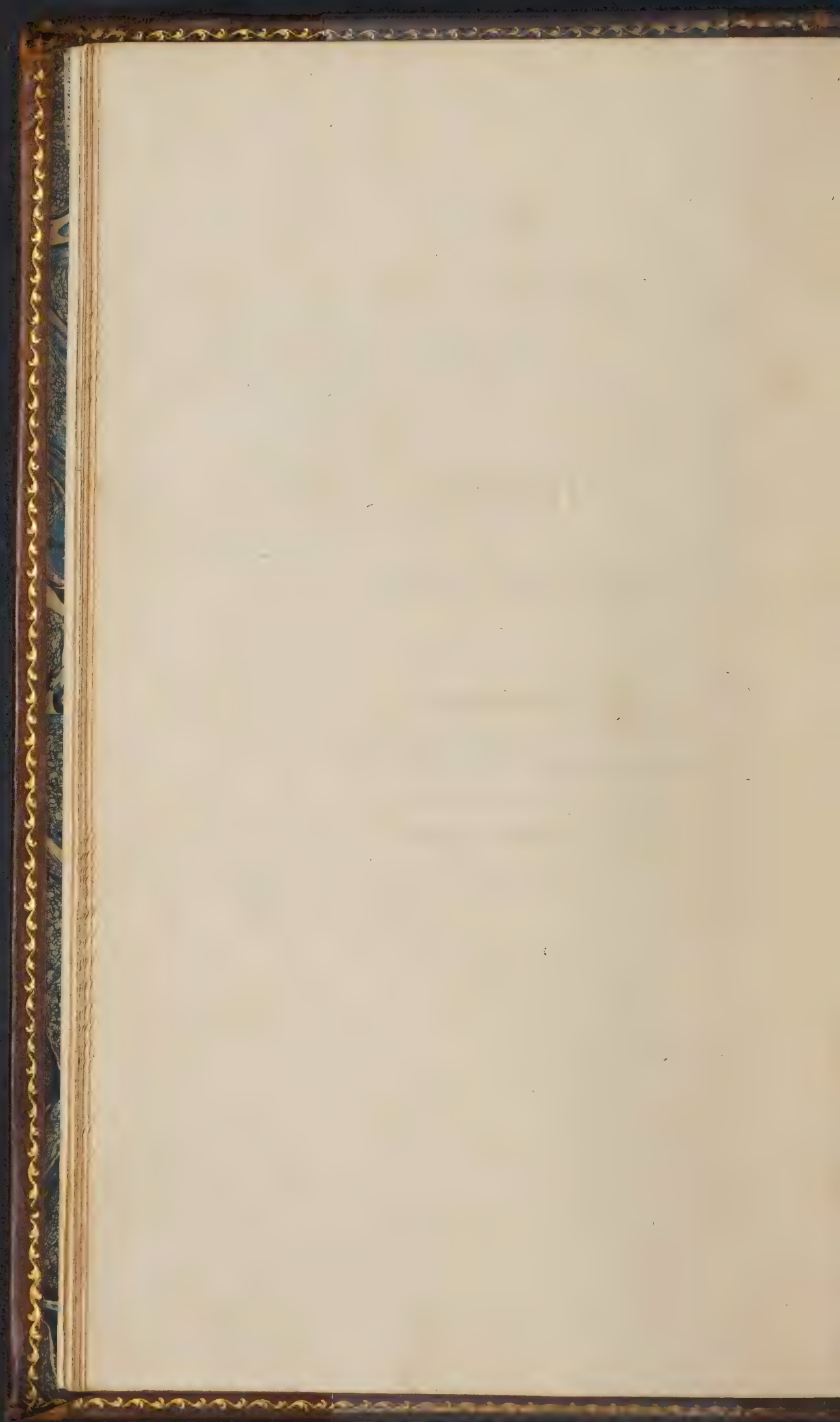
	<i>Page.</i>
On the Death of Marshal Keith,	587
On the Death of a Young Lady,	590
To the memory of an Officer killed before Quebec,	592
The Earl Marischal's welcome to his native Country,	595
Horace, Ode xvi. book 2. imitated,	601
Ode x. book 2. imitated,	605
The Choice,	607
Written on a Birth-day,	609
The Monument,	610
Verses sent to a Young Lady, with some trans- lations from the Earse,	611
The Cave,	613
Fragments from Tyrtæus,	616
Anacreon, Ode iv. translated,	621
Ode viii.	622
In answer to a letter from Delia,	623
A Night-Piece,	626
Verses to a Young Lady,	629
Fragment of a Northern Tale,	631
The same versified,	632

TEMORA :
AN EPIC POEM.

*Vultis et his mecum paritur considerare regnis,
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.*

VIRGIL.

BOOK I.

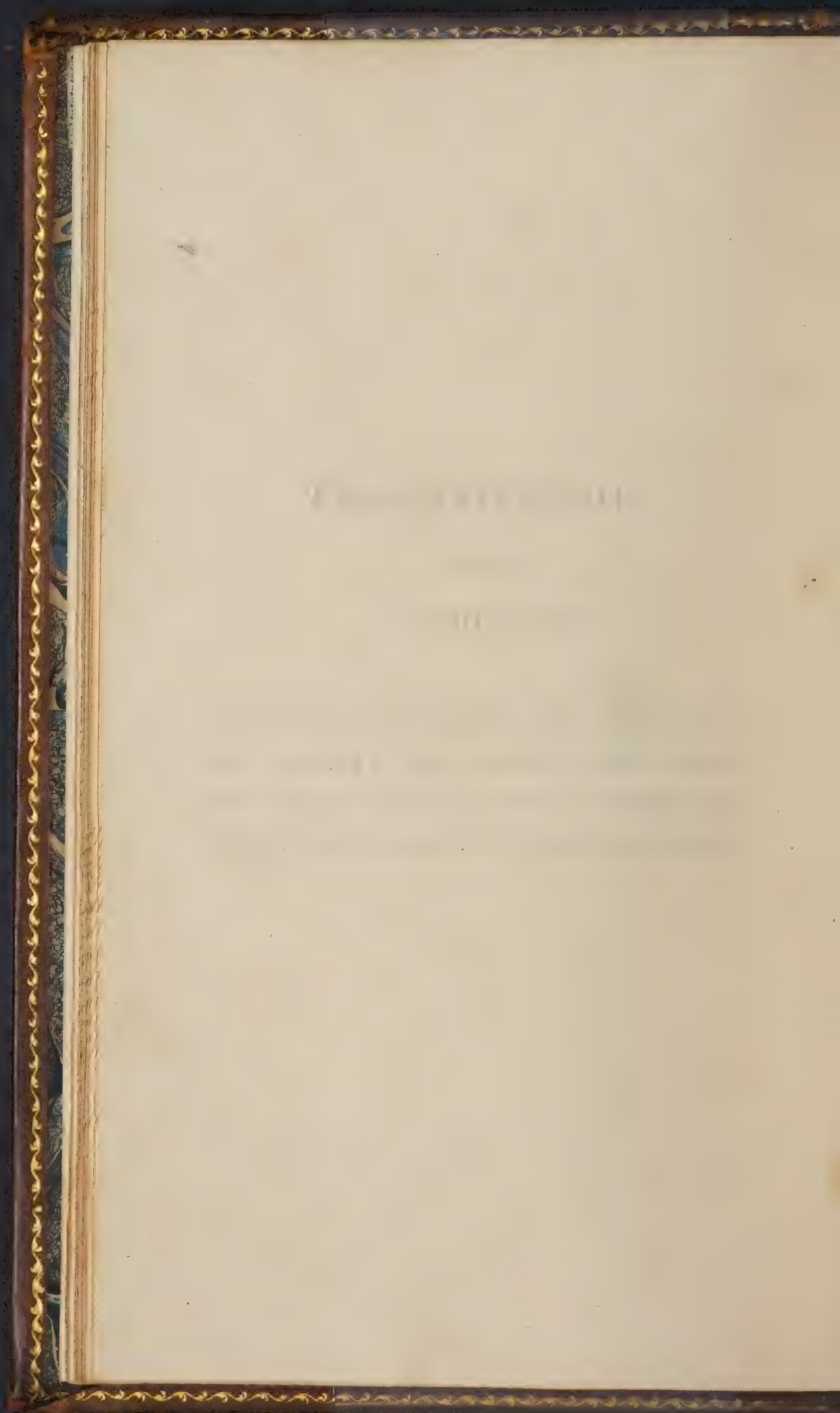


ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE poem that stands first in this collection had its name from TEMORA, the royal palace of the first Irish kings of the Caledonian race, in the province of Ulster.



ARGUMENT.

CAIRBAR, the son of Borbar-duthal, lord of Atha in Connaught, the most potent chief of the race of Firbolg, having murdered, at Temora the royal palace, Cormac the son of Artho, the young king of Ireland, usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behaviour of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland, with an army, to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army, from Temora. Such was the situation of affairs when the Caledonian invaders appeared on the coast of Ulster.

The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the army, when one of his scouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He assembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath the chief of Moma haughtily despises the enemy; and is reprimanded warmly by Malthos. Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feast to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian; resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and so

have some pretext for killing him. Oscar came to the feast; the quarrel happened; the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds. The noise of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on, to the relief of Oscar, and the Irish fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar, on the heath of Moilena. Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, ordered Ullin the chief of his bards to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the son of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillán, the son of Fingal, is sent to observe the motions of Cathmor by night, which concludes the action of the first day. The scene of this book is a plain, near the hill of Mora, which rose on the borders of the heath of Moilena, in Ulster. MACPHERSON.

The first book of *Temora* made its appearance in the collection of lesser poems which were subjoined to the epic poem of Fingal. When that collection was printed, little more than the opening of the present poem had come in regular connection to my hands. The second book, in particular, was very imperfect and confused. By means of my friends I have since collected all the broken fragments of *Temora*, that I formerly wanted; and the story of the poem, which was accurately preserved by many, enabled me to reduce it into that order in which it now appears. The title of Epic was imposed on the poem by myself. The technical terms of criticism were totally unknown to Ossian. Born in a distant age, and in a country remote from the seats of learning, his knowledge did not extend to Greek and Roman literature. If, therefore, in the form of his poems, and in several passages of his diction, he resembles Homer, the similarity must proceed from nature, the original from which both drew their ideas. It is from this consideration that I have avoided, in this publication, to give parallel passages from other authors.

as I had done in some of my notes in the former collection of Ossian's poems. It was far from my intention to raise my author into a competition with the celebrated names of antiquity. The extensive field of renown affords ample room to all the poetical merit, which has yet appeared in the world, without overturning the character of one poet to raise that of another on its ruins. Had Ossian even superior merit to Homer and Virgil, a certain partiality, arising from the fame deservedly bestowed upon them by the sanction of so many ages, would make us overlook it and give them the preference. Though their high merit does not stand in need of adventitious aid, yet it must be acknowledged, that it is an advantage to their fame, that the posterity of the Greeks and Romans either do not at all exist, or are not now objects of contempt or envy to the present age.

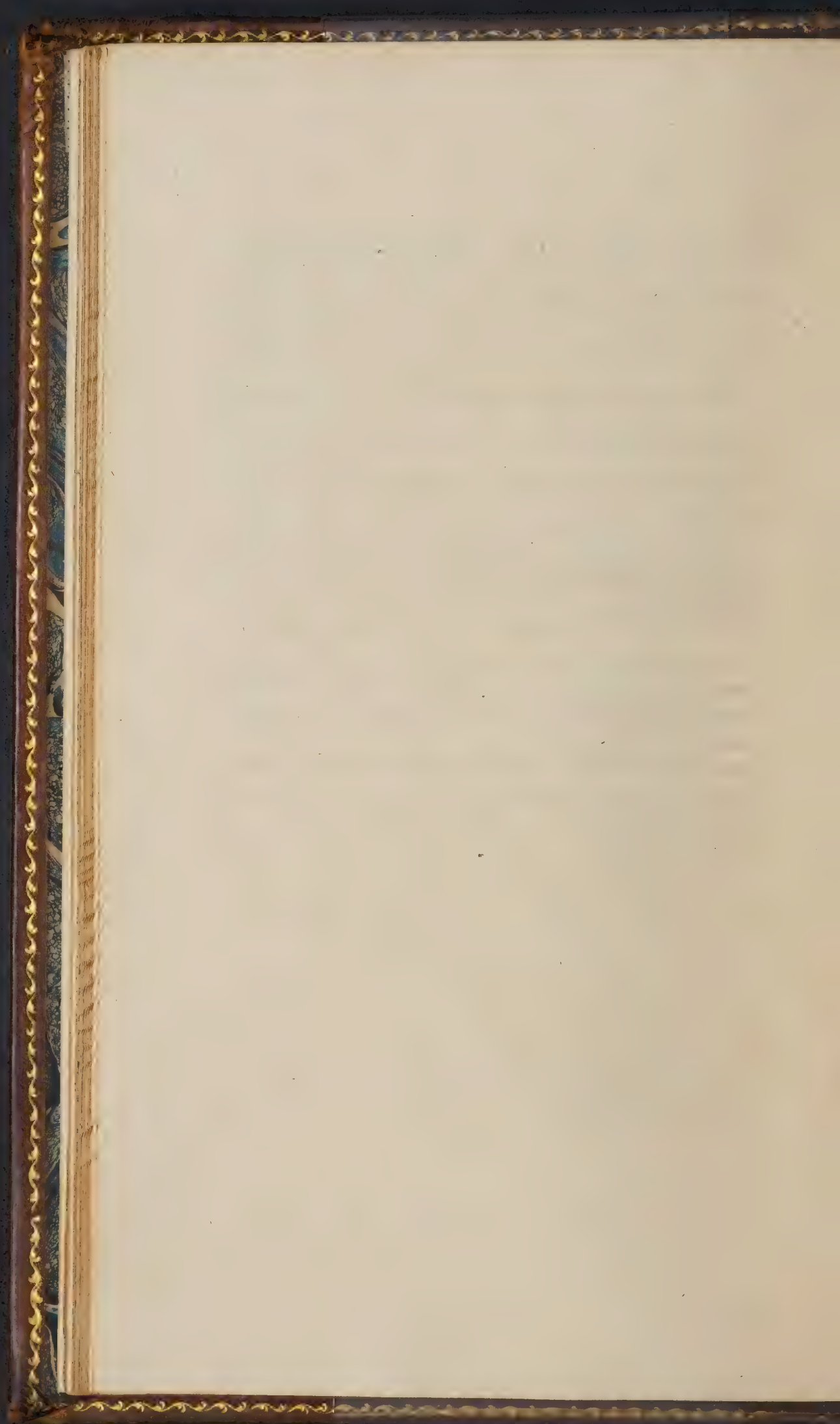
Though this poem of Ossian has not, perhaps, all the *minutiæ* which Aristotle from Homer lays down as necessary to the conduct of an epic poem, yet, it is presumed, it has all the grand essentials of the epopœa. Unity of time, place, and action, is preserved throughout. The poem opens in the midst of things; what is necessary of preceding transactions to be known, is introduced by episodes afterwards; not formally brought in, but seemingly rising immediately from the situation of affairs. The circumstances are grand, and the diction animated; neither descending into a cold meanness, nor swelling into ridiculous bombast.

The reader will find some alterations in the style of this book.

These are drawn from more correct copies of the original, which came to my hands since the former publication. As the most part of the poem is delivered down by tradition, the style is sometimes various and interpolated. After comparing the different readings, I always made choice of that which agreed best with the spirit of the context. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

The first book of Temora was published in 1762 among the lesser poems annexed to Fingal. Without undertaking a second expedition to the Highlands, our translator was enabled, in London, *by means of his friends*, or rather perhaps by the encouragement which his first collection met with, to complete the epic poem of Temora, which was published in eight books, with some additional poems, in 1763. The correspondence with his friends, by whose means this lost epic was retrieved from oblivion, in course of post, would afford the most unexceptionable and convincing proofs of the authenticity of the poem. Neither the inquiries, however, of Dr Blair, so early as 1764, nor those of the Highland Society at Edinburgh, ever since the year 1797, nor those of Macpherson's executors since his death, have discovered any trace of this suppositious correspondence, in consequence of which the translator *collected the broken fragments, and reduced them into their present order*; much less of *those more correct copies of the original*, which he had received and collated after his first publication, when "little more than the opening of the poem had come in regular connection to his hands." Had the second collection received the same encouragement with the first, we may be assured that the Strife of Crona, Inisthona, Cuthullin's War of Possessions, Cathloda, the Maid of Lulan, and others intimated in the notes, would, in some subsequent publication, have branched out, like the Temora, into epic poems; and, according to Johnson, the father of Ossian boasted of two chests more of ancient poetry, which he reserved or suppressed. But it seems that the parallel passages in the first collection had excited suspicion, and Webb, the painter, in a pamphlet entitled *Fingal Reclaimed*, had detected some of the grosser imitations of Homer. The parallel passages, in the second collection of Ossian's poems, were therefore suppressed; and his resemblance to Homer in his diction, and in the form of his poems,

was ascribed to nature, as the original from which both drew their ideas. This consideration was the very reason for producing, instead of suppressing, the parallel passages from other authors ; if indeed the resemblance of ideas and of diction was derived from nature, without imitation. The translator, however, assures us, that the present poem, if deficient in certain *minutiæ* required by Aristotle, possesses all the essentials of a regular epopœa ; preserves the three unities entire ; begins (abruptly) in the midst of things, and introduces preceding transactions as episodes arising immediately from the situation of affairs. Unity of action is indeed necessary ; but the dramatic unities of time and place, which are preserved in the *Temora* with such ostentation, are no more essential to an epic poem than to the *Tale of a Tub*. But our author had improved under the criticisms of the *Monthly Review* ; and the episodes in the *Temora*, though not branches nor parts of the principal action, are less extraneous than those in *Fingal*, and less awkwardly introduced. In fact the *Temora*, which, like every other epic poem constructed in imitation of the *Odyssey*, begins in the midst of things, reserving the preceding events for an episode, exhibits merely Homer's epic art more dilated than in *Fingal*, while the imitations, perhaps, are more industriously concealed.



TEMORA :
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK I.

THE blue waves of Erin roll in light. The mountains are covered with day¹. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue

¹ *The blue waves of Erin roll in light. The mountains are covered with day.]* The descriptions in Ossian are often transcribed from Macpherson's early poems. The present is from the *Hunter*.

In dazzling *light* the *foaming billows* rolled,
The sloping *hills* are *lined* with *fusil gold*.

course of a stream is there². On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king: the red eye of his fear is sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds. The grey form of the youth appears in darkness. Blood pours from his airy sides. Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth. Thrice he stroked his beard. His steps are short. He often stops³. He tosses

² Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. *The blue course of a stream is there.*] *Highlander*, iii. 113.

Two rising hills, whose brows tall poplars grace,
With stretching arms a woody plain embrace;
Along the tree-set vale a riv'let flowed,
And murmured softly through the underwood.

³ *The red eye of his fear is sad---His steps are short. He often stops, &c.*] *Color ei exsanguis: fædi oculi; citus modo, modo tardus incessus.* SALLUST. But Macpherson, in the attitude and actions of Cairbar, had Shakspeare's description of Cardinal Wolsey particularly in view. "Cormac rises in his soul with all his ghastly wounds.---Cairbar thrice threw his spear on earth. Thrice he *stroaked* his beard. His steps are short. He *often stops*. He tosses his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast." *Hen. VIII.* act ii. sc. 2.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts.
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his *finger* on his *temple*; straight
Springs out into *fast gait*; then *stops* again;
Strikes his breast hard; and then, anon, he casts

his sinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the desert, varying its form to every blast. The valleys are sad around, and fear, by turns, the shower ! The king, at length, resumed his soul. He took his pointed spear. He turned his eye to Moi-lena. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came with steps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near ! He called his gloomy chiefs.

The sounding steps of his warriors came. They drew, at once, their swords. There Morlath⁴ stood with darkened face. Hidalla's long hair sighs in wind. Red-haired Cormar bends on his spear, and rolls his side-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows. Foldath stands, like an oozy rock, that

His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

“ Like a cloud in the desert, varying its *form* to every blast.”

⁴ Mór-lath, *great in the day of battle*. Hidalla', *mildly looking hero*. Cor-mar, *expert at sea*. Málth-os, *slow to speak*. Foldath, *generous*. Mór-annal, *strong-breath* ; a very proper name for a scout. MACPHERSON.

Morannal, a prolongation of *Moran*, the scout of ocean in Fingal. The opening, the incidents, and the characters, are, with little variation, a repetition from Fingal.

covers its dark sides with foam ⁵. His spear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle. His red eye despises danger. These, and a thousand other chiefs, surrounded the king of Erin, when the scout of ocean came, Mor-annal, from streamy Moi-lena. His eyes hang forward from his face. His lips are trembling, pale!

"Do the chiefs of Erin stand," he said, "silent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a silent wood, and Fingal on the coast? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of streamy Morven?" "Hast thou seen the warrior?" said Cairbar, with a sigh. "Are his heroes many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?" In peace he comes not, king of Erin. I have seen his forward spear ⁶. It is a meteor of death. The blood of

⁵ *Foldath stands like an oozy rock, that covers its dark sides with foam.*] *Fingal*, iii. 12. *Æneid*, vii. 586.

Ille velut pelagi rupes immota resistit.

Ut pelagi rupes.

Scopuli nequidquam et spumea circum

Saxa fremunt, lateri illisa refunditur alga.

⁶ Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's spear. If a man, upon his first landing in a strange country, kept the point of his spear forward, it denoted, in

thousands is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong in the grey-hair of age. Full rose his sinewy limbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is by his side, which gives no second wound. His shield is terrible, like the bloody moon, ascending through a storm. Then came Ossian, king of songs. Then Morni's son, the first of men. Connal leaps forward on his spear. Dermid spreads his dark-brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the young hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is that before them⁷, like the

those days, that he came in a hostile manner, and, accordingly, he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendship, and he was immediately invited to the feast, according to the hospitality of the times. MACPHERSON.

Hector's spear, held transversely by the middle, is the signal for a parley in the Iliad; and Fingal's forward, or reverted spear, is now the signal of war or peace.

⁷ In some traditions, Fergus, the son of Fingal, and Usnoth, chief of Etha, immediately follow Fillan in the list of the chiefs of Morven; but as they are not afterwards mentioned at all in the poem, I look upon the whole sentence to be an interpolation, and have therefore rejected it. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

In the first book of Temora annexed to Fingal, in 1762, the passage partly *rejected* as an *interpolation*, stood originally thus:

“ Fillan bends his bow : *Fergus* strides in the pride of youth. Who is that with aged locks ? A dark shield is on his side. His spear trembles at every step ; and age is on his limbs. He bends

terrible course of a stream ! It is the son of Ossian, bright between his locks ! His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half-inclosed in steel. His sword hangs loose on his

his dark face to the ground ; the king of spears is sad ! It is *Usnoth*, O Cairbar ! coming to revenge his sons. He sees green Ullin with tears, and remembers the tombs of his children. *But far before the rest* the son of Ossian comes, *bright in the smiles of youth, fair as the first beams of the sun.* His long hair falls on his back. His dark brows are half hid beneath his helmet of steel," &c. *Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes. Æneid, iv. 141.*

*But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins :
Like fair Apollo when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus and the Lycian coast.——
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose ;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows.
His quiver sounds.*

"Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost of wintry Xanthus," &c.; or, "Fair as the first beams of the sun. His long hair falls on his back. His brows are half inclosed with steel. His sword hangs loose by his side." In this description of the Celtic Apollo, the first design was to connect the poem with DARTHULA and the Children of Usnoth, which immediately preceded this book in the collection of lesser poems annexed to Fingal. When the Temora, however, was published entire, the first part of the passage was expunged, and the latter altered ; as the translator, in the course of composition, had either forgotten old Usnoth, or had found no opportunity to introduce him and Fergus again into the poem.

side. His spear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora !”

“Then fly, thou feeble man,” said Foldath’s gloomy wrath. “Fly to the grey streams of thy land, son of the little soul ! Have not I seen that Oscar ? I beheld the chief in war. He is of the mighty in danger : but there are others who lift the spear. Erin has many sons as brave, king of Temora of groves ! Let Foldath meet him in his strength. Let me stop this mighty stream. My spear is covered with blood. My shield is like the wall of Tura !”

“Shall Foldath alone meet the foe ?” replied the dark-browed Malthos. “Are they not numerous on our coast, like the waters of many streams ? Are not these the chiefs, who vanquished Swaran, when the sons of green Erin fled ? Shall Foldath meet their bravest hero ? Foldath of the heart of pride ! take the strength of the people ! and let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter ; but who has heard my words !”

“Sons of green Erin,” said Hidalla, “let not Fingal hear your words. The foe might rejoice, and his arm be strong in the land. Ye are brave,

O warriors ! Ye are tempests in war. Ye are, like storms, which meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods. But let us move in our strength, slow as a gathered cloud ! Then shall the mighty tremble ; the spear shall fall from the hand of the valiant. We see the cloud of death, they will say, while shadows fly over their face. Fingal will mourn in his age. He shall behold his flying fame. The steps of his chiefs will cease in Morven. The moss of years shall grow in Selma."

Cairbar heard their words, in silence, like the cloud of a shower : it stands dark on Cromla, till the lightning bursts its side. The valley gleams with heaven's flame ; the spirits of the storm rejoice^s. So stood the silent king of Temora ; at length his words broke forth. "Spread the feast on Moi-lena. Let my hundred bards attend. Thou, red-haired Olla, take the harp of the king,

^s *The spirits of the storm rejoice.] "The angry spirit of the waters shrieked." HOME's Douglas. And in MACPHERSON's Hunter,*

A sprite in every fiery meteor past ;

A sprite seemed howling in each whistling blast.

But the simile itself is an assemblage of images from the thunder-storm in THOMSON's *Summer*.

Go to Oscar, chief of swords. Bid Oscar to our joy. To-day we feast and hear the song; to-morrow break the spears ! Tell him that I have raised the tomb of Cathol ; that bards gave his friend to the winds. Tell him, that Cairbar has heard of his fame at the stream of resounding Carun. Cathmor, my brother, is not here. He is not here with his thousands, and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast ! His soul is bright as that sun ! But Cairbar must fight with Oscar, chiefs of woody Temora ! His words for Cathol were many ; the wrath of Cairbar burns. He shall fall on Moi-lena. My fame shall rise in blood."

Their faces brightened round with joy. They spread over Moi-lena. The feast of shells is prepared. The songs of bards arise. The chiefs of Selma heard their joy. We thought that mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor, the friend of strangers ! the brother of red-haired Cairbar. Their souls were not the same. The light of heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His towers rose on the banks of Atha : seven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs stood on the paths, and called

the stranger to the feast ! But Cathmor⁹ dwelt
in the wood, to shun the voice of praise !

Olla came with his songs. Oscar went to
Cairbar's feast. Three hundred warriors strode,

⁹ Cathmor, *great in battle*. The character of Cathmor is agreeable to the times. Some, through ostentation, were hospitable ; and others fell naturally into a custom handed down from their ancestors. But what marks strongly the character of Cathmor, is his aversion to praise ; for he is represented to dwell in a wood to avoid the thanks of his guests ; which is still a higher degree of generosity than that of Axylus in Homer : for the poet does not say, but the good man might, at the head of his own table, have heard with pleasure the praise bestowed on him by the people he entertained. MACPHERSON.

The note betrays a curious imitation, concealed in the text. *Iliad*, vi. 12.

Ἀξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἔναιεν εὐκτιμένη ἐν Ἀρίσβῃ,
Ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, ΦΙΛΟΣ δ' ἦν ἈΝΘΡΩΠΟΙΣΙ,
Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.

Next Teuthra's son distained the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place),
He held his seat, a *friend* to *human* race.
Fast by the road, his ever open door
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.

POPE.

“ His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of.---Diodorus Siculus writes of Gallius of Agrigentum, that having built several *inns* for the relief of *stran-*

along Moi-lena of the streams. The grey dogs bounded on the heath : Their howling reached afar. Fingal saw the departing hero. The soul of the king was sad. He dreaded Cairbar's gloomy thoughts, amidst the feast of shells. My son raised high the spear of Cormac. An hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar concealed with smiles, the death that was dark in his soul. The feast is spread. The shells resound. Joy

gers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them." POPE's note, *Iliad*, vi. 16.

"Cathmor, the *friend of strangers* !—His towers rose on the banks of Atha. Seven *paths* led to his halls. Seven *chiefs* stood on the paths and called the *stranger* to the feast. But Cathmor dwelt in the wood, to shun the voice of praise."

—As an improvement upon the death of Axylus, Caolt, in a former imitation, had often prepared the feast on the very spot where he fell. *Fingal*, ii. 27. Cathmor, in imitation of Gallias of Agrigentum, plants seven chiefs on the seven paths leading to his halls (the *persons appointed* at the city gates), to call the *stranger* to the feast; and, as another improvement upon Axylus, the *friend of human race*, Φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι, the *friend of strangers* retires to the wood himself, to avoid the thanks or praise of his guests. But the encomium which the imitator bestows upon the generosity of Cathmor, as so superior to that of Axylus in Homer, might justify the character which Diodorus Siculus has given of the Celts. Κατὰ δὲ τὰς ομιλίας βραχυλογοί, καὶ ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑΤΙΑΙ, καὶ τὰ πολλὰ αἰνιττομένοι ΣΥΝΕΚΔΟΧΙΚΩΣ. πολλὰ δὲ λεγόντες ἐν ὑΠΕΡΒΟΛΑΙΣ, ἐπ' ΑΥΞΗΣΕΙ ΜΕΝ ΕΑΥΤΩΝ, ΜΕΙΩΣΕΙ δὲ τῶν ΑΛΛΩΝ. Lib. v. p. 554.

brightens the face of the host. But it was like the parting beam of the sun¹⁰, when he is to hide his red head in a storm.

Cairbar rises in his arms. Darkness gathers on his brow. The hundred harps cease at once. The clang of shields is heard. Far distant on the heath Olla raised a song of woe. My son knew the sign of death ; and rising, seized his spear. "Oscar," said the dark-red Cairbar, "I behold the spear of Erin. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven ! It was the pride of an hundred kings. The death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar !"

"Shall I yield," Oscar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king ; the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes ? I came to Cormac's halls with joy, when Swaran fled from

¹⁰ Joy brightens the face of the host---like the parting beam of the sun.] *Par. Lost*, ii. 492. A frequent imitation.

If chance the radiant *sun* with *farewell* sweet,
Extend his *evening beam*, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their *joy*, that hill and valley ring :

"When he is to *hide his red head* in a storm." *Virgil*, *Georg.* i. 466.

Quum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit.

Fingal. Gladness rose in the face of youth. He gave the spear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble : neither to the weak in soul. The darkness of thy face is no storm to me ; nor are thine eyes the flame of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield ? Tremble I at Olla's song ? No : Cairbar, frighten the feeble : Oscar is a rock !”

“ Wilt thou not yield the spear ?” replied the rising pride of Cairbar ; “ Are thy words so mighty, because Fingal is near ? Fingal with aged locks, from Morven's hundred groves ! He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha !” “ Were he who fought with little men, near Atha's haughty chief : Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage ! Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar ! Turn thy sword on me. Our strength is equal : but Fingal is renowned ! the first of mortal men !”

Their people saw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding steps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thousand swords are half-un-sheathed. Red-haired Olla raised the song of

battle. The trembling joy of Oscar's soul arose¹¹: the wonted joy of his soul, when Fingal's horn was heard. Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near the coast¹², came on the host of Cairbar !

Daughter of Toscar ! why that tear ? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell !

Behold they fall before my son, like groves in the desert ; when an angry ghost rushes through

¹¹ *The trembling joy of Oscar's soul.*] Gray's *trembling hope*, and *fearful joy*, are here united. In the *Elegy* ;

There they alike in *trembling hope* repose.

In the *Ode on Eton College* ;

They *hear* a voice in every wind,

And snatch a *fearful joy*.

“ The wonted joy of his soul, when Fingal's horn was heard.” But Gray's fearful joy is from MILTON. *Par. Lost*, i. 788.

At once with *joy* and *fear* his heart rebounds.

¹² *Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the rising winds, when it bends its head near the coast, &c.*] *Iliad*, iv. 423.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ πολυχηεῖ ΚΥΜΑ ΘΑΛΑΣΣΗΣ
ΟΡΝΥΤ' ἐπασσύτερον, ΖΕΦΥΡΟΥ ΤΠΟΚΙΝΗΣΑΝΤΟΣ,
Πόντῳ μὲν τὰ πρῶτα ΚΟΡΥΣΣΕΤΑΙ, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Χέρσῳ ῥηγνύμενον μεγάλα βρέμει, ΑΜΦΙ δ' εἰς ἌΚΡΑΣ
ΚΥΡΤΟΝ ἔδον ΚΟΡΥΦΟΥΤΑΙ.

As when the *winds*, ascending by *degrees*,
First move the whitening surface of the seas, &c.

POPE

night, and takes their green heads in his hand¹³! Morlath falls. Maronnan dies. Conachar trembles in his blood! Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword! He creeps in darkness behind a stone. He lifts the spear in secret; he pierces my Oscar's side! He falls forward on his shield: his knee sustains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See, gloomy Cairbar¹⁴ falls! The

¹³ *Like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand.*] *Berrathon*, 10. Both from the *Highlander*, iii. 1.

As when beneath the *night's* tempestuous cloud,
Embattled winds assail the leafy wood,
Tear on their sable way, with awful sound,
And bring the groaning forest to the ground.

¹⁴ The Irish historians place the death of Cairbar in the latter end of the third century; they say he was killed in the battle against Oscar, the son of Ossian; but deny that he fell by his hand.

It is, however, certain, that the Irish bards disguise, in some measure, this part of their history. An Irish poem on this subject, which, undoubtedly, was the source of their information concerning the battle of Gabhra, where Cairbar fell, is just now in my hands. As a translation of the poem (which, though evidently no very ancient composition, does not want poetical merit) would extend this note to too great a length, I shall only give the story of it in brief, with some extracts from the original Irish.

Oscar, says the Irish bard, was invited to a feast, at Temora, by Cairbar, king of Ireland. A dispute arose between the two

steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red-hair behind. He lay, like a shattered rock, which

heroes, concerning the exchange of spears, which was usually made, between the guests and their host, upon such occasions. In the course of their altercation, Cairbar said, in a boastful manner, that he would hunt on the hills of Albion, and carry the spoils of it into Ireland, in spite of all the efforts of its inhabitants. The original words are:

Briathar buan sin; Briathar buan
A bheireadh an Cairbre rua',
Gu tuga' se sealg, agus creach
A h'ALBIN an la'r na mhaireach.

Oscar replied, that the next day he himself would carry into Albion the spoils of the five provinces of Ireland, in spite of the opposition of Cairbar.

Briathar eile an aghai' sin
A bheirea' an t'Oscar, og, calma
Gu'n tugadh se sealg agus creach
Do dh'ALBIN an la'r na mhaireach, &c.

Oscar, in consequence of his threats, began to lay waste Ireland; but as he returned with the spoil into Ulster, through the narrow pass of Gabhra (*Caoiel ghlen Ghhhra*) he was met by Cairbar, and a battle ensued, in which both the heroes fell by mutual wounds. The bard gives a very curious list of the followers of Oscar, as they marched to battle. They appear to have been five hundred in number, commanded, as the poet expresses it, by *five heroes of the blood of kings*. This poem mentions Fingal, as arriving from Scotland, before Oscar died of his wounds. MACPHERSON.

The Irish ballad on the Death of Oscar, which Macpherson has described and quoted, is the sole foundation for the epic poem of Temora, and the only poem upon the subject that has

Cromla shakes from its shaggy side¹⁵, *when the green-vallied Erin shakes its mountains, from sea to sea!*

ever been discovered in the Highlands of Scotland. Pope, the minister of Reay in Caithness, and Jerom Stone, a school-master at Dunkeld, who had both collected Gaelic poetry many years before Macpherson published, discovered nothing but the Irish ballad, to which the attestations procured by Dr Blair, respecting the authenticity of the Temora, are expressly confined; and from the recent collections by Gillies, Hill, Young, and the Highland Society, it appears that no other poem has yet been found. But the first book of Temora exhausts the ballad, from which the invitation to the feast at Tara, and the proposed exchange of spears, are adopted; and Cairbar threatens to hunt and carry the spoils next day from *Almhuin*, Oscar to hunt and carry the spoils next day to *Almhuin*; not to *Albion*, as misquoted by Macpherson, but the hill of *Allen* in Leinster, the residence of Fingal, within a few miles of Tara, and of the pass of Gabhra where the battle was fought. Oscar made a prodigious slaughter in the battle, which was fought next day; and when pierced through the body with a poisoned, or seven barbed spear, thrown by Cairbar, he fell upon his knee, as in the Temora, pierced Cairbar's forehead with a nine barbed spear, and with another which he hurled, slew young Artho, Cairbar's son. Fingal arrives in his ships, not, as Macpherson asserts, from Scotland, but from a voyage to Rome: Oscar, while still alive, is carried, on the shields of his attendants, to his grandfather's house; evidently to Almhuin, not to Albion; and the Irish ballad, from which these circumstances are taken, was undoubtedly the only original that ever came to the translator's hands.

¹⁵ *Like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its shaggy sides.*] *Par. Lost.* i. 230.

But never more shall Oscar rise ! He leans on his bossy shield. His spear is in his terrible hand. Erin's sons stand distant and dark. Their shouts arise, like crowded streams. Moi-lena echoes wide. Fingal heard the sound. He took the spear of Selma. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of woe. "I hear the noise of war. Young Oscar is alone. Rise, sons of Morven ; join the hero's sword !"

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Moi-lena. Fingal strode in his strength. The light of his shield is terrible. The sons of Erin saw it far distant. They trembled in their souls. They knew that the wrath of the king arose ; and they foresaw their death. We first arrived. We fought. Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. But when the king came, in the sound of his course, what heart of steel could stand ! Erin fled over Moi-lena. Death pursued their

As when the *force*
Of *subterranean wind* transports a *hill*,
Torn from Pelorus, or the *shattered side*
Of thundering *Ætna*.

"When the green vallied Erin shakes its mountains from sea to sea." An additional imitation, first inserted in the improved edition ; from below, ii. 10.

flight. We saw Oscar on his shield. We saw the blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His grey beard whistled in the wind. He bends his head above the chief. His words are mixed with sighs ¹⁶.

“Art thou fallen, O Oscar, in the midst of thy course? the heart of the aged beats over thee! He sees thy coming wars! The wars which ought to come he sees! They are cut off from thy fame! When shall joy dwell at Selma? When shall grief depart from Morven? My sons fall by degrees: Fingal is the last of his race. My fame begins to pass away. Mine age will be without friends. I shall sit a grey cloud

¹⁶ *His words are mixed with sighs.*] “Words interwove with sighs.” MILTON, *Par. Lost*, i. 620. “Words mixed with sighs.” POPE’S *Iliad*, ix. 22. *Infra*, v. 22. But the *silent* grief of the host, and the tears of Fingal, are transcribed from the grief of the Prussians, and the tears of Frederick, in MACPHERSON’S *Verses on the Death of Marshal Keith*.

¹⁷ *The heart of the aged beats over thee.*] A pathetic expression from the Irish ballad. “Oscar, my beloved, beloved by my beloved, son of my son, mild and valiant, my heart pants over thee like a blackbird! Never more shall Oscar rise.” YOUNG’S *Translation*. *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, i. 118.

in my hall. I shall not hear the return of a son, in his sounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven ! never more shall Oscar rise ¹⁸ !”

And they did weep, O Fingal ! Dear was the hero to their souls. He went out to battle, and the foes vanished. He returned, in peace, amidst their joy. No father mourned his son slain in youth : no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears ¹⁹ ; for the chief of the people is low ! Bran is howling at his feet : gloomy Lüath is sad, for he had often led them to the chace ; to the bounding roe of the desert !

When Oscar saw his friends around, his heaving breast arose. “ The groans,” he said, “ of aged chiefs : The howling of my dogs : The sudden bursts of the song of grief, have melted Oscar’s soul ²⁰. My soul, that never melted before.

¹⁸ *Never more shall Oscar rise.*] Supra, ¹⁷.

¹⁹ *No father mourneth his son slain in youth : no brother his brother of love : they fell without tears, &c.*] Another pathetic passage from the Irish ballad. “ No mother lamented her son, nor one brother for another ; but each of us that was present wept for Oscar.” *Id.* 116:

²⁰ *The groans, he said, of the aged chiefs : The howling of my dogs : The sudden bursts of the song of grief, have melted Oscar’s soul.*] From the Ballad. “ The howling of the dogs by our side ; the groans of the aged chiefs ; the lamentations of all

It was like the steel of my sword. Ossian, carry me to my hills ! Raise the stones of my renown. Place the horn of a deer ; place my sword by my side. The torrent hereafter may raise the earth : the hunter may find the steel²¹, and say, "This has been Oscar's sword, *the pride of other years*²² !" Fallest thou, son of my fame ! Shall I never see thee, Oscar ! When others hear of their sons, shall I not hear of thee ? The moss is on thy four grey stones. The mournful wind is there. The battle shall be fought without thee. Thou shalt not pursue the dark-brown hinds. When the warrior returns from battles,

the Fions : it was this that afflicted my heart." *Ibid.* And in some copies of the Ballad : "No man ever believed that your heart was not a heart of deer's horn, encompassed with steel :"
Id. 47. Converted in the Temora into, "My soul, that never melted before. It was like the *steel* of my sword."

²¹ *The torrent hereafter may raise the earth : the hunter may find the steel.*] *Virg. Georg. i.* 493. See *Carric-Thura*, 42.

Scilicet et tempus veniet, quum finibus illis,

Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,

Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila.

²² *The pride of other years.*] Not in the first edition, but adopted from the *Night-piece*.

Here, hoar tradition tells, repose

Two youths, the dread of Albion's foes,

Of *other times* the grace and *pride*.

and tells of other lands; "I have seen a tomb," he will say, "by the roaring stream, the dark dwelling of a chief. He fell by car-borne Oscar, the first of mortal men"²³. I, perhaps, shall

²³ *He fell by car-borne Oscar, the first of mortal men.*] The whole passage is a painful imitation of Hector's challenge to the Greeks in the *Iliad*, vii. 86.

ΣΗΜΑ ΤΕ Οἱ ΧΕΥΣΩΣΙΝ ΕΠΙ ΠΛΑΤΕΙ ἙΛΛΗΣΠΟΝΤΩ.

Καί ποτε τίς εἴπῃσι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων,

Νηὶ πολυκλήϊδι πλέων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·

ἌΝΔΡΟΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΔΕ ΣΗΜΑ ΠΑΛΑΙ ΚΑΤΑΤΕΘΝΗΩΤΟΣ,

Ὅν ποτ' ἀριστεύοντα ΚΑΤΕΚΤΑΝΕ ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΣ, Ἐκτωρ·

ὍΣ ΠΟΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΕΡΕΕΙ· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν ΚΛΕΟΣ ΟΥΠΟΤ' ΟΛΕΙΤΑΙ.

Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which, when some future mariner surveys,
Washed by broad *Hellespont's* resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, a valiant Greek lies here,
By *Hector* slain, the mighty man of war:
The stone shall tell your vanquished hero's name,
And future ages learn the victor's fame.

POPE.

"When the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands; 'I have seen a tomb,' he will say, 'by the roaring stream, the dark dwelling of a chief. He fell by car-borne Oscar, the first of mortal men.' I perhaps shall hear his voice. A beam of joy will rise in my soul." Or, as translated in MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, i. 198.

"This the memorial remains: The tomb of a chief slain of old: Who, contending in the glorious strife, fell by illustrious *Hector's* spear." Thus hereafter some warrior will say: And never shall perish my fame.

hear his voice. A beam of joy will rise in my soul."

Night would have descended in sorrow, and morning returned in the shadow of grief. Our chiefs would have stood, like cold dropping rocks on *Moi-lena* ²⁴, and have forgot the war; did not the king disperse his grief, and raise his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-waked from dreams, lift up their heads around ²⁵.

"How long on *Moi-lena* shall we weep? How long pour in Erin our tears? The mighty will not return. Oscar shall not rise in his strength. The valiant must fall in their day, and be no more known on their hills. Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old?

²⁴ *Like cold dropping rocks on Moilena.*] DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, Georg. ii. 259.

Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
Which *dripping rocks* with rowling streams supply,
And feed with ooze.

The original of *oozy rocks*, which occur so frequently.

²⁵ *And raise his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-waked from dreams, lift up their heads around.*] DRYDEN'S *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has *raised up* his head,
As *awaked* from the dead,
And amazed, he stares *around*.

They have set like stars that have shone. We only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their years; the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass away; in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beams of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west. *The traveller mourns his absence, thinking of the flame of his beams* ²⁶. Ullin, my aged bard! take thou the ship of the king. Carry Oscar to Selma of harps. Let the daughters of Morven weep. We must fight in Erin, for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail. I feel the weakness of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds, to receive their grey-haired son. But before I go hence, one beam of fame shall rise. My days shall end, as my years begun, in fame. My life shall be one stream of light to bards of other times!"

Ullin raised his white sails. The wind of the south came forth. He bounded on the waves toward Selma. I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard. The feast is spread on

²⁶ *The traveller mourns his absence, thinking of the flame of his beams.*] First inserted in the improved edition 1773.

Moi-lena. An hundred heroes reared the tomb
of Cairbar. No song is raised over the chief.
His soul had been dark and bloody. The bards
remembered the fall of Cormac! what could they
say in Cairbar's praise?

Night came rolling down. The light of an
hundred oaks arose. Fingal sat beneath a tree²⁷.
Old Althan stood in the midst. He told the tale
of fallen Cormac. Althan, the son of Conachar,
the friend of car-borne Cuthullin. He dwelt
with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's
son fell at Lego's stream. The tale of Althan
was mournful. The tear was in his eye when he
spoke.

"The setting sun was yellow on Dora. Grey
evening began to descend. Temora's woods
shook with the blast of the inconstant wind. A
cloud gathered in the west. A red star looked
from behind its edge. I stood in the wood alone.
I saw a ghost on the darkening air! His stride
extended from hill to hill. His shield was dim
on his side. It was the son of Semo. I knew

²⁷ *Fingal sat beneath a tree.*] In the first book annexed to
Fingal, "The chief of Etha sat near the king, the grey-haired
strength of Usnoth." See above, 6.

the warrior's face. But he passed away in his blast; and all was dark around! My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose. The hundred bards had strung the harp. Cormac stood in the midst, like the morning star, when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers ²⁸. *Bright and silent is its progress aloft, but the cloud, that shall hide it, is near!* The sword of Artho ²⁹ was in the hand of the king. He looked with joy on its polished studs: thrice he attempted to draw it, and thrice he failed; his yellow locks are spread on his shoulders: his cheeks

²⁸ Cormac stood in the midst, like the morning star, when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers.] *Æneid*, viii. 586. Quoted by Macpherson.

Ipse agmine Pallas

In medio, chlamyde, et pictis conspectus in armis.

Qualis, ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,

Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,

Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit.

"When it rejoices on the eastern hills," is from Cowley, as quoted by Gray.

Or seen the morning's well appointed star,

Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

"Bright and silent is its progress aloft," is a beautiful addition; "but the cloud that shall hide it is near," is perhaps a conceit.

²⁹ Arth, or Artho, the father of Cormac, king of Ireland.
MACPHERSON.

of youth are red ³⁰. I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was soon to set !”

“ Althan !” he said, with a smile, “ didst thou behold my father ? Heavy is the sword of the king ; surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath arose ! then would I have met, with Cuthullin, the car-borne son of Cantéla ! But years may come on, O Althan ! and my arm be strong. Hast thou heard of Semo’s son, the ruler of high Temora ? He might have returned with his fame. He promised to return to-night. My bards wait him with songs. My feast is spread in the hall of kings.”

³⁰ *The sword of Artho was in the hand of the king---thrice he attempted to draw it, and thrice he failed--his cheeks of youth are red.*] An imitation of the three attempts made by Telema- chus to draw his father’s bow. POPE’S *Odyssey*, xxi. 129.

Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand,
And grasped the bow, and twanged it in his hand ;
Three times, with bated heat, he made essay,
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way ;
A modest boldness on his cheek appeared,
And thrice he hoped, and thrice again he feared,
The fourth had drawn it.

But the bow is preposterously converted into a sword, which young Cormac is unable to draw, not because it was rusty, but because it was heavy ; as if the sword, which he could lift and wield, were too heavy to be drawn.

I heard Cormac in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my aged locks. The king perceived my grief. "Son of Conachar!" he said, "is the son of Semo low³¹? Why bursts the sigh in secret! Why descends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Comes the sound of red-haired Cairbar? They come! for I behold thy grief. Mossy Tura's chief is low! Shall I not rush to battle? But I cannot lift the spear! O had mine arm the strength of Cuthullin, soon would Cairbar fly; the fame of my fathers would be renewed; and the deeds of other times!"

He took his bow. The tears flow down from both his sparkling eyes. Grief saddens round. The bards bend forward from their hundred harps. The lone blast touched their trembling strings. The sound is sad and low! A voice is heard at a distance, as of one in grief. It was Carril, of other times, who came from dark Sli-

³¹ *Is the son of Semo low?*] Cuthullin is called the king of Tura, from a castle of that name on the coast of Ulster, where he dwelt, before he undertook the management of the affairs of Ireland, in the minority of Cormac. MACPHERSON.

In the first edition, "Is the *king* of Tura low?" But the alteration of phraseology, in the improved edition, has introduced perpetual contradiction between the text and the notes.

mora. He told of the fall of Cuthullin. He told of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered round his tomb. Their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the war; for he, their sire, was seen no more!

“But who,” said the soft-voiced Carril, “who come like bounding roes? Their stature is like young trees in the valley, growing in a shower! Soft and ruddy are their cheeks! Fearless souls look forth from their eyes³²! Who but the sons of Usnoth, chief of streamy Etha? The people rise on every side, like the strength of an half-extinguished fire, when the winds come sudden from the desert, on their rustling wings³³. *Sud-*

³² *Fearless souls look forth from their eyes.*] This, and the former description of Mor-annel, the scout, “his eyes hang forward from his face,” are unfortunate specimens of what Blair terms, an unaffected simplicity of thought and style. The introduction of the sons of Usnoth into the episode, was a branch of the original plan, of representing old Usnoth as an actor in the poem, listening to the episode, and ready to revenge the death of his son.

³³ *Like the strength of an half-extinguished flame, when the winds come, sudden, from the desert on their rustling wings.*] *Æneid*, x. 405.

Ac velut optato, ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa inmittit silvis incendia pastor:
Conreptis subito mediis, extenditur una

den glows the dark brow of the hill ; the passing mariner lags, on his winds. The sound of Caithbat's shield was heard. The warriors saw Cuthullin in Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes ! his steps were such on heath ! Battles are fought at Lego. The sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of Temora of groves !”

“Soon may I behold the chief !” replied the blue-eyed king. “But my soul is sad for Cuthullin. His voice was pleasant in mine ear. Often have we moved, on Dora, to the chace of the dark-brown hinds. His bow was unerring on

Horrida per latos acies Volcania campos :—

Non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum :

Or, “The people rise on every side,” &c. But the addition in Italics, is from another well known simile in the *Iliad*, xix. 375.

Ὦς δ' ὅταν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ΝΑΥΤΗΣΙ Φανείη
 Καιομένοιο πυρὸς, τὸ δὲ ΚΑΙΕΤΑΙ ὙΨΟΘ' ΟΡΕΣΦΙ,
 Σταθμῶ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ τοὺς δ' ΟΥΚ ΕΘΕΛΟΝΤΑΣ ἄλλαι
 Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν.

“Sudden glows the dark brow of the hill ; the passing mariner lags on his winds ;” Το δὲ ΚΑΙΕΤΑΙ ὑψοθ' ΟΡΕΣΦΙ---τες δ' ΟΥΚ ΕΘΕΛΟΝΤΑΣ ΑΕΛΛΑΙ---Φερουσιν. Or, according to Macpherson's Homer, ii. 260. “To *mariners* by night appears the awful flame of a distant fire. Wide rising in a lonely place, it wraps aloft the mountain brow. But, *them, unwilling*, the dusky blast bears o'er the broad back of the main.”

the hills. He spoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers. I felt my rising joy. But sit thou at the feast, O Carril, I have often heard thy voice. Sing in praise of Cuthullin. Sing of Nathos of Etha !

Day rose on Temora, with all the beams of the east. Crathin came to the hall, the son of old Gelláma. "I behold," he said, "a cloud in the desert, king of Erin ! a cloud it seemed at first, but now a crowd of men³⁴ ! One strides before them in his strength. His red hair flies in wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand." "Call him to the feast of Temora," replied the brightening king. "My hall is the house of strangers, son of generous Gelláma ! It is perhaps the chief of Etha, coming in all his renown. Hail, mighty stranger ! art thou of the friends of Cormac ? But Carril, he is dark, and unlovely. He draws his sword. Is that the son of Usnoth, bard of the times of old ?"

³⁴ *I behold, he said, a dark cloud in the desert.---a cloud it seemed at first, but now a crowd of men.]* He said, Behold there ariseth a *little cloud* out of the *sea*, like a *man's* hand. 1 *Kings*, xviii. 44.

“ It is not the son of Usnoth !” said Carril.
“ It is Cairbar thy foe. Why comest thou in thy arms to Temora ? chief of the gloomy brow. Let not thy sword rise against Cormac ! Whither dost thou turn thy speed ?” He passed on in darkness. He seized the hand of the king. Cormac foresaw his death ; the rage of his eyes arose. “ Retire, thou chief of Atha ! Nathos comes with war. Thou art bold in Cormac’s hall, for his arm is weak.” The sword entered the side of the king. He fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

Art thou fallen in thy halls !” said Carril.
“ O son of noble Artho. The shield of Cuthullin was not near. Nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low ! Blest be thy soul, O Cormac ! Thou art darkened in thy youth.”

His words came to the ear of Cairbar. He closed us in the midst of darkness. He feared to stretch his sword to the bards, though his soul was dark. Long we pined alone ! At length the noble Cathmor came. He heard our voice

from the cave. He turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

“ Brother of Cathmor,” he said, “ how long wilt thou pain my soul? Thy heart is a rock. Thy thoughts are dark *and bloody* ! But thou art the brother of Cathmor ; and Cathmor shall shine in thy war. But my soul is not like thine : thou feeble hand in fight ! The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds. Bards will not sing of my renown : They may say, “ Cathmor was brave ; but he fought for gloomy Cairbar.” They will pass over my tomb in silence. My fame shall not be heard. Cairbar ! loose the bards. They are the sons of future times. Their voice shall be heard in other years ; after the kings of Temora have failed.” We came forth at the words of the chief. We saw him in his strength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou first didst lift the spear. His face was like the plain of the sun ³⁵, when it is bright. No

³⁵ *His face was like the plain of the sun.*] Not the sun’s disk, but, as expressed in the first book annexed to Fingal, “ His face was like the *sunny field*, when it is *bright*. No *darkness moved over his brow*.” A frequent imitation of THOMSON’S *Autumn*.

The sudden sun,
By fits effulgent, gilds th’ *illuminated field*,
And *black*, by fits, the *shadows sweep along*.

darkness travelled over his brow. But he came with his thousands to aid the red-haired Cairbar. Now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven."

"Let Cathmor come, replied the king. "I love a foe so great. His soul is bright. His arm is strong. His battles are full of fame. But the little soul is a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill ³⁶

³⁶ *But the little soul is a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake. It never rises on the green hill.] Par. Lost, xii. 626. inverted.*

From the *other hill*

To their fixed stations, all in bright array,
The *cherubim* descended, *on the ground*
Gliding meteorous, as evening *mist*,
Risen from a river, o'er a *marish* glides——
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet, which, with torrid heat,
And *vapour*, as the Lybian air adust.

"The *little soul*, like the *vapour* that *hovers round the marshy lake*, but never *rises on the green hill*," is an inversion of the *cherubim* descending from the *other hill*, and *on the ground* gliding as evening *mist*, *risen* from a river, o'er the *marish* glides. But the *dart of death*, emitted by the *vapour* from the *cave* of pestilence, in which it dwells lest the *winds* should meet it on the hill,

She (the plague) draws a close incumbent *cloud of death*,
Uninterrupted by the living *winds*,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze

THOMSON.

lest the winds should meet it there. Its dwelling is in the cave, it sends forth the dart of death ! Our young heroes, O warriors, are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth. They fall. Their names are in song. Fingal is amid his darkening years ³⁷. He must not fall, as an aged oak, across a secret stream. Near it are the steps of the hunter, as it lies beneath the wind. "How has that tree fallen?" he says, and, whistling, strides along. Raise the song of joy, ye bards of Morven. Let our souls forget the past. The red stars look on us from clouds,

forms such a confusion of modern metaphors, as Blair terms a simile highly finished. "Cairbar, after the treacherous assassination of Oscar, is compared to a *pestilential fog*. This is a simile highly finished." BLAIR'S *Dissertation*.

³⁷ *Fingal is amid his darkening years.*] In the first book of *Temora* annexed to *Fingal*, the whole passage was addressed to Usnoth: Thus,

"*Usnoth ! thou hast heard the fame of Etha's car-borne chiefs. Our young heroes, O warrior, are like the renown of our fathers. They fought in youth, and they fall : their names are in the song. But we are old, O Usnoth ! let us not fall like aged oaks, which the blast overturns in secret. The hunter came past, and saw them lying across a stream. 'How have they fallen,' he said, 'and whistling, passed along.'*"

The propriety of the passage, in its application to the three sons of Usnoth, the chiefs of Etha, is lost by the removal of Usnoth from the poem.

and silently descend. Soon shall the grey beam of the morning rise, and shew us the foes of Cormac. Fillan ! my son, take thou the spear of the king. Go to Mora's dark-brown side. Let thine eyes travel over the heath. Observe the foes of Fingal : Observe the course of generous Cathmor. I hear a distant sound, like falling rocks in the desert. But strike thou thy shield, at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven cease. I begin to be alone, my son. I dread the fall of my renown !"

The voice of bards arose. The king leaned on the shield of Trenmor. Sleep descended on his eyes. His future battles arose in his dreams. The host are sleeping around. Dark-haired Fillan observes the foe. His steps are on a distant hill. We hear, at times, his clanging shield ³⁸.

³⁸ One of the Fragments of Ancient Poetry, lately published, gives a different account of the death of Oscar, the son of Ossian. The translator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not of Ossian's composition, has much of his manner, and concise turn of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has since come to the translator's hands, has enabled him to correct the mistake, into which a similarity of

names had led those who handed down the poem by tradition. The heroes of the piece are Oscar, the son of Caruth, and Dermid, the son of Diaran. Ossian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oscar, and afterwards, by an easy transition, relates the story of Oscar, the son of Caruth, who seems to have borne the same character, as well as name, with Oscar, the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian; yet as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

WHY openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son! shall I see thee no more!

But, son of Alpin, the hero fell not harmless as the grass of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his sword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar, thou son of CARUTH, thou hast fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oscar were one: They reaped the battle together: Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oscar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oscar!

They killed mighty Dargo in the field ; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn ; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower : her breath, the gale of spring : her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her, and loved ; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame ; each must possess her or die. But her soul was fixed on Oscar ; *the son of Caruth* was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father ; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of *Caruth*, said Dermid, I love ; O Oscar, I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto thee ; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this bosom, Oscar ; relieve me, my friend, with thy sword.

My sword, son of *Diaran*, shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who, then, is worthy to slay me, O Oscar, son of *Caruth* ? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscar slay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy sword ; son of *Diaran*, wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee ! that my death came from the hand of Dermid !

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the *running water*, and curdled round the mossy stones. The stately Dermid fell ; he fell, and smiled in death.

And fallest thou, son of *Diaran*, fallest thou by Oscar's hand ! Dermid, who never yielded in war, thus do I see thee fall !—He went, and returned to the maid of his love ; he returned, but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, son of *Caruth* ? what shades thy mighty soul ?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree, by the brook of the hill, is the shield of

the valiant Gormur, whom I slew in battle. I have wasted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of *Caruth*, the skill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her arrow flew, and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay *the son of Caruth*? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscar! the maid replied, I have the soul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleased I can meet death. My sorrow I can end. She pierced her white bosom with the steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

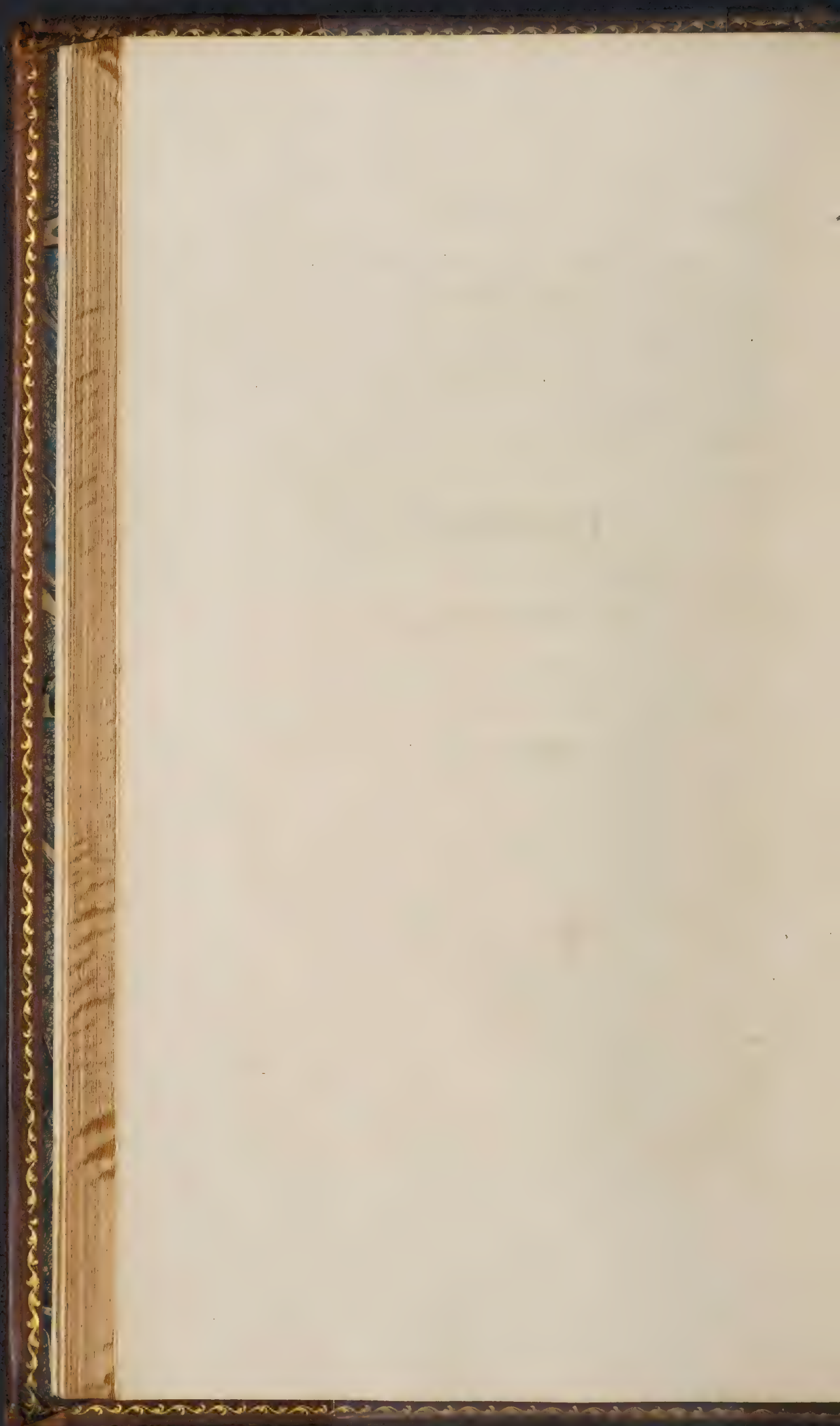
By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often, on their green earthen tombs, the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence over all the hills. MACPHERSON, *First Book of Temora annexed to Fingal*.

When the Fragments were written at Moffat, and published in 1760, the Irish Ballad concerning the death of Oscar had not come to the translator's hands. He was ignorant even of the historical account of the death of Oscar; and he endeavours in vain to extenuate the mistake committed in the seventh Fragment, which *is, and is not*, the composition of Ossian. The *more correct copy* of that Fragment, which enabled him, by an *easy transition*, to *correct the mistake* occasioned by the *similarity of names*, consists in the interpolation of an additional paragraph, (marked in Italics), by which the hero is transformed into another Oscar, of the same character, as well as of the same name, with the son of Ossian. But, son of Alpin, the hero (Oscar, son of Ossian) fell not harmless as the grass of the

field, &c. But Oscar, *thou son of Caruth*, thou hast fallen low, &c. Dermid the son of *Morni*, is also changed into Dermid son of *Diaran* ; and the son of *Ossian* is altered throughout to the son of *Caruth* ; a new hero, never heard of before or since. By such easy transitions, the story of the Fragment is transferred from Oscar the son of Ossian, to Oscar the son of Caruth, like that of Pope's Dunciad, from Theobald to Cibber ; and it is farther observable, that the Fragment on the Death of Oscar, a plain and almost avowed fabrication, was the very first specimen of Celtic poetry, which the translator produced at Moffat, to Mr John Home.

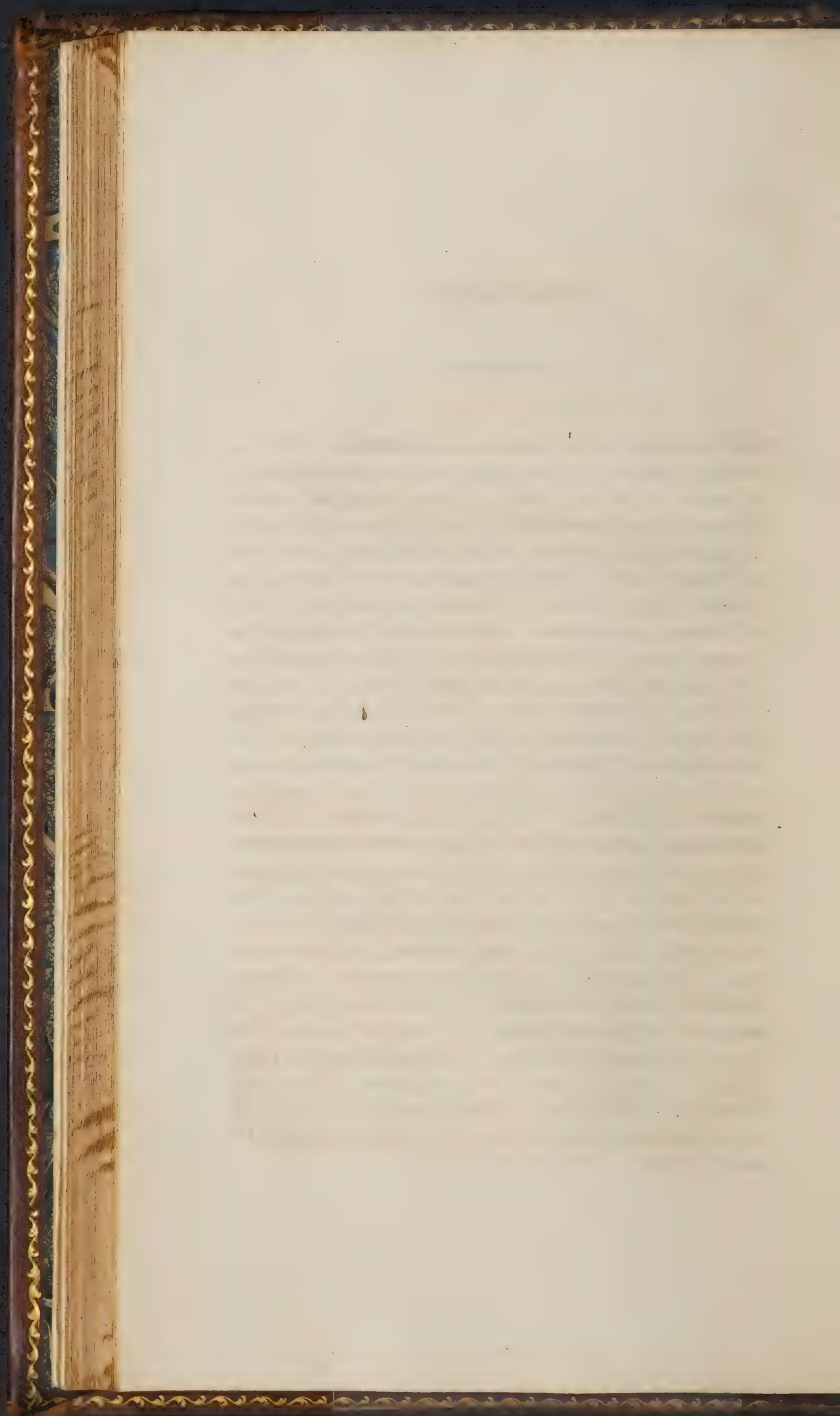
TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK II.



ARGUMENT.

THIS book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired, from the rest of the army, to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch, on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers, the episode of Conar the son of Trenmor, who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced, which lays open the origin of the contests between the Caël and Firbolg, the two nations who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora ; upon which Cathmor desisted from the design he had formed of surprising the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs ; reprimands Foldath for advising a night-attack, as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Crothar, the ancestor of the king ; which throws further light on the history of Ireland, and the original pretensions of the family of Atha, to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army, he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian, to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar ; it being the opinion of the times that the souls of the dead could not be happy till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Ossian part ; and the latter, casually meeting with Carril, the son of Kinfena, sends that bard, with a funeral song, to the tomb of Cairbar. MACPHERSON.



TEMORA :
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK II.

FATHER of heroes ! O Trenmor ! High dweller
of eddy winds ! where the dark red thunder
marks the troubled clouds ! Open thou thy
stormy halls. Let the bards of old be near. Let
them draw near, with songs and their half-view-
less harps. No dweller of misty valley comes !
No hunter unknown at his streams ! It is the
car-borne Oscar, from the fields of war. Sud-
den is thy change, my son, from what thou wert
on dark Moilena ! The blast folds thee in its

skirt, and rustles through the sky ! Dost thou not behold thy father, at the stream of night ! The chiefs of Morven sleep far distant. They have lost no son : But ye have lost a hero, chiefs of resounding Morven ! Who could equal his strength, when battle rolled against his side, like the darkness of crowded waters¹ ? Why this cloud on Ossian's soul ? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her host. The king of Selma is alone. Alone thou shalt not be, my father, while I can lift the spear !

I rose, in all my arms. I rose and listened to the wind. The shield of Fillan is not heard. I tremble for the son of Fingal. “ Why should the foe come by night ? Why should the dark-haired warrior fail ? ” Distant, silent murmurs rise : like the noise of the lake of Lego, when its waters shrink, in the days of frost², and all

¹ *When battle rolled against his side, like the darkness of crowded waters.*] The nations shall *rush* like the *rushing* of many waters. Isaiah, xvii. 13. The simile is unintelligible till the imitation be explained.

² *Distant, sullen murmurs rise : like the noise of the lake of Lego, when its waters shrink in the days of frost.*] THOMSON'S *Winter*.

Their *sullen* deeps
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,

its bursting ice resounds. The people of Lara look to heaven, and foresee the storm ! My steps are forward on the heath. The spear of Oscar is in my hand ! Red stars looked from high. I gleamed, along the night³.

I saw Fillan silent before me, bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the shout of the foe. The joy of his soul arose. He heard my sounding tread, and turned his lifted spear. "Comest thou, son of night, in peace ? Or dost thou meet my wrath ? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my steel. I stand not, in vain, the shield of Morven's race." "Never mayst thou stand in vain, son of blue-eyed Clatho ! Fingal begins to be alone. Darkness gathers on the last of his days. Yet he has two sons⁴ who ought to shine in war. Who ought

And *murmur hoarser* at the *fixing frost*.

"And all its *bursting ice resounds*." Id.

And hark ! the *length'ning roar continuous runs*

Athwart the *rifted deep* : at once it *bursts*,

And piles a thousand mountains to the skies.

³ I gleamed, along *the night*.] *Highlander*, i. 215.

His armour bright

Reflects the fire, and *shines along the night*.

⁴ That is, two sons in Ireland. Fergus, the second son of Fingal, was, at that time, on an expedition which is mention-

to be two beams of light near the steps of his departure."

"Son of Fingal," replied the youth, "it is not long since I raised the spear. Few are the marks of my sword in war. But Fillan's soul is fire! The chiefs of Bolga⁵ crowd around the

ed in one of the lesser poems. He, according to some traditions, was the ancestor of Fergus the son of Erc or Arcath, commonly called *Fergus the second* in the Scotch histories. The beginning of the reign of Fergus over the Scots, is placed, by the most approved annals of Scotland, in the fourth year of the fifth age; a full century after the death of Ossian. The genealogy of his family is recorded thus by the Highland Senachies; *Fergus Mac-Arcath Mac-Chongael, Mac-Fergus, Mac-Fion-gäel na buai*; i. e. Fergus the son of Arcath, the son of Congal, the son of Fergus, the son of Fingal *the victorious*.
MACPHERSON.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;

The creature's at his dirty work again.

No sooner was one fiction destroyed by Innes, than another was created by our Celtic bards. Fergus, the son of Fingal, who is now employed on an expedition mentioned in one of the lesser poems never published, is thus converted into the fabulous Fergus I. of Scotland; and instead of the forty kings of the Milesian race, the translator, in a dissertation annexed to the former editions of Ossian, gives us six generations of kings never known before; namely, Trenmor, Trathal, Comhal, Fingal of victories, Fergus I. Congal, Arcath, and Fergus II. If we ask what authority there is for this unheard of dynasty of new kings, the answer is, that they depend upon the same authentic, and never-failing traditions with the rest of Ossian.

⁵ The southern parts of Ireland went, for some time, under

shield of generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on that heath. Shall my steps approach their host? I yielded to Oscar alone, in the strife of the race, on Cona!"

"Fillan, thou shalt not approach their host; nor fall before thy fame is known. My name is heard in song: when needful I advance. From the skirts of night I shall view them over all their gleaming tribes. Why, Fillan, didst thou speak of Oscar? Why awake my sigh! I must forget the warrior, till the storm is rolled away. Sadness ought not to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye of war. Our fathers forgot their fallen sons, till the noise of arms was past. Then sorrow returned to the tomb, and the song of bards arose." The memory of those, who fell, quickly followed the departure of war: When the tumult of battle is past, the soul, in silence, melts away, for the dead.

the name of Bolga, from the Fir-bolg or Belgæ of Britain, who settled a colony there. *Bolg* signifies a *quiver*, from which proceeds *Fir-bolg*, i. e. *bowmen*; so called from their using bows, more than any of the neighbouring nations. MACPHERSON.

The *Fir-bolg*, or Belgæ, are frequently mentioned in Irish history. But in this fictitious etymology, *bolg* signifies merely a bag or budget, the belly, or a pair of bellows, and *bolg-saighit*, (*sagitta*,) is a quiver, or *bag* for arrows.

Conar⁶ was the brother of Trathal, first of mortal men. His battles were on every coast. A thousand streams rolled down the blood of his foes. His fame filled green Erin, like a pleasant gale⁷. The nations gathered in Ullin, and they blessed the king; the king of the race of their fathers, from the land of *Selma*.

The chiefs of the south were gathered, in the darkness of their pride. In the horrid cave of Muma, they mixed their secret words. Thither often, they said, the spirits of their fathers came; shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks⁸:

⁶ Conar, the first king of Ireland, was the son of Trenmor the great-grand-father of Fingal. It was on account of this family-connection, that Fingal was engaged in so many wars in the cause of the race of Conar. MACPHERSON.

⁷ *A thousand streams rolled down the blood of his foes. His fame filled green Erin like a pleasant gale.*] POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

Oh! while *along the stream* of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its *fame*;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the *gale*?

⁸ *Shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks.*] “And through the *chinky hut* the beam.” MACPHERSON'S *Cave*. From MASON'S *Elfrida*, *infra*, ²⁸.

Where at *pale* midnight's stillest hour,
Through each rough *chink* the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

reminding them of the honour of Bolga. "Why should Conar reign," they said, "the son of resounding Morven?"

They came forth, like the streams of the desert, with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them: broken they rolled on every side. But often they returned, and the sons of Selma fell. The king stood, among the tombs of his warriors. He darkly bent his mournful face. His soul was rolled into itself; and he had marked the place, where he was to fall; when Trathal came, in his strength, his brother from cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone. Colgar was at his side; Colgar the son of the king and of white-bosomed Solin-corma.

As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, descends from the halls of thunder⁹, pouring the dark storm before him over the troubled sea: so Colgar descended to battle, and wasted the echoing

⁹ *As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, descends from the halls of thunder.*] An expansion of Job. "Hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?" The simile itself is a repetition of the Angel in ADDISON'S *Campaign*; and the sole purport of an episode, "arising immediately from the situation of affairs," is to inform Fillan, that "the tear should not dwell in the eye of war."

field. His father rejoiced over the hero : but an arrow came ! His tomb was raised, without a tear. The king was to revenge his son. He lightened forward in battle, till Bolga yielded at her streams !

When peace returned to the land : When his blue waves bore the king to Morven : then he remembered his son, and poured the silent tear. Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmono, call the soul of Colgar. They called him to the hills of his land. He heard them in his mist. Trathal placed his sword in the cave, that the spirit of his son might rejoice.

“ Colgar, son of Trathal,” said Fillan, “ thou wert renowned in youth ! But the king hath not marked my sword, bright-srreaming on the field. I go forth with the crowd. I return, without my fame. But the foe approaches, Ossian ! I hear their murmur on the heath. The sound of their steps is like thunder, in the bosom of the ground, when the rocking hills shake their groves, and not a blast pours from the darkened sky ¹⁰ !”

¹⁰ *Like thunder in the bosom of the ground, when the rocking hills shake their groves.*] Repeated above, “ When green-val-

Ossian turned sudden on the spear. He raised the flame of an oak on high. I spread it large, on Mora's wind. Cathmor stopt in his course. Gleaming he stood, like a rock, on whose sides are the wandering of blasts; which seize its echoing streams and clothe them over with ice". So stood the friend of strangers! The winds lift his heavy locks. Thou art the tallest of the race of Erin, king of streamy Atha!

"First of bards," said Cathmor, "Fonar¹²,

lied Erin shakes its mountains from sea to sea." i. n. ¹⁴. The translator forgot that these exaggerated effects of an earthquake were unknown to Ossian, though introduced with propriety into his own poem upon *Death*.

Earth dreads and shivers from her inmost womb:
Her *mountains* tremble, and her *rocks* fall down
Thundering along the *ground*; while through the chink
Flames subterraneous flash, smoke wraps the sky,
Domes throw their stately towers to earth, &c.

¹¹ Gleaming—like a rock in whose sides are the wandering of blasts, which seize its echoing streams, and clothe them over with ice.] A selection of images from a paragraph in THOMSON'S *Winter*.

An *icy gale*, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the *bickering stream*——
———'till seized from shore to shore
The whole imprison'd river growls below——
A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn.

¹² Fónar, the man of song. Before the introduction of Chris-

call the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormar: dark-browed Malthos: the side-long-looking gloom of Maronan. Let the pride of Foldath appear. The red-rolling eye of Turlutho. Nor let Hidalla be forgot; his voice, in danger, is the sound of a shower, when it falls in the blast-

tianity, a name was not imposed upon any person, till he had distinguished himself by some remarkable action, from which his name should be derived. Hence it is that the names in the poems of Ossian suit so well with the characters of the persons who bear them. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

At that rate Fonar must have gone without a name till he became a bard; and the greater part of the Celtic heroes, unless distinguished by some remarkable exploit, must have been nameless till their death. Characteristical names, like those of modern comedies, are a sufficient proof that such fictitious personages as *Fonar*, the man of song, (from *fon*, delight, pleasure, *fun*, inclination, a song,) *Cathmore*, great in battle; *Mor-annel*, strong breath, a very proper name for a scout; *Morlath*, great in the day of battle; *Foldath*, generous, &c. are all the produce of the author's invention. Ossian, Oscar, Cairbar, Fingal, and the few historical names introduced into the poems, are not susceptible of such characteristical etymologies; and Homer, whose personages are all real, might have taught his Highland competitor, that even before the introduction of Christianity, no man, whether distinguished or not by some remarkable action, could remain without a name from his birth. *Odys.* viii. 552.

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ τις πάμπαν ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΣ ἔς' ἀνθρώπων,
Οὐ ΚΑΚΟΣ, ἐδὲ μὲν ΕΣΘΛΟΣ, ἐπὴν τὰ πρῶτα γένηται
Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι τίθενται, ἐπεὶ καὶ τέκῃσι τοκῆες.

ed vale, near Atha's falling stream. *Pleasant is its sound on the plain, whilst broken thunder travels over the sky*¹³."

They came, in their clanging arms. They bent forward to his voice, as if a spirit of their fathers spoke from a cloud of night¹⁴. Dreadful shone they to the light; like the fall of the stream of Brumo, when the meteor lights it, before the nightly stranger. Shuddering, he stops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn !

"Why delights Foldath," said the king, "to pour the blood of foes, by night? Fails his arm in battle, in the beams of day? Few are the foes before us, why should we clothe us in shades? The valiant delight to shine in the battles of their land! Thy counsel was in vain, chief of Moma! The eyes of Morven do not sleep. They

¹³ *Whilst broken thunder travels over the sky.*] A sentence added in the improved edition. From the *Temple of Fame*.

Like *broken thunders* that at distance roar.

¹⁴ *As if a spirit of their fathers spoke from a cloud of night.*] HOME'S *Douglas*, infra, v. 4.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If *ancestry* can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

are watchful, as eagles, on their mossy rocks¹⁵. Let each collect, beneath his cloud, the strength of his roaring tribe. To-morrow I move, in light, to meet the foes of Bolga ! Mighty was he, that is low, the race of Borbar-Duthul !”

“ Not unmarked !” said Foldath, “ were my steps before thy race. In light, I met the foes of Cairbar. The warrior praised my deeds. But his stone was raised without a tear ! No bard sung over Erin’s king. Shall his foes rejoice along their mossy hills ? No : they must not rejoice ! He was the friend of Foldath ! Our words were mixed, in secret, in Moma’s silent cave ; whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst the thistle’s beard¹⁶. With Moma’s sons I shall rush

¹⁵ *The eyes of Morven do not sleep. They are watchful as eagles on their mossy rocks.*] Par. Lost, xi. 127.

The cohort bright

Of watchful cherubim : four faces each

Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape

Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those

Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse.

¹⁶ *Whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst the thistle’s beard.*] An alteration of the boy pursuing the rainbow in THOMSON’S *Spring* ; infra, iv. ¹⁹.

Not so the boy.

He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,

Delightful, o’er the radiant fields, and runs

abroad, and find the foe, on his dusky hills. Fingal shall lie, without his song, the grey-haired king of Selma."

"Dost thou think, thou feeble man," replied Cathmor, half-enraged: "Dost thou think Fingal can fall, without his fame, in Erin? Could the bards be silent, at the tomb of Selma's king? The song would burst in secret! the spirit of the king would rejoice! It is when thou shalt fall, that the bard shall forget the song. Thou art dark, chief of Moma, though thine arm is a tempest in war. Do I forget the king of Erin, in his narrow house? My soul is not lost to Cairbar, the brother of my love! I marked the bright beams of joy, which travelled over his cloudy mind, when I returned, with fame, to Atha of the streams."

Tall they removed, beneath the words of the king. Each to his own dark tribe; where, humming, they rolled on the heath¹⁷, faint-glitter-

To catch the falling glory; but amazed
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly.

¹⁷ *Each to his own dark tribe; where, humming, they rolled on the heath.*] *Infra*, vi. ¹⁶. from DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, vi. 959.

About the boughs an airy *nation* flew,
Thick as the *humming* bees that hunt the golden dew—

ing to the stars: like waves, in a rocky bay, before the nightly wind. Beneath an oak, lay the chief of Atha. His shield, a dusky round, hung high. Near him, against a rock, leaned the fair stranger of Inis-huna: that beam of light, with wandering locks¹⁸, from Lumon of the roes. At distance rose the voice of Fonar, with the deeds of the days of old. The song fails, at times, in Lubar's growing roar!

“Crothar,” begun the bard, “first dwelt at Atha's mossy streams! A thousand oaks, from the mountains, formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there, around the feast of the blue-eyed king. But who, among his chiefs, was like the stately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh

The winged army *roams* the *field* around,
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

¹⁸ By *the stranger of Inis-huna*, is meant Sulmalla, the daughter of Conmor king of Inis-huna, the ancient name of that part of South Britain, which is next to the Irish coast. She had followed Cathmor in disguise. Her story is related at large in the fourth book. MACPHERSON.

“The fair stranger of Inis-huna, that beam of light with wandering locks,” is,

The *fair* Aurelia by the hero's side.

And,

A *ray* to *light* a father's eve she shone.

of the virgins rose. In Alnecma was the warrior honoured: the first of the race of Bolga.

“He pursued the chace in Ullin: on the moss-covered top of Drumardo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-lama. Her sigh rose in secret. She bent her head amidst her wandering locks. The moon looked in, at night, and saw the white-tossing of her arms¹⁹; for she thought of the mighty Crothar, in the season of dreams.

“Three days feasted Crothar with Cathmin. On the fourth they awaked the hinds. Con-lama moved to the chace, with all her lovely steps. She met Crothar in the narrow path. The bow fell, at once, from her hand. She turned her face away, and half-hid it with her locks. The love of Crothar rose. He brought the white-bosomed maid to Atha. Bards raised the song in her presence. Joy dwelt round the daughter of Cathmin.

“The pride of Turloch rose, a youth who loved the white-handed Con-láma. He came, with battle, to Alnecma; to Atha of the roes.

¹⁹ *The moon looked in—and saw the white-tossing of her arms.] From the song, A Cold Frosty Morning.*

The moon look'd in and envied my love's charms.

Cormul went forth to the strife, the brother of car-borne Crothal. He went forth, but he fell. The sigh of the people rose. Silent and tall, across the stream, came the darkening strength of Crothar: he rolled the foe from Alnecma. He returned midst the joy of Con-láma.

“ Battle on battle comes. Blood is poured on blood. The tombs of the valiant rise. Erin’s clouds are hung round with ghosts ²⁰. The chiefs of the south gathered round the echoing shield of Crothar. He came, with death, to the paths of the foe. The virgins wept by the streams of Ullin. They looked to the mist of the hill: No hunter descended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land. Blasts sighed lonely on grassy tombs.

“ Descending like the eagle of heaven, with all his rustling wings, when he forsakes the blast with joy, the son of Trenmor came; Conar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves. He pour-

²⁰ *Erin’s clouds are hung round with ghosts.*] And in the next paragraph, “ Death dimly strode behind his sword.” These are instances of that sublime simplicity, in which Blair met with “ no affected ornaments; no false refinement; no marks, either in style or thought, of a studied endeavour to shine or sparkle.”

ed his might along green Erin. Death dimly strode behind his sword. The sons of Bolga fled, from his course, as from a stream, that bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together, with all their echoing woods²¹. Crothar met him in battle: but Alnecma's warriors fled. The king of Atha slowly retired, in the grief of his soul. He afterwards shone in the south; but dim as the sun of autumn; when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of dark streams²². The wi-

²¹ *As from a stream, that bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together, with all their echoing woods.*] Præcípitesque trahit silvas. *Æneid*, ii. 307. POPE'S *Iliad*, v. 116.

Thus from high hills, the *torrents*, swift and strong,
Deluge the fields, and sweep the trees along;
Through ruined moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds.

See *Fingal*, ii. 28.

²² *He shone in the south; but dim as the sun of autumn, when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of dark streams.*] THOMSON'S *Autumn*.

The dim-seen river seems,
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave:
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide refracted ray.

The sun oppressed in the height of noon, is converted into his shining dim in the south; and the dim-seen river's misty wave, into the sun's robes of mist; when, in autumn, he visits Lara of dark streams.

thered grass is covered with dew : the field, though bright, is sad !”

“ Why wakes the bard before me,” said Cathmor, “ the memory of those who fled ? Has some ghost, from his dusky cloud, bent forward to thine ear ; to frighten Cathmor from the field, with the tales of old ? Dwellers of the skirts of night, your voice is but a blast to me ; which takes the grey thistle’s head, and strews its beard on streams. Within my bosom is a voice. Others hear it not ²³. His soul forbids the king of Erin to shrink back from war.”

Abashed the bard sinks back in night : retired he bends above a stream. His thoughts are on the days of Atha, when Cathmor heard his song with joy. His tears came rolling down. The winds are in his beard. Erin sleeps around. No sleep comes down on Cathmor’s eyes. Dark, in his soul, he saw the spirit of low-laid Cairbar. He saw him, without his song, rolled in a blast of night. He rose. His steps were round the

²³ *Within my bosom is a voice. Others hear it not.*] POPE’S I. Epist. Hor. lib. i.

A voice there is that whispers in my ear,
’Tis reason’s voice which sometimes one can hear.

host. He struck, at times, his echoing shield.
The sound reached Ossian's ear, on Mora's mossy
brow.

"Fillan," I said, "the foes advance. I hear
the shield of war. Stand thou in the narrow
path. Ossian shall mark their course. If over
my fall the host should pour, then be thy buck-
ler heard. Awake the king on his heath, lest his
fame should fly away." I strode in all my rat-
tling arms; wide-bounding over a stream that
darkly-winded, in the field, before the king of
Atha. Green Atha's king, with lifted spear,
came forward on my course. Now would we
have mixed in horrid fray, like two contending
ghosts, that bending forth, from two clouds,
send forth the roaring winds; did not Ossian be-
hold, on high, the helmet of Erin's kings. The
eagle's wing spread above it, rustling in the
breeze²⁴. A red star looked through the plumes.
I stopt the lifted spear.

"The helmet of kings is before me! Who art

²⁴ *The eagle's wing spreads above it, rustling in the breeze.]*
Infra, iii. ²⁵. DRYDEN'S *Æneid*, xii. 550.

His *crest* of horses' hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and *rustles* in the *wind*.

thou, son of night? Shall Ossian's spear be renowned, when thou art lowly-laid?" At once he dropt the gleaming lance. Growing before me seemed the form²⁵. He stretched his hand in night. He spoke the words of kings.

"Friend of the spirits of heroes, do I meet thee thus in shades? I have wished for thy stately steps in Atha, in the days of joy. Why should my spear now arise? The sun must behold us, Ossian; when we bend, gleaming, in the strife²⁶. Future warriors shall mark the place: and, shuddering, think of other years. They shall mark it, like the haunt of ghosts²⁷, pleasant and dreadful to the soul."

²⁵ Growing before me seemed the form.] *Highlander*, i. 221.

Silent the spectre tow'rs before the sight,
And shines an awful image through the night.

²⁶ The sun must behold us, Ossian; when we bend gleaming in the strife.] *Id.* i. 255.

The Dane resumes, with the sun's rising beam
We may in fields of death contend for fame.

²⁷ Future warriors shall mark the place;---shuddering.---They shall mark it like the haunt of ghosts.] "Shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks." *Supra*,⁸. From MASON'S *Elfrida*.

Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whose vagrant feet have traced your secret haunt,
Beside some lonely wall,

“ Shall it then be forgot,” I said, “ where we meet in peace? Is the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears, on the fields of their war. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years. “ Here Cathmor and Ossian met! the warriors met in peace!” When thou, O stone, shalt fail: When Lubar’s stream shall roll away! then shall the traveller come, and bend here, perhaps, in rest. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place²⁸. But why turnest thou so dark away, son of Borbar-duthul?”

Or shatter’d ruin of a moss-grown tower,
Where, at pale midnight’s stillest hour,
Through each rough *chink* the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away! ye elves away! &c.

²⁸ *When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place.]* As the last was an imitation of Mason’s, so is the present of Milton’s fairy elves, or shadowy forms, seen by the belated peasant, or bewildered traveller. *Par. Lost*, i. 781.

Or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,

“Not forgot, son of Fingal, shall we ascend these winds. Our deeds are streams of light, before the eyes of bards. But darkness is rolled on Atha : the king is low, without his song : still there was a beam towards Cathmor from his stormy soul ; like the moon, in a cloud, amidst the dark-red course of thunder.”

“Son of Erin,” I replied, “my wrath dwells not in his earth ²⁹. My hatred flies, on eagle-wing, from the foe that is low. He shall hear the song of bards. Cairbar shall rejoice on his winds.”

Cathmor’s swelling soul arose. He took the dagger from his side, and placed it gleaming in my hand. He placed it in my hand, with sighs, and, silent, strode away. Mine eyes followed his departure. He dimly gleamed, like the form

Or fountain, some *belated peasant* sees,
Or *dreams* he sees, while *over-head* the moon
Sits arbitress, and, nearer to the earth,
Wheels her pale course.

²⁹ This reply abounds with the sentiments of a noble mind. Though, of all men living, he was the most injured by Cairbar, yet he lays aside his rage, as the *foe was low*. How different is this from the behaviour of the heroes of other ancient poems ? *Cynthus aurem vellit*. MACPHERSON.

Touched the ear of the translator himself.

of a ghost, which meets a traveller, by night, on the dark-skirted heath ³⁰. His words are dark like songs of old : with morning strides the unfinished shade away !

Who ³¹ comes from Lubar's vale ? From the skirts of the morning mist ? The drops of hea-

³⁰ *Dimly gleamed, like the form of a ghost which meets a traveller by night on the dark-skirted heath.*] *Highlander*, i. 218.

Thus often to the *midnight traveller*,

The *stalking figures* of the dead appear.

Silent the *spectre* towers before the sight,

And *shines* an awful image through the *night*.

³¹ The morning of the second day from the opening of the poem comes on. After the death of Cuthullin, Carril, the son of Kinfena, his bard, retired to the cave of Tura, which was in the neighbourhood of Moi-lena, the scene of the poem of Temora. His casual appearance here enables Ossian to fulfil immediately the promise he had made to Cathmor, of causing the *funeral song* to be pronounced over the tomb of Cairbar.—The whole of this passage, together with the address of Carril to the sun, is a lyric measure, and was, undoubtedly, intended as a relief to the mind, after the long narrative which preceded it. Though the lyric pieces, scattered through the poems of Ossian, are certainly very beautiful in the original ; yet they must appear much to disadvantage, stripped of numbers, and the harmony of rhyme. In the recitative, or narrative part of the poem, the original is rather a measured sort of prose, than any regular versification ; but it has all that variety of cadences, which suit the different ideas, and passions of the speakers. This book takes up only the space of a few hours. MACPHERSON, 1st edit. See the concluding note on the Six Bards.

ven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the sad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's silent cave. I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuthullin sits, on the blast which bends its trees ³². Pleasant is the song of the morning from the bard of Erin !

“The waves crowd away,” said Carril. “They crowd away for fear. They hear the sound of thy coming forth, O sun ! Terrible is thy beauty, son of heaven, when death is descending on thy locks ; when thou rollest thy vapours before thee, over the blasted host. But pleasant is thy beam to the hunter, sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou shewest thyself from the parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks : he looks down on the streamy vale, and beholds the descent of roes ! How long shalt thou rise on

³² *I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuthullin sits, on the blast which bends its trees.]* The description of Tura's silent cave, is transcribed from the *Cave*, written (by Macpherson) in the Highlands.

Behold ! it opens to my sight,

Dark in the rock ; beside the flood ;

Dry fern around obstructs the light ;

The winds above it move the wood.

war, and roll, a bloody shield, through heaven³³? I see the death of heroes, dark wandering over thy face !”

“ Why wander the words of Carril ?” I said.
 “ Does the son of heaven mourn ! He is unstained in his course, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careless light. Thou too, perhaps, must fall. Thy darkening hour may seize thee, struggling, as thou rollest through thy sky³⁴. But pleasant is the voice of the bard ; pleasant to Ossian’s soul ! It is like the shower of the morning, when it comes through the rustling vale, on which the sun looks through mist, just rising from his rocks. But this is no time, O

³³ How long shalt thou rise on war, and roll a bloody shield through heaven.] SHAKESPEARE, 1. *Hen. IV.* act v. sc. 1.

*How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon dusky hill.*

³⁴ *The darkening hour may seize thee, struggling, as thou rollest through thy sky.*] In the first editions, “ *The dun robe may seize thee, struggling, in thy sky.*”

By the *dun robe* of the sun, is probably meant an eclipse. MACPHERSON, *ib.*

The *dun robe* seizing the sun, was suggested by Beattie’s recent *Ode on Sleep*, Scots Mag. 1758 ; reprinted, Edin. 1760.

See night’s *dun robe* involves the boundless waste.
 But what becomes of the Earse original, of which the *dun robe*, and the *darkening hour*, are such different translations ?

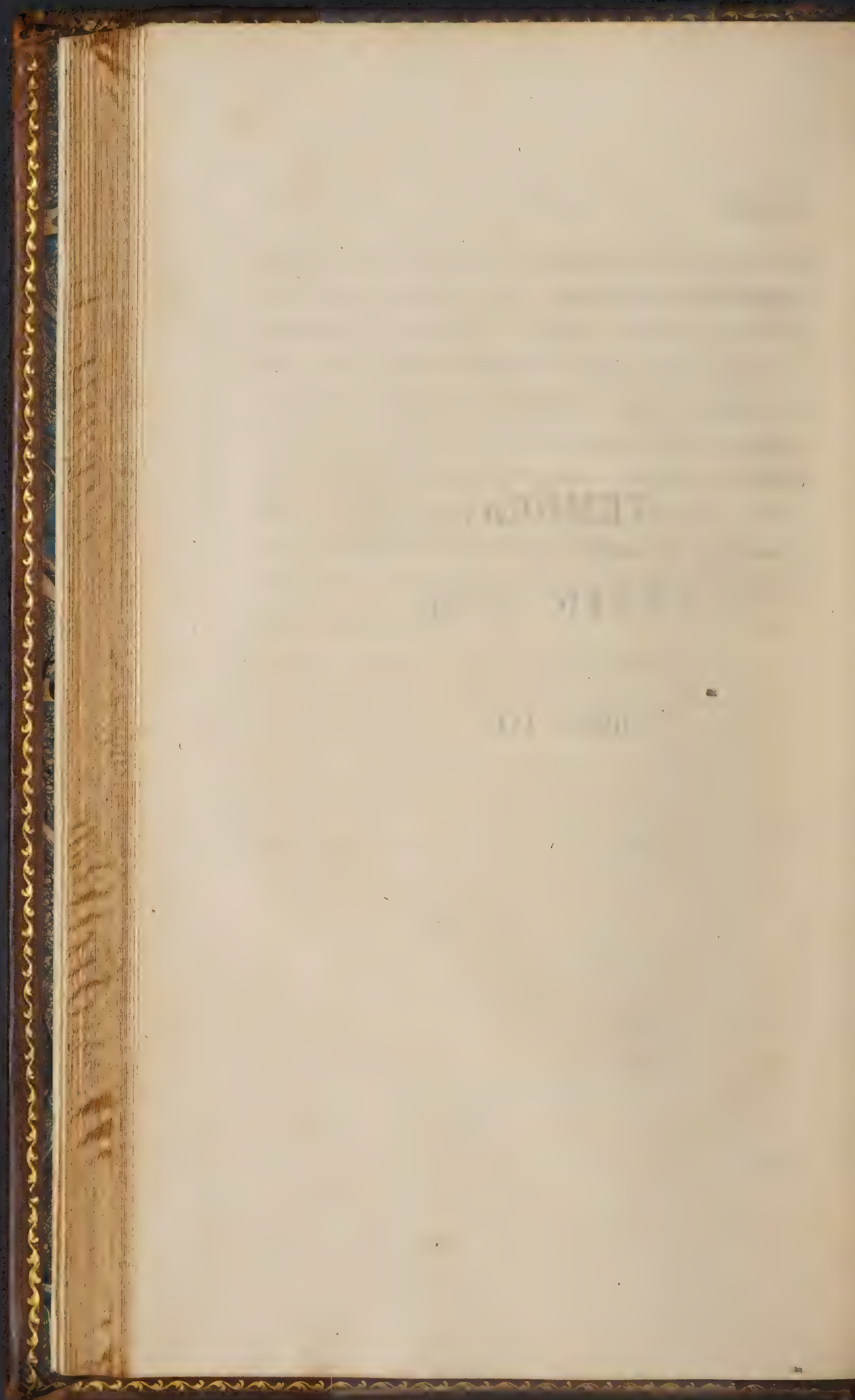
bard, to sit down at the strife of song. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou seest the flaming shield of the king. His face darkens between his locks. He beholds the wide rolling of Erin. Does not Carril behold that tomb beside the roaring stream ! Three stones lift their grey heads beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid ! Give thou his soul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor ! Open his airy hall ! Let thy song be a stream of joy to Cairbar's darkened ghost."

TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK III.

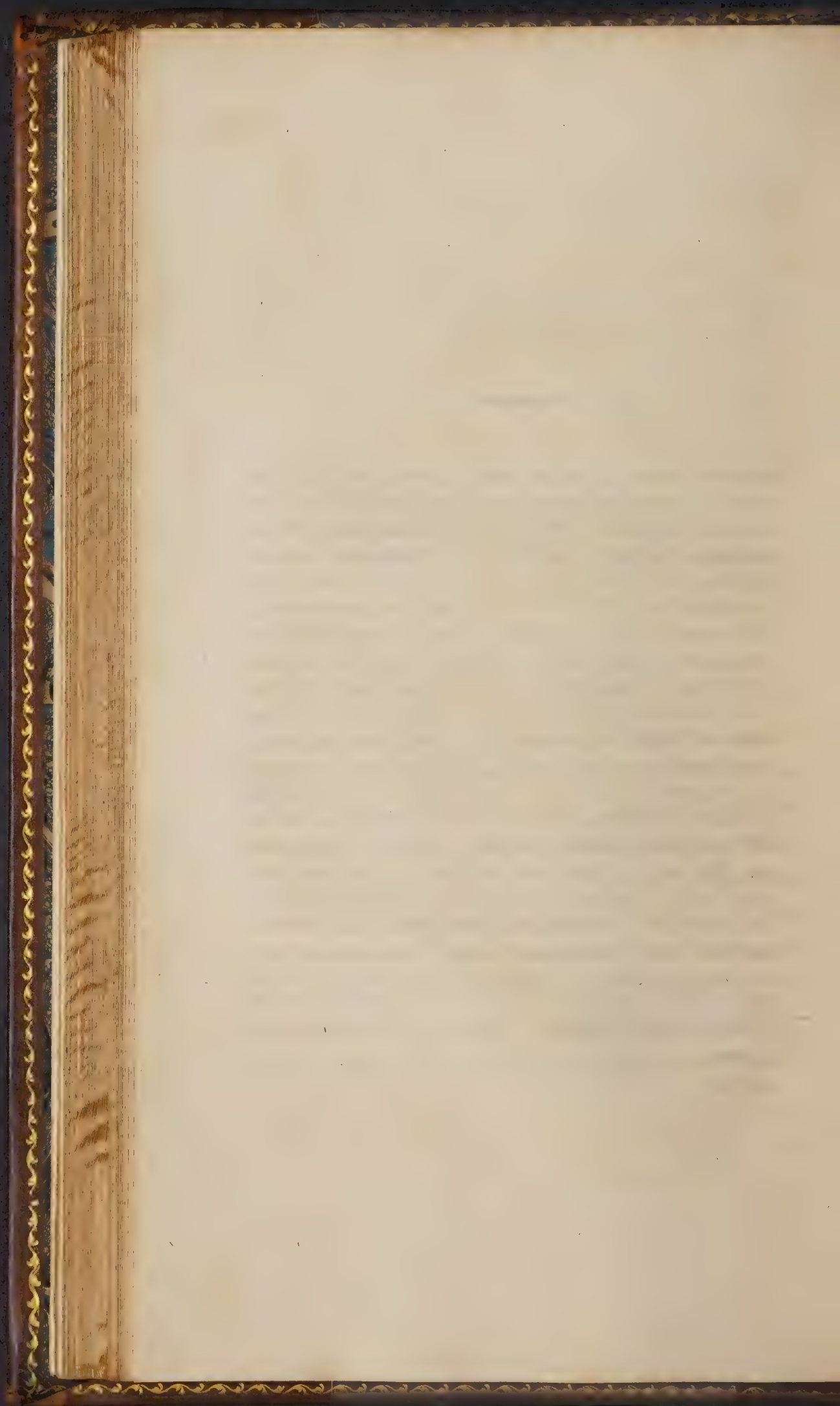
VOL. II.

F



ARGUMENT.

MORNING coming on, Fingal, after a speech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni; it being the custom of the times, that the king should not engage till the necessity of affairs required his superior valour and conduct. The king and Ossian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards sing the war-song. The general conflict is described. Gaul, the son of Morni, distinguishes himself; kills Tur-lathon, chief of Moruth, and other chiefs of lesser name. On the other hand, Foldath, who commanded the Irish army, (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himself from battle) fights gallantly; kills Connal, chief of Dun-lora, and advances to engage Gaul himself. Gaul, in the mean time, being wounded in the hand, by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the son of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recalls his army. The bards meet them, with a congratulatory song, in which the praises of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs sit down at a feast; Fingal misses Connal. The episode of Connal and Duth-caron is introduced; which throws further light on the ancient history of Ireland. Carril is dispatched to raise the tomb of Connal. The action of this book takes up the second day, from the opening of the poem. MAC-PHERSON.



TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK III.

WHO is that at blue-streaming Lubar? Who,
by the bending hill of roes? Tall, he leans on
an oak torn from high, by nightly winds. Who
but Comhal's son, brightening in the last of his
fields? His grey hair is on the breeze. He half
unsheaths the sword of Luno. His eyes are
turned to Moi-lena, to the dark moving of foes.
Dost thou hear the voice of the king? It is like
the bursting of a stream in the desert, when it
comes, between its echoing rocks, to the blasted
field of the sun¹!

¹ *Like the bursting of a stream in the desert, when it comes
between its echoing rocks, to the blasted field of the sun.*] A
simile frequently repeated: From THOMSON'S *Winter*.

“ Wide-skirted comes down the foe ! Sons of woody Selma, arise. Be ye like the rocks of our land, on whose brown sides are the rolling of streams. A beam of joy comes on my soul. I see the foe mighty before me. It is when HE is feeble, that the sighs of Fingal are heard : lest death should come, without renown, and darkness dwell on his tomb. Who shall lead the war against the host of Alnecma ? It is only when danger grows that my sword shall shine. Such was the custom, heretofore, of Trenmor, the ruler of winds ! and thus descended to battle the blue-shielded Trathal ! ”

The chiefs bend toward the king. Each darkly seems to claim the war. They tell, by halves, their mighty deeds. They turn their eyes on Erin. But far before the rest the son of Morni stands. Silent he stands ; for who had not heard of the battles of Gaul ? They rose within his soul. His hand, in secret, seized the sword.

Down it comes

From the rude mountain, and the *mossy wild*,
Tumbling through *rocks* abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o’er the sanded *valley* floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away.

The sword which he brought from Strumon,
when the strength of Morni failed ².

² Strumon, *stream of the hill*, the name of the seat of the family of Gaul, in the neighbourhood of Selma. During Gaul's expedition to Tromathon, mentioned in the *poem of Oithona*, Morni his father died. Morni ordered the *sword of Strumon* (which had been preserved in the family as a relic, from the days of Colgach, the most renowned of his ancestors) to be laid by his side in the tomb: at the same time, leaving it in charge to his son, not to take it from thence till he was reduced to the last extremity. Not long after, two of his brothers being slain, in battle, by Coldaronnan chief of Clutha, Gaul went to his father's tomb to take the sword. His address to the spirit of the deceased hero, is the only part now remaining, of a poem of Ossian on the subject. I shall here lay it before the reader.
First Edition.

GAUL.

BREAKER of echoing shields, whose head is deep in shades,
hear me from the darkness of Clora, O son of Colgach, hear!

No rustling, like the eagle's wing, comes over the course of
my streams. Deep bosomed in the midst of the desert, O king
of Strumon, hear!

Dwellest thou in the shadowy breeze, that pours its dark
wave over the grass? Cease to strew the beard of the thistle;
O chief of Clora, hear!

Or ridest thou on a beam, amidst the dark trouble of clouds?
Pourest thou the loud wind on seas, to roll their blue waves
over isles? hear me, father of Gaul; amidst thy terrors, hear!

The rustling of eagles is heard, the murmuring oaks shake
their heads on the hills: dreadful and pleasant is thy approach,
friend of the dwelling of heroes.

On his spear leans Fillan of Selma³, in the
wandering of his locks. Thrice he raised his eyes

MORNI.

Who awakes me, in the midst of my cloud, where my locks
of mist spread on the winds? Mixed with the noise of streams,
why rises the voice of Gaul?

GAUL.

My foes are around me, Morni: their dark ships descend
from their waves. Give the sword of Strumon, that beam which
thou hidest in thy night.

MORNI.

Take the sword of resounding Strumon; I look on thy war,
my son; I look, a dim meteor, from my cloud: blue-shielded
Gaul, destroy. MACPHERSON.

The etymology is fictitious, as usual: There is no such Earse word as *Strumon*, a mere alteration of *stream*; and the *sword of Strumon*, left by Colgach, or Galgacus, as a relic to his posterity, had not occurred when Fingal was written. *Five Pieces of Runic poetry, translated from the Icelandic language*, were published in 1763, by Dr Percy the present Bishop of Dromore, in the interval between the first appearance of Fingal, and of the *Temora*, which was then in the press. The first of these Runic pieces is the Incantation of Hervor, who compels her father Angantyr, to deliver his sword from the tomb. The *sword of Strumon*, which Gaul *invokes* his father to deliver from the tomb, is a plain imitation of the sword of Angantyr, transferred from Runic to Celtic poetry, and appropriated, as usual, to the Highlands of Scotland. "As it came too late," I presume, "to the translator's hands," to be introduced into the text, it was inserted in a note, as *the only part, now remaining, of a poem of Ossian, on the same subject with the sword of Angantyr*. The sword which Angantyr *hides* in his tomb from his warlike daugh-

to Fingal : his voice thrice fails him as he speaks.
My brother could not boast of battles : at once
he strides away. Bent over a distant stream he
stands : the tear hangs in his eye.³ He strikes, at
times, the thistle's head, with his inverted spear⁴.
Nor is he unseen of Fingal. Sidelong he beholds

ter, was made by the dwarfs ; its edges were poisoned, and no
mail or shield could resist its temper. But the translator for-
got, that the sword *preserved in the family as a relic, from the
days of Colgach*, possessed no magical property whatsoever, to
induce Morni to *hide it in his mist*, or Gaul to apply for it in
his last extremity.

³ Clatho was the daughter of Cathulla, king of Inistore. Fin-
gal, in one of his expeditions to that island, fell in love with
Clatho, and took her to wife, after the death of Ros-crána, the
daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland. Clatho was the mother
of Ryno, Fillan, and Bosmina, mentioned in the *Battle of Lora*.
Fillan is often called the son of Clatho, to distinguish him from
those sons which Fingal had by Ros-crána. MACPHERSON.

"On his spear stood the son of Clatho," in the first editions :
But the note remained, while the text was altered.

⁴ *He strikes, at times, the thistle's head with his inverted
spear.*] A strange imitation of as strange bombast. YOUNG'S
Night Thoughts, Night iv.

He writes

My name in heaven with that *inverted spear*,
(A spear deep-dipt in blood) which pierced his side,
And opened there a font for all mankind.

In Carthon, "He saw the foe's uncovered *side*, and opened there
a wound." Vol. i. p. 337. See *Temora*, viii. 4. *Cathlin of
Clutha*, 7.

his son. He beholds him with bursting joy ; and turns, amid his crowded soul. In silence turns the king towards Mora of woods. He hides the big tear with his locks. At length his voice is heard.

“First of the sons of Morni ! Thou rock that defiest the storm ! lead thou my battle, for the race of low-laid Cormac. No boy’s staff is thy spear : no harmless beam of light thy sword⁵. Son of Morni of steeds, behold the foe ! Destroy ! Fillan, observe the chief ! He is not calm in strife ; nor burns he, heedless, in battle. My son, observe the chief ! He is strong as Lubar’s streams ; but never foams and roars. High on cloudy Mora, Fingal shall behold the war. Stand, Ossian, near thy father, by the falling stream. Raise the voice, O bards ! Selma, move beneath the sound. It is my latter field. Clothe it over with light.”

As the sudden rising of winds, or distant rolling of troubled seas, when some dark ghost, in wrath, heaves the billows over an isle : *an isle,*

⁵ *No boy’s staff is thy spear ; no harmless beam of light thy sword.] The staff of his spear was like a weaver’s beam. 1 Sam. xvii. 7.*

the seat of mist, on the deep ⁶, for many dark-brown years ! So terrible is the sound of the host, wide-moving over the field. Gaul is tall before them. The streams glitter within his strides. The bards raise the song by his side. He strikes his shield between. On the skirts of the blast, the tuneful voices rise.

“ On Crona,” said the bards, “ there bursts a stream by night. It swells in its own dark course, till morning’s early beam. Then comes it white from the hill, with the rocks and their hundred groves. Far be my steps from Crona. Death is tumbling there ⁷. Be ye a stream from Mora, sons of cloudy Morven !”

⁶ *As the sudden rising of winds; or distant rolling of troubled seas, when some dark ghost, in wrath, heaves the billows over an isle, the seat of mist, on the deep.*] POPE’S *Iliad*, iv. 478. so frequently imitated.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas;
The billows float in order to the shore;
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till with the growing storm the deeps arise,
Foam o’er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the fierce battalions throng;
Shields urg’d on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands.

“ So terrible is the sound of the host, wide-moving over the field.”

⁷ *On Crona---there burst a stream by night. It swells in its*

“Who rises, from his car, on Clutha? The hills are troubled before the king! The dark woods echo round, and lighten at his steel. See him, amidst the foe, like Colgach’s⁸ sportful ghost; when he scatters the clouds, and rides the eddying winds⁹! It is Morni of bounding steeds! Be like thy father, O Gaul!”

own dark course.---Far be my steps from Crona. Death is tumbling there.] The former simile from THOMSON’S *Winter* repeated.

Wide o’er the brim, with many a torrent *swelled*,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o’erspread,
At last the roused up river pours along;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down *it comes*
From the rude *mountain*, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o’er the sanded desert floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrained
Between two meeting hills, it *bursts* away,
Where *rocks* and *woods* o’erhang the turbid stream.

“*Then comes it white* from the *hill*, with the *rocks* and their hundred groves.”

⁸ There are some traditions, but, I believe, of late invention, that this Colgach was the same with the Galgacus of Tacitus. Colgach signifies *fiercely looking*; which is a very proper name for a warrior, and is probably the origin of Galgacus; though I believe it a matter of mere conjecture, that the Colgach here mentioned was the same with that hero. MACPHERSON.

⁹ *When he scatters the clouds, and rides the eddying winds.]* Colgach’s sportful ghost; the Angel in ADDISON’S *Campaign*.

“Selma is opened wide. Bards take the trembling harps. Ten youths bear the oak of the feast. A distant sun-beam marks the hill. The dusky waves of the blast fly over the fields of grass. Why art thou silent, O Selma? The king returns with all his fame. Did not the battle roar; yet peaceful is his brow? It roared, and Fingal overcame. Be like thy father, O Fillan!”

They move beneath the song. High wave their arms, as rushy fields beneath autumnal winds ¹⁰. On Mora stands the king in arms. Mist flies round his buckler abroad; as, aloft, it hung on

Calm and serene he *drives* the furious blast,
And pleased th’ Almighty’s orders to perform,
Rides in the *whirlwind*, and *directs* the storm.

¹⁰ *High wave their arms, as rushy fields beneath autumnal winds.*] And in the preceding paragraph, “The dusky *waves* of the *blast* fly over the *fields* of *grass*.” From POPE’S *Iliad*, ii, 179.

And as on *corn*, when western gusts descend,
Before the *blast* the lofty harvests bend;
Thus *o’er* the *field* the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of *waving* spears.

But the “*wayes* of the *blast*,” is a harsh figure; and in Gaul’s invocation of Morni, (*supra*, ².) “The shadowy breeze *pours* its *dark wave* over the grass,” is from THOMSON’S *Autumn*.

For not a gale

Rolls its *light billows* o’er the bending plain.

a bough, on Cormul's mossy rock. In silence I stood by Fingal, and turned my eyes on Cromla's wood: lest I should behold the host, and rush amid my swelling soul. My foot is forward on the heath. I glittered, tall, in steel; like the falling stream of Tromlo, which nightly winds bind over with ice. The boy sees it, on high, gleaming to the early beam¹¹: toward it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so silent!

Nor bent over a stream is Cathmor, like a youth in a peaceful field. Wide he drew forward the war, a dark and troubled wave. But when he beheld Fingal on Mora, his generous pride arose; "Shall the chief of Atha fight, and no king in the field? Foldath, lead my people forth. Thou art a beam of fire."

Forth issues Foldath of Moma, like a cloud,

¹¹ *Like the falling stream of Tromlo. The boy sees it, on high, gleaming to the early beam.*] THOMSON'S *Winter*. *Supra*, ii. ¹¹.

Then appears

The various labours of the *silent* night——

Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,

A livid track, cold-*gleaming* on the *morn*.

"Towards it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so *silent*." An intended improvement upon Thomson's dumb cascade, as will afterwards appear. *Infra*, viii. ¹.

the robe of ghosts. He drew his sword, a flame, from his side. He bade the battle move. The tribes, like ridgy waves, dark pour their strength around. Haughty is his stride before them. His red eye rolls in wrath. He calls Cormul chief of Dunratho; and his words were heard.

“Cormul, thou beholdest that path. It winds green behind the foe. Place thy people there, lest Selma should escape from my sword. Bards of green-vallied Erin, let no voice of yours arise. The sons of Morven must fall without song. They are the foes of Cairbar. Hereafter shall the traveller meet their dark thick mist on Lena, where it wanders, with their ghosts, beside the reedy lake. Never shall they rise, without song, to the dwelling of winds.”

Cormul darkened, as he went. Behind him rushed his tribe. They sunk beyond the rock. Gaul spoke to Fillan of Selma; as his eye pursued the course of the dark-eyed chief of Dunratho. “Thou beholdest the steps of Cormul! Let thine arm be strong! When he is low, son of Fingal, remember Gaul in war, Here I fall forward into battle, amid the ridge of shields¹².”

¹² *Amid the ridge of shields.*] “The tribes like ridgy waves.”

The sign of death ascends ; the dreadful sound of Morni's shield. Gaul pours his voice between. Fingal rises on Mora. He saw them, from wing to wing, bending at once in strife. Gleaming, on his own dark hill, stood Cathmor of streamy Atha. The kings were like two spirits of heaven, standing each on his gloomy cloud ; when they pour abroad the winds, and lift the roaring seas. The blue-tumbling of waves is before them, marked with the paths of whales. They themselves are calm and bright ¹³. The gale lifts slowly their locks of mist !

What beam of light hangs high on air ! What

Supra. "The people behind, like a ridge of fire." *Highlander*, ii. 78.

With darting gleam the *steel-clad ridges* shine——
In two black lines the equal waters crowd,
On either side the white *topp'd ridges* nod——
The moving troops ; the hostile *ridges* frowned.

From "the *ridges* of grim war," in MILTON, *Par. Lost*, vi. 236. Our translator converts the waving corn into heath, or grass, or rushy fields ; but forgets, that *the ridges of grim war* is a metaphor taken, not from a mountain, but from a ploughed field.

¹³ *They themselves are calm and bright.*] Repeated from ADDISON's *Campaign*, *supra*, 9.

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast.
See *Fingal*, iii. ²²,

béam, but Morni's dreadful sword ! Death is strewn on thy paths, O Gaul ! Thou foldest them together in thy rage¹⁴. Like a young oak falls Tur-lathon, with his branches round him¹⁵. His high-bosomed spouse stretches her white arms, in dreams, to the returning chief, as she sleeps by gurgling Moruth, in her disordered locks. It is his ghost, Oichoma. The chief is lowly laid. Harken not to the winds for Tur-lathon's echoing shield. It is pierced by his streams. Its sound is past away.

Not peaceful is the hand of Foldath. He winds his course in blood. Connal met him in fight. They mixed their clanging steel. Why should mine eyes behold them ! Connal, thy locks are grey ! Thou wert the friend of strangers, at the moss-covered rock of Dun-lora. When the skies were rolled together ; then thy feast was spread. The stranger heard the winds without ; and re-

¹⁴ Death is strewn in thy paths. Thou foldest them together in thy rage.] *Earl Marishal's Welcome.*

His path with oaks is strewn,
And ruin marks the plain.

¹⁵ Like a young oak falls Tur-lathon, with his branches round him.] *POPE'S Iliad*, xvii. 57.

As the young olive in some sylvan scene, &c.

joiced at thy burning oak ¹⁶. Why, son of Duthcaron, art thou laid in blood ! The blasted tree bends above thee. Thy shield lies broken near. Thy blood mixes with the stream ¹⁷, thou breaker of the shields !

Ossian took the spear in his wrath. But Gaul rushed forward on Foldath. The feeble pass by his side ; his rage is turned on Moma's chief. Now they had raised their deathful spears : unseen an arrow came. It pierced the hand of Gaul. His steel fell sounding to earth. Young Fillan came ¹⁸, with Cormul's shield ! He stretch-

¹⁶ *The stranger heard the winds without, and rejoiced at thy burning oak.*] Here, if I am not much mistaken, our author had HAMMOND's version of the *First Elegy of Tibullus* in view. *Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem.*

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to one's breast.

Hammond's Thirteenth Elegy was inserted in the *Union*, a collection of poems published by Warton, which Macpherson must have seen, as it was reprinted at Edinburgh, and contained the Chorus of Mason's *Elfrida*, and other pieces repeatedly imitated. Johnson has strangely mistaken Hammond's paraphrastical translations from Tibullus for original poetry.

¹⁷ *Thy blood mixes with the stream.*] *Highlander*, v. 54.

Tay circles round, and mingles with his blood.

¹⁸ Fillan had been dispatched by Gaul to oppose Cormul, who had been sent by Foldath to lie in ambush behind the Caledonian army. It appears that Fillan had killed Cormul, otherwise he

ed it large before the chief. Foldath sent his shouts abroad, and kindled all the field: as a blast that lifts the wide-winged flame, over Lumon's echoing groves¹⁹.

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho," said Gaul, "O Fillan, thou art a beam from heaven, that, coming on the troubled deep, binds up the tempest's wing²⁰. Cormul is fallen before thee. Early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. Rush not too far, my hero. I cannot lift the spear to

could not be supposed to have possessed himself of the shield of that chief. MACPHERSON.

¹⁹ *Foldath—kindles all the fields; as a blast that lifts the wide-winged flame, over Lumon's echoing groves.*] *Supra*, i. ³².
From the triumph of Pallas in the *Æneid*, x. 405.

Ac velut optato, ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa immittit sylvis incendia pastor:
Correptis subito mediis, extenditur una
Horrida per latos acies Volcania campos:
Ille sedens victor flammæ despectat ovantes.
Non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum:
Teque juvat, Palla!

²⁰ *Thou art a beam from heaven, that binds up the tempest's wing.*] The beam of heaven, of joy, love, beauty, &c. so frequent in Ossian, is the common cant of the Night Thoughts, where we meet with sprightly, and even with agonizing beams; but the beam that binds up the tempest's wing (Gaul's wounded hand), is the most extraordinary application of the metaphor that has hitherto occurred.

aid. I stand harmless in battle ; but my voice shall be poured abroad. The sons of Selma shall hear, and remember my former deeds."

His terrible voice rose on the wind. The host bends forward in fight. Often had they heard him, at Strumon, when he called them to the chace of the hinds. He stands tall, amid the war, as an oak in the skirts of a storm, which now is clothed on high, in mist ; then shews its broad waving head ²¹. The musing hunter lifts his eye from his own rushy field !

My soul pursues thee, O Fillan, through the path of thy fame. Thou rolledst the foe before thee. Now Foldath, perhaps, may fly : but night comes down with its clouds. Cathmor's horn is

²¹ *He stands tall, amidst the war, as an oak in the skirts of a storm, which now is clothed on high, in mist, then shews its broad waving head.*] *Infra*, vi. 4. A variation of Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 441.

Ac velut annoso validam cum robore *quercum*
Alpini Boreæ, *nunc hinc nunc* flatibus illinc.
Eruere inter se certant.

And of POPE'S *Iliad*, xii. 145.

As two *tall oaks* before the walls they rise ;
Their roots in earth, their *heads amidst* the skies——
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the *storm*.

heard on high. The sons of Selma hear the voice of Fingal from Mora's gathered mist. The bards pour their song, like dew²², on the returning war.

"Who comes from Strumon," they said, "amid her wandering locks? She is mournful in her steps, and lifts her blue eyes toward Erin. Why art thou sad, Evir-choma? Who is like thy chief in renown? He descended dreadful to battle; he returns, like a light from a cloud. He raised the sword in wrath: they shrunk before blue-shielded Gaul!"

"Joy, like the rustling gale, comes on the soul of the king. He remembers the battles of old; the days wherein his fathers fought. The days of old return on Fingal's mind, as he beholds the renown of his son. As the sun rejoices, from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raised²³, as it shakes its lonely head on the heath; so joyful is the king over Fillan!"

²² *The bards pour their song like dew.] My speech shall distil as the dew. Deut. xxxii. 2.*

²³ *As the sun rejoices, from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raised.] Quam mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber. Catullus.* But the subsequent repetition of this passage betrays its secret allusion to GRAY's *Bard*. "As the sun is above the

“As the rolling of thunder on hills, when Lara’s fields are still and dark ; such are the steps of Selma, pleasant and dreadful to the ear. They return with their sound, like eagles to their dark-browed rock, after the prey is torn on the field, the dun sons of the bounding hind. Your fathers rejoice from their clouds, sons of streamy Selma !”

Such was the nightly voice of bards, on Mora of the hinds. A flame rose, from an hundred oaks, which winds had torn from Cormul’s steep. The feast is spread in the midst : around sat the gleaming chiefs. Fingal is there in his strength. The eagle-wing²⁴ of his helmet sounds. The

vapours which his beams have raised.—They roll dark before him ; he rejoices in the robe of his beams.” *Infra*, iv. 10.

Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine *cloud*,
Raised by thy *breath*, has quenched the *orb* of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

“Rejoices in his robe of beams,” or over the *cloud*, or tree,
 “which his *beams* have *raised*.”

²⁴ The kings of Caledonia and Ireland had a plume of eagle’s feathers, by way of ornament, in their helmets. It was from this distinguished mark that Ossian knew Cathmor, in the second book. MACPHERSON. *Supra*, ii. 25.

Pope not unfrequently converts the horse-hair crest, into a snowy plume ; a modern ornament, which is here transformed

rustling blasts of the west, unequal rush through night. Long looks the king in silence round : at length his words are heard.

“ My soul feels a want in our joy. I behold a breach among my friends. The head of one tree is low. The squally wind pours in on Selma. Where is the chief of Dun-lora ? Ought Connal to be forgot at the feast ? When did he forget the stranger, in the midst of his echoing hall ? Ye are silent in my presence ! Connal is then no more. Joy meet thee, O warrior, like a stream of light. Swift be thy course to thy fathers, along the roaring winds. Ossian, thy soul is fire : kindle the memory of the king. Awake the battles of Connal, when first he shone in war. The locks of Connal were grey. His days of youth²⁵ were mixed with mine. In one day Duthcaron first strung our bows against the roes of Dun-lora.”

into the eagle's wing. In the former collection, we heard nothing of this regal plume, and very little of the eagle, an image so repeatedly introduced in Temora ; but Macpherson might as well have given his kings and heroes white cockades, as feathers in their bonnets.

²⁵ After the death of Comhal, and during the usurpation of the tribe of Morni, Fingal was educated in private by Duth-

“ Many,” I said, “ are our paths to battle, in green vallied Erin. Often did our sails arise, over the blue tumbling waves ; when we came, in other days, to aid the race of Conar. The strife roared once in Alnecma, at the foam-covered streams of Duth-úla. With Cormac descended to battle Duthcaron from cloudy Selma. Nor descended Duthcaron alone, his son was by his side, the long-haired youth of Connal lifting the first of his spears. Thou didst command them, O Fingal, to aid the king of Erin.

“ Like the bursting strength of ocean, the sons of Bolga rushed to war. Colc-ulla was before them, the chief of blue-streaming Atha. The battle was mixed on the plain. Cormac ²⁶

caron. It was then he contracted that intimacy with Connal, the son of Duthcaron, which occasions his regretting so much his fall. When Fingal was grown up, he soon reduced the tribe of Morni ; and, as it appears from the subsequent episode, sent Duthcaron and his son Connal to the aid of Cormac, the son of Conar, king of Ireland, who was driven to the last extremity by the insurrections of the Firbolg. This episode throws farther light on the contests between the Cael and Firbolg. MAC-PHERSON.

²⁶ Cormac, the son of Conar, the second king of Ireland, of the race of the Caledonians. This insurrection of the Firbolg happened towards the latter end of the long reign of Cormac. He never possessed the Irish throne peaceably. The party of

shone in his own strife, bright as the forms of his fathers. But, far before the rest, Duthcaron hewed down the foe. Nor slept the arm of Connal by his father's side. Colc-ulla prevailed on the plain: like scattered mist fled the people of Cormac²⁷!

the family of Atha had made several attempts to overturn the succession in the race of Conar, before they effected it, in the minority of Cormac, the son of Artho. MACPHERSON.

In these episodes, the translator has given us a new history, not only of Scotland, but of Ireland; to which last, as a requital for our Milesian race, he assigns a series of Caledonian kings. Conar, the son of Trenmor, and brother of the fictitious Trathal, was the first king of Ireland, which was peopled with Cael from Scotland, and from England with Firbolg, or Belgæ, who were also Celts; but whose insurrections against the descendants of Conar required the constant interposition of Fingal. When the translator, and his adherents, are informed, that they have perverted the whole history of Ireland, from which the Highlands of Scotland were more recently peopled, and to which the Fingalian race indisputably belongs, they inveigh loudly against the fabulous history of Ireland, the inhabitants of which must have been ignorant of any traditionary events preceding the introduction of letters by St Patrick. If asked, however, upon what more authentic information their own history of Scotland and Ireland is constructed, they resort to the same Celtic traditions themselves. The early history of the Irish is undoubtedly fabulous: their migration to Argyle, which is attested by Bede, was subsequent to the introduction of letters into Ireland; but I should be glad to know, at what period of *their* history the Scottish Highlanders could read and write.

²⁷ The inhabitants of Ullin, or Ulster, who were of the race

“Then rose the sword of Duthcaron, and the steel of broad-shielded Connal. They shaded their flying friends, like two rocks with their heads of pine. Night came down on Duth-ula: silent strode the chiefs over the field. A mountain-stream roared across the path, nor could Duthcaron bound over its course. Why stands my father? said Connal. I hear the rushing foe.”

“Fly, Connal,” he said. “Thy father’s strength begins to fail. I come wounded from battle. Here let me rest in night.” “But thou shalt not remain alone,” said Connal’s bursting sigh. “My shield is an eagle’s wing to cover the king of Dun-lora.” He bends dark above his father. The mighty Duthcaron dies.”

Day rose, and night returned. No lonely bard appeared, deep-musing on the heath; and could Connal leave the tomb of his father, till he should receive his fame? He bent the bow against the rose of Duth-ula. He spread the lonely feast.

of the Caledonians, seem alone to have been the firm friends to the succession in the family of Conar. The Firbolg were only subject to them by constraint, and embraced every opportunity to throw off their yoke. MACPHERSON.

“Like scattered mist fled the people of *Ullin*.” First edit,

Seven nights he laid his head on the tomb, and saw his father in his dreams. He saw him rolled, dark, in a blast, like the vapour of reedy Lego. At length the steps of Colgan ²⁸ came, the

²⁸ Colgan, the son of Cathmul, was the principal bard of Cormac, king of Ireland. The following dialogue, on the loves of Fingal and Ros-crana, may be ascribed to him.

ROS-CRANA.

By night came a dream to Ros-crána ! I feel my beating soul. No vision of the forms of the dead came to the blue eyes of Erin. But, rising from the wave of the north, I beheld him bright in his locks. I beheld the son of the king. My beating soul is high. I laid my head down in night ; again ascended the form. Why delayest thou thy coming, young rider of stormy waves !

But, there, far distant he comes ; where seas roll their green ridges in mist ! Young dweller of my soul ; why dost thou delay——

FINGAL.

It was the soft voice of Moi-lena ! the pleasant breeze of the valley of roes ! But why dost thou hide thee in shades ? Young love of heroes rise. Are not thy steps covered with light ? In thy groves thou appearest, Ros-crána, like the sun in the gathering of clouds. Why dost thou hide thee in shades ? Young love of heroes rise.

ROS-CRANA.

My fluttering soul is high ! Let me turn from the steps of the king. He has heard my secret voice, and shall my blue eyes roll in his presence ? Roe of the hill of moss, toward thy dwelling I move. Meet me, ye breezes of Mora, as I move through the valley of winds. But why should he ascend his ocean ? Son of heroes, my soul is thine ! My steps shall not move to the desert : the light of Ros-crána is here.

bard of high Temora. Duthcaron received his fame, and brightened as he rose on the wind."

"Pleasant to the ear," said Fingal, "is the praise of the kings of men ; when their bows are strong in battle ; when they soften at the sight of the sad. Thus let my name be renowned, when bards shall lighten my rising soul. Carril, son of Kinfena ! take the bards and raise a tomb. To-night let Connal dwell within his narrow house. Let not the soul of the valiant wander on the winds. Faint glimmers the moon on Moi-lena, through the broad-headed groves of the hill ! Raise stones, beneath its beam, to all the fallen in war. Though no chiefs were they, yet their hands were strong in fight. They were my rock in danger. The mountain from which I spread

FINGAL.

It was the light tread of a ghost, the fair dweller of eddying winds. Why deceivest thou me with thy voice ? Here let me rest in shades. Shouldst thou stretch thy white arm from thy grove, thou sun-beam of Cormac of Erin !

ROS-CRANA.

He is gone ! and my blue eyes are dim ; faint-rolling, in all my tears. But there I behold him, alone ; king of Selma, my soul is thine. Ah me ! what clanging of armour ! Colc-ulla of Atha is near ! MACPHERSON.

my eagle-wings. Thence am I renowned. Carril, forget not the low !”

Loud, at once, from the hundred bards, rose the song of the tomb. Carril strode before them, they are the murmur of streams behind his steps. Silence dwells in the vales of Moi-lena, where each, with its own dark rill, is winding between the hills. I heard the voice of the bards, lessening, as they moved along. I leaned forward from my shield ; and felt the kindling of my soul. Half-formed, the words of my song burst forth upon the wind. So hears a tree, on the vale, the voice of spring around. It pours its green leaves to the sun. It shakes its lonely head²⁹. The hum of the mountain-bee is near it ; the hunter sees it, with joy, from the blasted heath.

Young Fillan at a distance stood. His helmet

²⁹ *It pours its green leaves to the sun. It shakes its lonely head.*] The former simile inverted : “As the *sun* rejoices over the *tree* his beams have raised, as it *shakes* its *lonely head* on the heath.” *Supra*, ²³. But Ossian hearing the voice of the bards, as a tree hears the voice of spring around ; the half-formed words of his song bursting forth, like the green leaves which it pours to the sun, are sounding similes without the least resemblance. That, however, was the last circumstance which the poet consulted.

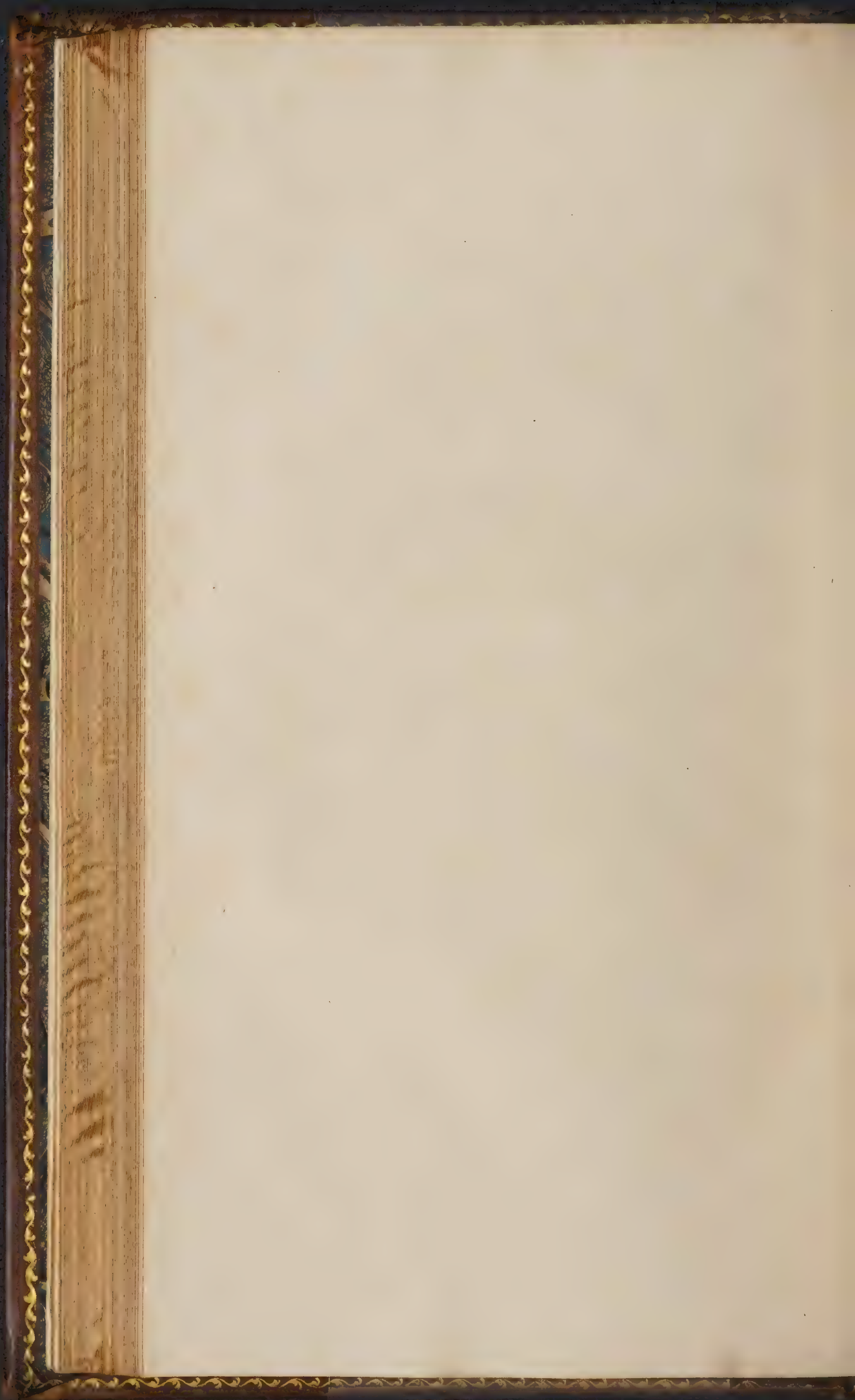
lay glittering on the ground. His dark hair is loose to the blast. A beam of light is Clatho's son ! He heard the words of the king with joy. He leaned forward on his spear.

“ My son,” said car-borne Fingal, “ I saw thy deeds, and my soul was glad. The fame of our fathers, I said, burst from its gathering cloud. Thou art brave, son of Clatho ; but headlong in the strife. So did not Fingal advance, though he never feared a foe. Let thy people be a ridge behind. They are thy strength in the field. Then shalt thou be long renowned, and behold the tombs of the old. The memory of the past returns, my deeds in other years ; when first I descended from ocean on the green-vallied isle.”

We bend towards the voice of the king. The moon looks abroad from her cloud. The grey-skirted mist is near ; the dwelling of the ghosts !

TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

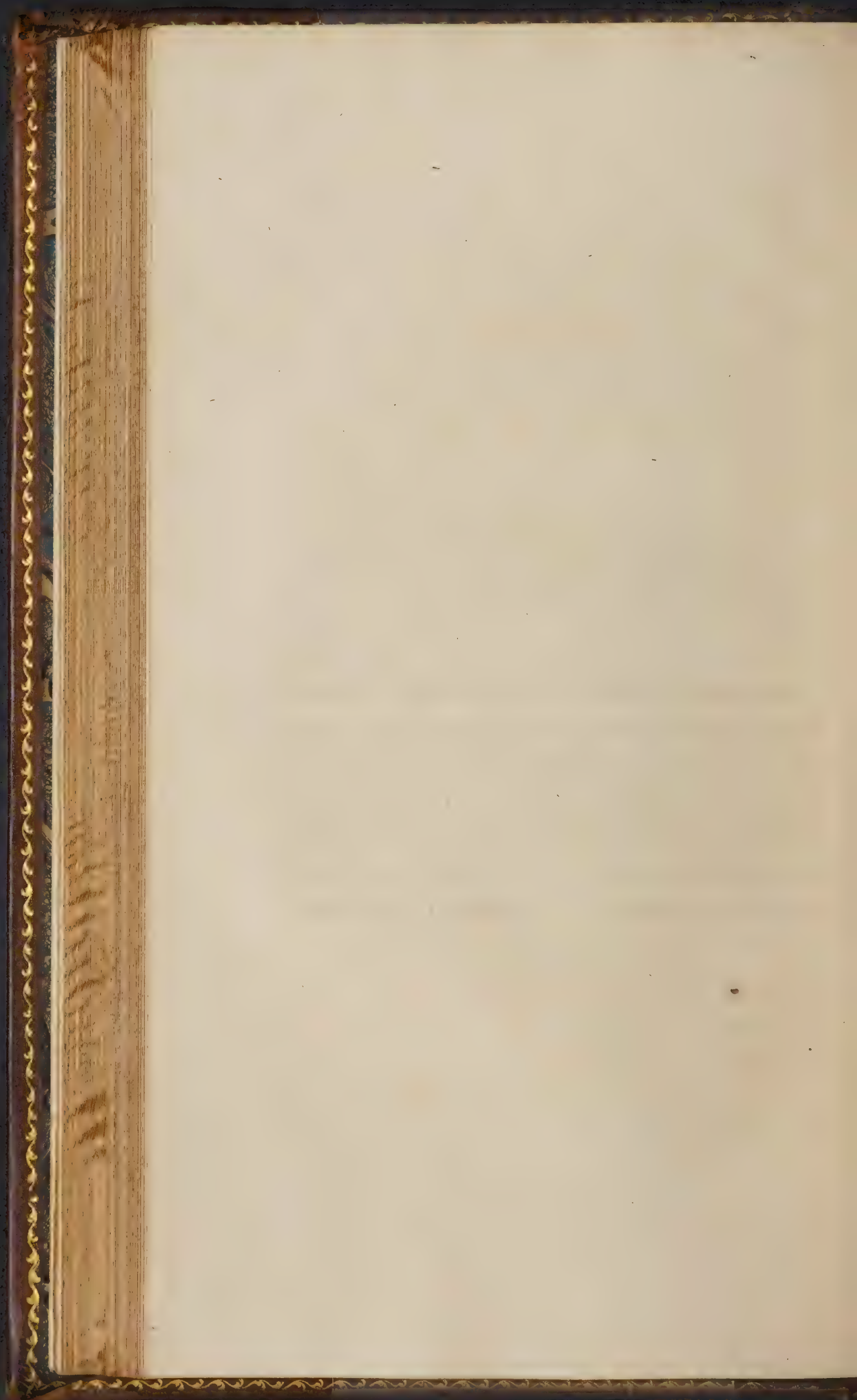
BOOK IV.



ARGUMENT.

THE second night continues. Fingal relates, at the feast, his own first expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Roscrána, the daughter of Cormac, king of that island. The Irish chiefs convene in the presence of Cathmor. The situation of the king described. The story of Sul-malla, the daughter of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the disguise of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The sullen behaviour of Foldath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Malthos; but Cathmor interposing, ends it. The chiefs feast, and hear the song of Fonar the bard. Cathmor returns to rest, at a distance from the army. The ghost of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream, and obscurely foretels the issue of the war. The soliloquy of the king. He discovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her soliloquy closes the book.

MACPHERSON.



TEMORA :
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK IV.

“BENEATH an oak,” said the king, “I sat on Selma’s streamy rock, when Connal rose, from the sea, with the broken spear of Duth-caron. Far-distant stood the youth. He turned away his eyes. He remembered the steps of his father, on his own green hills. I darkened in my place. Dusky thoughts flew over my soul. The kings of Erin rose before me. I half-unsheathed the sword. Slowly approached the chiefs. They lifted up their silent eyes. Like a ridge of clouds, they wait for the bursting forth of my voice. My voice was, to them, a wind from heaven to roll the mist away.”

“ I bade my white sails to rise, before the roar of Cona’s wind. Three hundred youths looked, from their waves, on Fingal’s bossy shield. High on the mast it hung, and marked the dark-blue sea. But when night came down, I struck, at times, the warning boss : I struck, and looked on high, for fiery-haired Ul erin¹. Nor absent was the star of heaven. It travelled red between the clouds. I pursued the lovely beam, on the faint-gleaming deep. With morning Erin rose in mist. We came into the bay of Moi-lena, where its blue waters tumbled, in the bosom of echoing woods. Here Cormac, in his secret hall, avoids the strength of Colc-ulla. Nor he alone avoids the foe. The blue eye of Ros-crána is

¹ Ul-erin, *the guide to Ireland*, a star known by that name in the days of Fingal, and very useful to those who sailed, by night, from the Hebrides, or Caledonia, to the coast of Ulster. We find from this passage, that navigation was considerably advanced, at this time, among the Caledonians. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

The genuine Ossian must have understood the navigation of his own times, which he practised himself. But the translator, ignorant that, in every direction, ‘it was necessary to steer by the bear or pole star, has created two stars, UL-ERIN and UL-LOCHLIN, *the guides to Erin and Lochlin* (*Cath-loda*, ii. 9.) as if it were sufficient, in order to reach Lochlin or Ireland, to steer in pursuit of a certain star in the east or in the west.

there : Ros-crána ², white-handed maid, the daughter of the king !”

“ Grey, on his pointless spear, came forth the aged steps of Cormac. He smiled, from his waving locks ; but grief was in his soul. He saw us few before him, and his sigh arose. “ I see the arms of Trenmor,” he said ; “ and these are the steps of the king ! Fingal ! thou art a beam of light to Cormac’s darkened soul. Early is thy fame, my son ; but strong are the foes of Erin. They are like the roar of streams in the land, son of car-borne Comhal !” “ Yet they may be rolled away,” I said, in my rising soul.

² Ros-crána, *the beam of the rising sun* ; she was the mother of Ossian. The Irish bards relate strange fictions concerning this princess. Their stories, however, concerning Fingal, if they mean him by *Fion Mac-Comnal*, are so inconsistent and notoriously fabulous, that they do not deserve to be mentioned ; for they evidently bear, along with them, the marks of late invention. MACPHERSON.

Fingal’s wife was *Grania*, or *Graine* (converted by the translator into Ros-crána), daughter of Cormac Ulfhada. She eloped with Diarmid O’Duine from her husband, who consoled himself with her sister Ailbhe, but received her again, after she had borne three sons to her paramour. These are the *strange fictions related by the Irish bards* concerning this princess, and so inconsistent with the sentimental purity of manners in Ossian. Toland, 95. Ogygia, 338. Keating, 267.

“ We are not of the race of the feeble, king of blue-shielded hosts ! Why should fear come among us, like a ghost of night ? The soul of the valiant grows, when foes increase in the field. Roll no darkness, king of Erin, on the young in war ! ”

“ The bursting tears of the king came down. He seized my hand in silence. “ Race of the daring Trenmor ! ” at length he said, “ I roll no cloud before thee. Thou burnest in the fire of thy fathers. I behold thy fame. It marks thy course in battle, like a stream of light. But wait the coming of Cairbar³; my son must join thy

³ Cairbar, the son of Cormac, was afterwards king of Ireland. His reign was short. He was succeeded by his son Artho, the father of that Cormac who was murdered by Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul. Cairbar, the son of Cormac, long after his son Artho was grown to man's estate, had, by his wife Baltanno, another son, whose name was Ferad-artho. He was the only one remaining of the race of Conar, the first king of Ireland, when Fingal's expedition against Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul, happened. See more of Ferad-artho in the eighth book. **MACPHERSON.**

According to Irish history, Cormac Ulfadha, Fingal's father-in-law, was the father of Cairbre Liffecair, who slew Oscar at the battle of Gabhra, and who was himself killed, in the same battle, by Simeon Mackirbe. The rest is all the invention of Macpherson. *Ogygia*, 341. *Keating*, 286.

sword. He calls the sons of Erin, from all their distant streams."

"We came to the hall of the king, where it rose in the midst of rocks, on whose dark sides were the marks of streams of old. Broad oaks bend around with their moss. The thick birch is waving near. Half-hid, in her shady grove, Ros-crána raises the song. Her white hands move on the harp. I beheld her blue rolling eyes. She was like a spirit ⁴ of heaven half-folded in the skirt of a cloud !

⁴ The attitude of Ros-crána is illustrated by this simile ; for the ideas of those times, concerning the spirits of the deceased, were not so gloomy and disagreeable as those of succeeding ages. The spirits of women, it was supposed, retained that beauty which they possessed while living, and transported themselves, from place to place, with that gliding motion which Homer ascribes to the gods. The descriptions which poets, less ancient than Ossian, have left us of those beautiful figures, that appeared sometimes on the hills, are elegant and picturesque. They compare them to the *rain-bow on streams* ; or, *the gliding of sun-beams on the hills*.

A chief who lived three centuries ago, returning from the war, understood that his wife, or mistress, was dead. A bard introduces him speaking the following soliloquy, when he came within sight of the place, where he had left her at his departure.

"My soul darkens in sorrow. I behold not the smoke of my

“Three days we feasted at Moi-lena. She rises bright in my troubled soul. Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the white-bosomed maid. She comes with bending eye, amid the wandering of her heavy locks. She came ! Straight the battle roared. Colc-ulla appeared : I took my spear. My sword rose, with my people, against the ridgy foe. Alnecma fled. Colc-ulla fell. Fingal returned with fame.

“Renowned is he, O Fillan, who fights in the hall. No grey dog bounds at my streams. Silence dwells in the valley of trees.

“Is that a rain-bow on Crunath ? It flies : and the sky is dark. Again thou movest, bright on the heath, thou sun-beam clothed in a shower ! Hah ! it is she, my love : her gliding course on the bosom of winds !”

In succeeding times the beauty of Ros-crána passed into a proverb ; and the highest compliment that could be paid to a woman, was to compare her person with *the daughter of Cormac*.

’S tu fein an Ros-crána.

Siol Chormac na n’ioma lan.

MACPHERSON.

The ghosts and *spirits* of the *hills*, as they are termed in Fingal, and in the preceding note, are now converted by the translator into *spirits of heaven* (“Hell-born, not to contend with *spirits of heaven*”), without adverting, that to this, in the mythology ascribed to Ossian, there is no such correlatives as heaven and hell, much less any invidious distinctions between the spirits of either.

strength of his host. The bard pursues his steps, through the land of the foe. But he who fights alone, few are his deeds to other times! He shines, to-day, a mighty light. To-morrow, he is low. ONE song contains his fame. His name is on ONE dark field. He is forgot; but where his tomb sends forth the tufted grass."

Such are the words of Fingal, on Mora of the roes. Three bards, from the rock of Cormul, pour down the pleasing song. Sleep descends, in the sound, on the broad-skirted host. Carril returned, with the bards, from the tomb of Dunlora's chief. The voice of Morning shall not come, to the dusky bed of Duth-caron. No more shalt thou hear the tread of roes, around thy narrow-house ⁵!

As roll the troubled clouds round a meteor of night, when they brighten their sides with its

⁵ *The voice of morning shall not come to the dusky bed of Duthcaron. No more shalt thou hear the tread of roes around thy narrow house.] GRAY'S Elegy.*

Each in his *narrow cell* for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy *call* of incense-breathing *morn*,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their *lowly bed*.

light, along the heaving sea⁶; so gathers Erin, around the gleaming form of Cathmor. HE, tall in the midst, careless lifts, at times, his spear: as swells or falls the sound of Fonar's distant harp. Near him leaned, against a rock, Sul-malla⁷ of blue eyes, the white-bosomed daughter of Conmor, king of Inis-huna. To his aid came blue-shielded Cathmor, and rolled his foes away. Sul-malla beheld him stately in the hall of feasts. Nor careless rolled the eyes of Cathmor on the long-haired maid !

The third day arose, when Fithil came from Erin of the streams. He told of the lifting up of the shield⁸ in Selma: He told of the danger

⁶ *As roll the troubled clouds round a meteor of night, when they brighten their dark brown sides with its light.*] *Highlander*, vi. 19.

The chiefs behind advance their *sable forms*,
And with *dark contrast heighten* all her charms :
Thus, on expanded plains of heavenly blue,
Thick *gather'd clouds* the *queen of night* pursue ;
And as they crowd behind their *sable lines*,
The *virgin-light* with double lustre shines.

“ So gathers Erin round the *gleaming form* of Cathmor.”

⁷ Sul-malla, *slowly rolling eyes*. Caon-mor, *mild and tall*. Inis-huna, *green island*. MACPHERSON.

⁸ The ceremony, which was used by Fingal when he prepared for an expedition, is related thus in tradition: A bard, at mid-

of Cairbar. Cathmor raised the sail at Cluba: but the winds were in other lands. Three days he remained on the coast, and turned his eyes on Connor's halls. He remembered the daughter of strangers, and his sigh arose. Now when the winds awaked the wave: from the hill came a youth in arms; to lift the sword with Cathmor, in his echoing fields. It was the white-armed Sul-malla. Secret she dwelt beneath her helmet. Her steps were in the path of the king; on him her blue eyes rolled with joy, when he lay by his roaring streams! But Cathmor thought, that, on Lumon, she still pursued the roes. He thought,

night, went to the hall where the tribes feasted upon solemn occasions, raised the *war-song*, and thrice called the spirits of their deceased ancestors to come, *on their clouds*, to behold the actions of their children. He then fixed the *shield of Trenmor*, on a tree on the rock of Selma, striking it, at times, with the blunt end of a spear, and singing the war-song between. Thus he did for three successive nights, and, in the mean time, messengers were dispatched to call together the tribes; or, to use an ancient expression, *to call them from all their streams*. This phrase alludes to the situation of the residence of the clans, which were generally fixed in valleys, where the torrents of the neighbouring mountains were collected into one body, and became *large streams*, or rivers. *The lifting up of the shield* was the phrase for beginning a war. MACPHERSON.

This tradition, I believe, is transcribed from some account of the mode of declaring war among the American tribes.

that fair on a rock, she stretched her white hand to the wind, to feel its course from Erin, the green dwelling of her love. He had promised to return, with his white-bosomed sails. The maid is near thee, O Cathmor ! leaning on her rock.

The tall forms of the chiefs stand around ; all but dark-browed Foldath. He leaned against a distant tree, rolled into his haughty soul. His bushy hair whistles in wind. At times, bursts the hum of a song. He struck the tree, at length, in wrath ; and rushed before the king ! Calm and stately, to the beam of the oak, arose the form of young Hidalla. His hair falls round his blushing cheek, in wreaths of waving light. Soft was his voice in Clon-ra, in the valley of his fathers. Soft was his voice when he touched the harp, in the hall, near his roaring streams !

“ King of Erin,” said Hidalla, “ now is the time to feast. Bid the voice of bards arise. Bid them roll the night away. The soul returns, from song, more terrible to war. Darkness settles on Erin. From hill to hill bend the skirted clouds. Far and grey, on the heath, the dreadful strides of ghosts are seen : the ghosts of those

who fell bend forward to their song. Bid, O Cathmor, the harps to rise, to brighten the dead, on their wandering blasts."

"Be all the dead forgot," said Foldath's bursting wrath. "Did not I fail in the field! Shall I then hear the song? Yet was not my course harmless in war. Blood was a stream around my steps. But the feeble were behind me. The foe has escaped from my sword. In Clonra's vale touch thou the harp. Let Dura answer to the voice of Hidalla. Let some maid look, from the wood, on thy long yellow locks. Fly from Lubar's echoing plain. This is the field of heroes!"

"King of Erin," Malthos said, "it is THINE to lead in war. THOU art a fire to our eyes, on the dark-brown field. Like a blast THOU hast past over hosts. THOU hast laid them low in blood. But who has heard THY words returning from the field? The wrathful delight in death: Their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear. Strife is folded in THEIR thoughts: THEIR words are ever heard. Thy course, chief of Moma, was like a troubled stream. The dead were rolled on thy path: but others also lift the

spear. WE were not feeble behind thee ; but the foe was strong."

Cathmor beheld the rising rage, and bending forward of either chief : for, half-unsheathed, they held their swords, and rolled their silent eyes. Now would they have mixed in horrid fray, had not the wrath of Cathmor burned⁹. He drew his sword : it gleamed through night, to the high-flaming oak ! " Sons of pride," said the king, " allay your swelling souls. Retire in night. Why should MY rage arise ? Should I contend with both in arms ? It is no time for strife ! Retire, ye clouds, at my feast. Awake my soul no more."

They sunk from the king on either side ; like¹⁰

⁹ Now would *they* have *mixed in* horrid fray, had not *the* wrath of Cathmor *burned*.] *Par. Lost*, iv. 989.

Now dreadful deeds

Might have ensued,

had not soon

The *Eternal*, to prevent such *horrid* fray.

¹⁰ This comparison is favourable to the superiority of Cathmor over his two chiefs. I shall illustrate this passage with another from a fragment of an ancient poem, just now in my hands. " As the sun is above the vapours, which his beams have raised ; so is the soul of the king above the sons of fear. They roll dark below him ; he rejoices in the robe of his beams. But when feeble deeds wander on the soul of the king, he is a

two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises, between them, on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side; each towards its reedy pool!

Silent sat the chiefs at the feast. They look, at times, on Atha's king, where he strode, on his rock, amid his settling soul. The host lie along the field. Sleep descends on Moi-lena. The voice of Fonar ascends alone, beneath his distant tree. It ascends in the praise of Cathmor, son of Larthon of Lumon. But Cathmor did not hear his praise. He lay at the roar of a stream. The rustling breeze of night flew over his whistling locks.

His brother came to his dreams, half-seen from his low-hung cloud. Joy rose darkly in his face. He had heard the song of Carril¹¹.

darkened sun rolled along the sky: the valley is sad below: flowers wither beneath the drops of the night." MACPHERSON. *Supra*, iii. ²³

"Like two columns of *morning mist*, when the *sun rises* between them on his glittering rocks." THOMSON'S *Summer*.

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent *sun*

Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,

And *morning fogs*, that hovered round the hill.

¹¹ Carril, the son of Kinfena, by the orders of Ossian, sung the funeral elegy at the tomb of Cairbar. See the second book,

A blast sustained his dark-skirted cloud ; which he seized in the bosom of night, as he rose, with his fame, towards his airy hall. Half-mixed with the noise of the stream, he poured his feeble words.

“ Joy meet the soul of Cathmor. His voice was heard on Moi-lena. The bard gave his song to Cairbar. He travels on the wind. My form is in my father’s hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which darts across the desert in a stormy night¹². No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The sons of

towards the end. In all these poems, the visits of ghosts to their living friends are short, and their language obscure, both which circumstances tend to throw a solemn gloom on these supernatural scenes. Towards the latter end of the speech of the ghost of Cairbar, he foretels the death of Cathmor, by enumerating those signals, which, according to the opinion of the times, preceded the death of a person renowned. It was thought that the ghosts of deceased bards sung, for three nights preceding the death (near the place where his tomb was to be raised) round an unsubstantial figure, which represented the body of the person who was to die. MACPHERSON.

¹² *Like the gliding of a terrible light, which darts across the desert in a stormy night.*] “Which winds through the desert,” in the first editions. From MILTON, *Par. Lost*, iv. 555.

Thither came Uriel, *gliding through the even*
On a sun-beam, swift as a *shooting star*
In autumn *thwarts the night*.

song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleasant gale. The mournful sounds arise ! On Lubar's field there is a voice ! Louder still, ye shadowy ghosts¹³ ! The dead were full of fame ! Shrilly swells the feeble sound. The rougher blast alone is heard ! Ah, soon is Cathmor low !” Rolled into himself he flew, wide on the bosom of winds. The old oak felt his departure, and shook its whistling head. Cathmor starts from rest¹⁴. He takes his deathful spear. He lifts

¹³ Louder still, *ye shadowy ghosts.*] DRYDEN'S *St Cecilia*.

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain——

These are Grecian *ghosts* that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain,

Inglorious on the plain.

E converso, “The dead were *full of fame*.” And this unintelligible rant is addressed by the ghost of Cairbar, to the ghosts of the deceased bards, who, like witches round a waxen image, sung for three nights round an unsubstantial figure, representing the body of Cathmor, the person who was to die. *Supra*, n. ¹¹. Every extravagance in the poems is vouched for by the never-failing tradition, or opinion of the times.

¹⁴ *Cathmor starts from rest.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, xxiii. 119.

Confused he wakes, amazement breaks the bands

Of golden sleep, and *starting* from the sands

Pensive he muses with *uplifted* hands.

“He *lifts* his *eyes around*.” DRYDEN'S *St Cecilia*.

And amazed he *stares around*.

his eyes around. He sees but dark-skirted night.

“It¹⁵ was the voice of the king,” he said. “But now his form is gone. Unmarked is your path in the air, ye children of the night¹⁶. Often, like a reflected beam, are ye seen in the desert wild : but ye retire in your blasts, before our steps approach. Go then, ye feeble race ! Knowledge with you there is none¹⁷ ! Your joys

¹⁵ The soliloquy of Cathmor suits the magnanimity of his character. Though staggered at first with the prediction of Cairbar’s ghost, he soon comforts himself with the agreeable prospect of his future renown ; and, like Achilles, prefers a short and glorious life, to an obscure length of years in retirement and ease. MACPHERSON.

Not only the situation, but the speech of Cathmor, when awakened by the departure of Cairbar’s ghost, is the same with that of Achilles on the disappearance of the ghost of Patroclus ; and the preceding note removes all doubt of the intended imitation.

¹⁶ But now *his form is gone. Unmarked is your path in the air, ye children of the night.*] POPE’S *Iliad*, xxiii. 124.

The *form* subsists without the body’s aid,
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade !
This *night* my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost ;
Even now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas ! how different ! yet how like the same !

¹⁷ *Go then, ye feeble race ! Knowledge with you there is none.*] *Iliad*, xxiii. 103. See *Fingal*, ii. 10.

are weak, and like the dreams of our rest, or the light-winged thought, that flies across the soul¹⁸. Shall Cathmor soon be low? Darkly laid in his narrow house? Where no morning comes, with her half-opened eyes¹⁹? Away, thou shade! to fight is mine! All further thought away²⁰! I rush forth, on eagle's wings, to seize my beam of fame. In the lonely vale of streams, abides the narrow soul. Years roll

¹⁸ Ω πόποι, ἥ ῥά τις ἐστὶ καὶ εἰν αἰῶνα δόμοισι

Ψυχὴ καὶ εἶδωλον, ἀτὰρ ΦΡΕΝΕΣ ΟΥΚ ΕΝΙ ΠΑΜΠΑΝ

"In the halls of relentless death, some spirit, some image remains, but all knowledge departs from the dead." MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, ii. 361.

¹⁸ Like the dreams of our rest, or the light-winged thought that flies across the soul.] *Æn.* vi. 702.

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Like winds or empty dreams that fly the day.

DRYDEN.

¹⁹ Where no morning comes with her half-opened eyes.] *Supra*, 5. Neither let it see the eyelids of the morning. *Job*, iii.

9. His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. *Id.* xli. 18.

²⁰ Away, thou shade! to fight is mine! All farther thought away.] MASON'S *Elfrida*;

Away, ye goblins all,

Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt——

Away, ye elves, away,

Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

on, seasons return, but he is still unknown²¹.
 In a blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey
 head low. His ghost is folded in the vapour of
 the fenny field. Its course is never on hills, nor
 mossy vales of wind. So shall not Cathmor de-
 part. No boy in the field was he, who only
 marks the bed of roes²², upon the echoing hills.
 My issuing forth was with kings. My joy in
 dreadful plains: where broken hosts are rolled
 away, like seas before the wind."

So spoke the king of Alnecma, brightening in
 his rising soul. Valour, like a pleasant flame, is
 gleaming within his breast²³. Stately is his

²¹ Years roll on, seasons return, but he is still unknown.] Par.
 Lost, iii. 40.

Then with the year

Seasons return ; but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.

²² No boy in the field was he, who only marks the bed of roes.]
 Supra, ii. 16. From THOMSON'S *Spring*.

Not so the boy :

He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend

Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs

To catch the falling glory.

The first imitation is often better disguised than the second, in
 which the peculiar phraseology betrays the original.

²³ *Valour, like a pleasant flame, is gleaming within his breast.*]
 From two detached lines in DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, *Æn.* ii. 801.

stride on the heath ! The beam of east is poured around. He saw his grey host on the field, wide-spreading their ridges in light. He rejoiced, like a spirit of heaven, whose steps come forth on the seas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the winds are laid²⁴. But soon he awakes the waves, and rolls them large to some echoing shore.

On the rushy bank of a stream, slept the daughter of Inis-huna. The helmet had fallen

Thus while I rave, a *gleam of pleasant light*
Spread o'er the plain.

Id. iv. 53.

And will you fight against a *pleasant flame*.

Macpherson's versification in the *Highlander* was partly formed upon Dryden's translation of Virgil; but how could the flame of valour glowing, or gleaming in the breast, have ever been mistaken for ancient poetry ?

²⁴ *Like a spirit of heaven, whose steps come forth on the seas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the winds are laid.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, xiv. 21.

As when old *ocean's silent surface sleeps*,
The *waves just heaving* on the purple deeps :
While yet th' expected *tempest hangs on high*,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey ;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them *roll away*.

" But soon he *awakes the waves*, and *rolls them large* to some echoing shore." And in the preceding paragraph, " Where broken hosts are *rolled away*, like *seas* before the *wind*."

from her head. Her dreams were in the lands of her fathers. *THERE* morning is on the field. Grey streams leap down from the rocks. The breezes, in shadowy waves, fly over the rushy fields. *THERE* is the sound that prepares for the chace. *THERE* the moving of warriors from the hall. But tall above the rest is seen the hero of streamy Atha²⁵. He bends his eye of love on Sul-malla, from his stately steps. *SHE* turns, with pride, her face away, and careless bends the bow.

Such were the dreams of the maid, when Cathmor of Atha came. He saw her fair face before him, in the midst of her wandering locks.

²⁵ *There morning is on the field.—There is the sound that prepares for the chace. There the moving of warriors from the hall. But tall above the rest is seen the hero of streamy Atha.]* From the preparations of Dido and Æneas for the chace. DRYDEN'S *Æneid*, iv. 182.

The rosy *morn* was risen from the main,
And *horns and hounds* awake the princely train;
They *issue* early from the *city gate*,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait——
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the *chace*;
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The *great Æneas*, when the troop he joins.

See *Book i. n. 6.*

He knew the maid of Lumon. What should Cathmor do? His sighs arise. His tears come down. But straight he turns away. "This is no time, king of Atha, to awake thy secret soul. The battle is rolled before thee, like a troubled stream."

He struck the warning boss²⁶, wherein dwelt the voice of war. Erin rose around him, like the sound of eagle-wings. Sul-malla started from sleep, in her disordered locks. She seized the helmet from earth. She trembled in her place. "Why should they know in Erin of the daughter of Inis-huna?" She remembered the race of kings. The pride of her soul arose! Her steps are behind a rock, by the blue-winding stream of a vale: where dwelt the dark-brown hind ere yet the war arose. Thither came the voice of Cathmor, at times, to Sul-malla's ear. Her soul is darkly sad. She pours her words on wind.

"The dreams of Inis-huna departed. They

²⁶ In order to understand this passage, it is necessary to look to the description of Cathmor's shield in the seventh book. This shield had seven principal bosses, the sound of each of which, when struck with a spear, conveyed a particular order from the king to his tribes. The sound of one of them, as here, was the signal for the army to assemble. MACPHERSON.

are dispersed from my soul. I hear not the chace in my land. I am concealed in the skirt of war. I look forth from my cloud. No beam appears to light my path. I behold my warrior low; for the broad-shielded king is near, he that overcomes in danger, Fingal from Selma of spears! Spirit of departed Connor! are thy steps on the bosom of winds? Comest thou, at times, to other lands, father of sad Sul-malla? Thou dost come! I have heard thy voice at night; while yet I rose on the wave to Erin of the streams. The ghost of fathers, they say ²⁷, call away the

²⁷ It was the opinion of the times, when a person was reduced to a pitch of misery, which could admit of no alleviation, that the ghosts of his ancestors *called his soul away*. This supernatural kind of death was called *the voice of the dead*; and is believed by the superstitious vulgar to this day.

There is no people in the world, perhaps, who give more universal credit to apparitions, and the visits of the ghosts of the deceased to their friends, than the ancient Scots. This is to be attributed as much, at least, to the situation of the country they possess, as to that credulous disposition which distinguishes an unenlightened people. As their business was feeding of cattle, in dark and extensive deserts, so their journeys lay over wide and unfrequented heaths, where, often, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, amidst the whistling of winds, and roar of water-falls. The gloominess of the scenes around them was apt to beget that melancholy disposition of mind, which most readily receives impressions of the extraordinary and su-

souls of their race, while they behold them lonely in the midst of woe²⁸. Call me, my father, away ! When Cathmor is low on earth. Then shall Sul-malla be lonely in the midst of woe !”

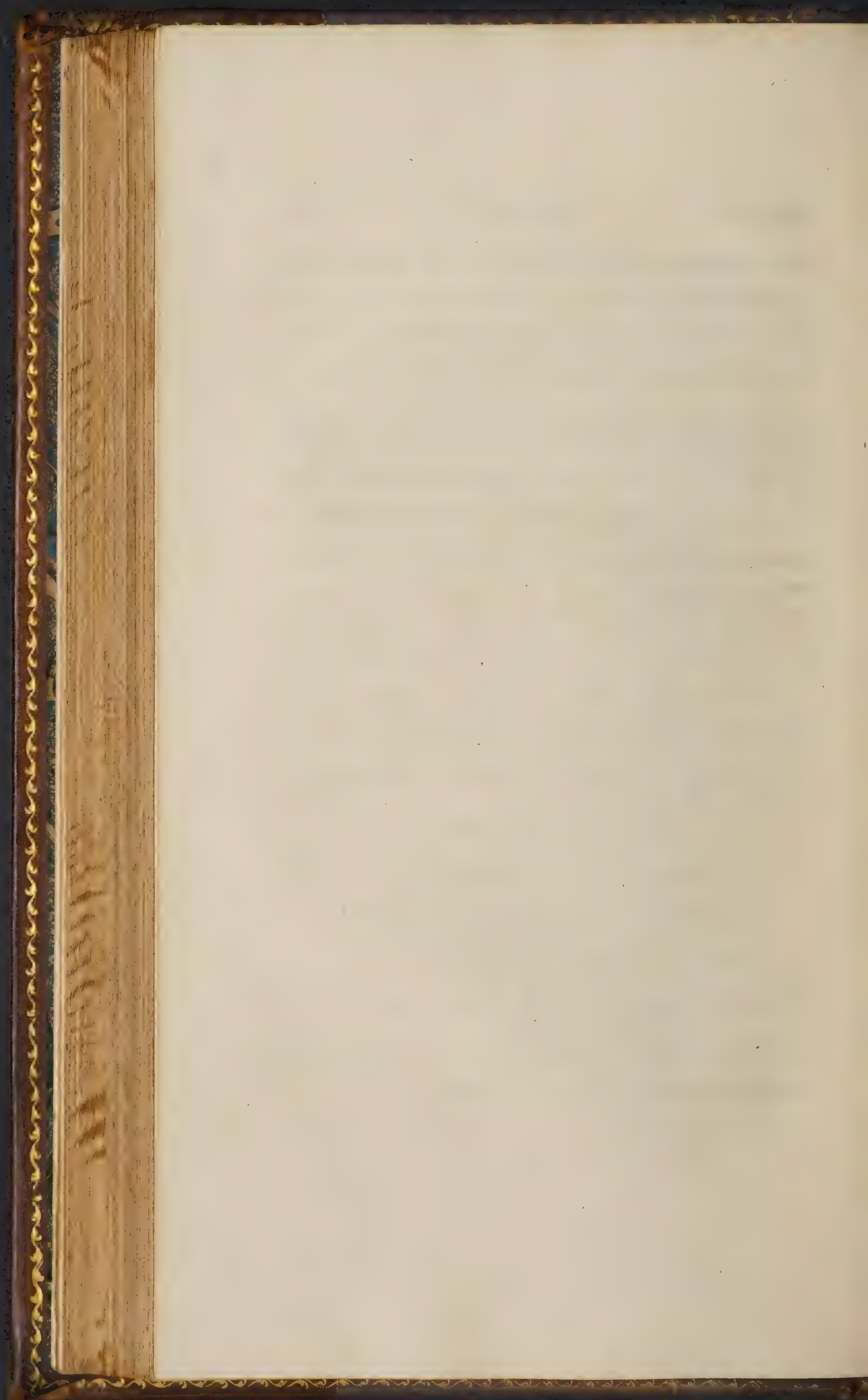
pernatural kind. Falling asleep in this gloomy mood, and their dreams being disturbed by the noise of the elements around, it is no matter of wonder that they thought they heard the *voice of the dead*. This *voice of the dead*, however, was, perhaps, no more than a shriller whistle of the winds in an old tree, or in the chinks of a neighbouring rock. It is to this cause I ascribe those many and improbable tales of ghosts, which we meet with in the Highlands ; for, in other respects, we do not find that the inhabitants are more credulous than their neighbours.
MACPHERSON.

²⁸ *I have heard the voice of night.—The ghosts of fathers, they say, call away the souls of their race, while they behold them lonely in the midst of woe.*] In the first editions, “ *Can seize the souls of their race.*” to conceal the imitation of Virgil’s Dido. *Æn.* iv. 459.

*Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri ; nox cum terras obscura teneret.*

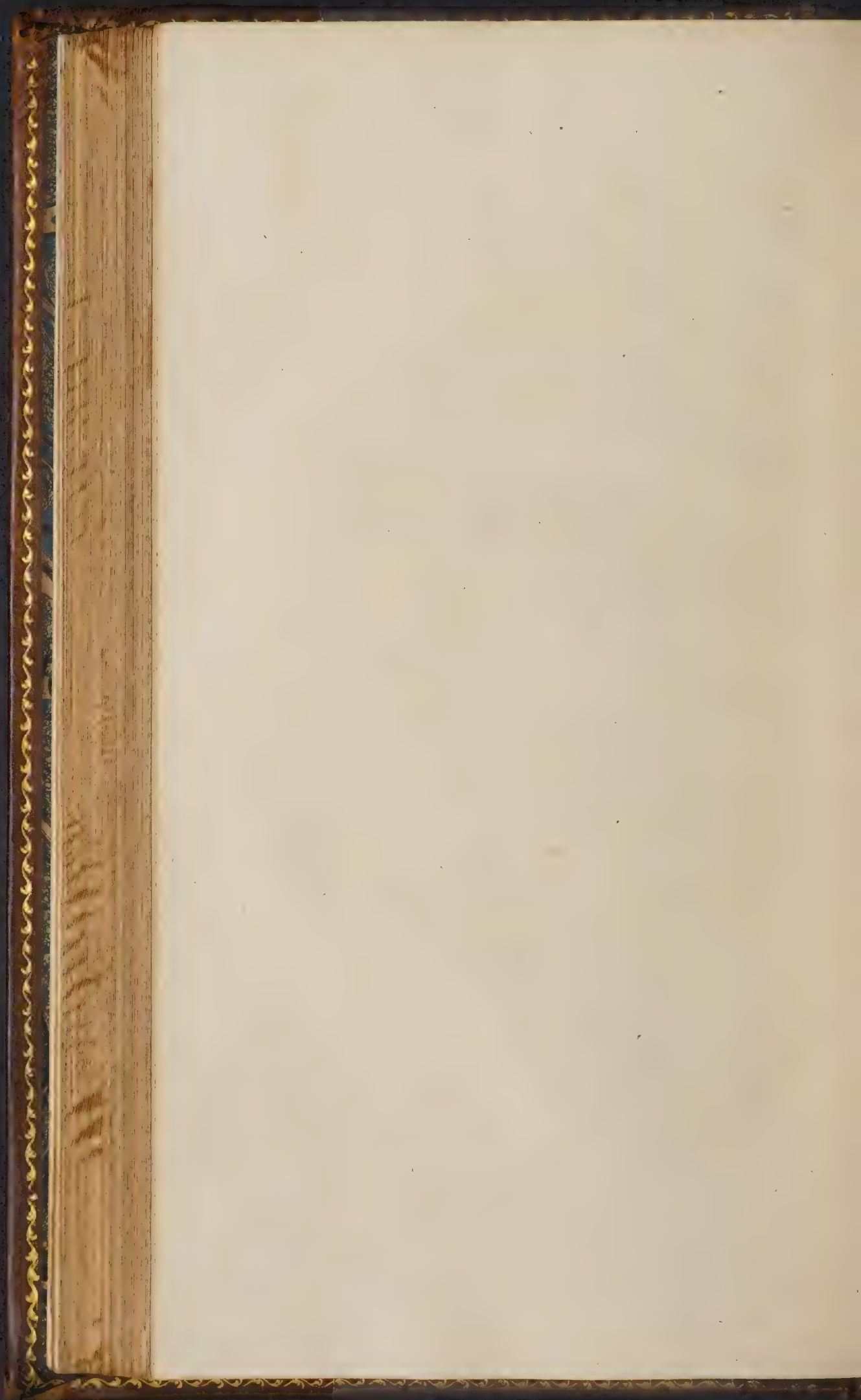
Oft when she visited this *lonely* dome,
Strange *voices* issued from her husband’s tomb ;
She thought she heard him *summon* her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

In the *Treatise on the Second Sight*, published in 1763, and as well attested as Ossian’s poems, there is not a single instance of the *voice of the dead calling the soul away*. But every poetical incident of a classical origin, is converted into some Highland superstition, custom, or *opinion of the times*.



TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

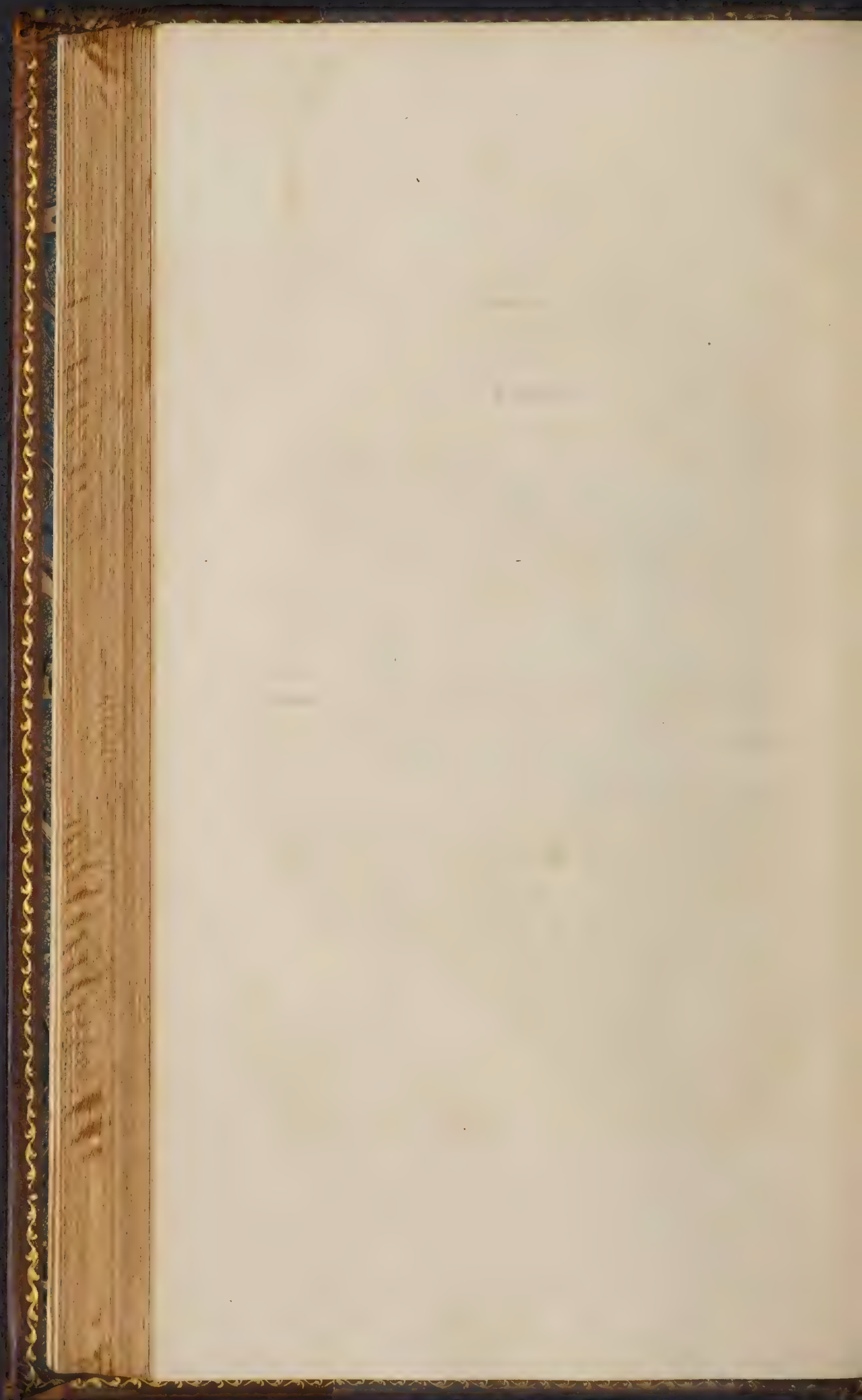
BOOK V.



ARGUMENT.

THE poet, after a short address to the harp of Cona, describes the arrangement of both armies on either side of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan; but, at the same time, orders Gaul, the son of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to assist him with his counsel. The army of the Fir-bolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onset is described. The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers, in one wing, Foldath presses hard on the other. He wounds Dermid, the son of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himself, and, at last, resolves to put a stop to the progress of Foldath, by engaging him in single combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came suddenly to the relief of Dermid; engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Fir-bolg to flight. The book closes with an address to Clatho, the mother of that hero.

MACPHERSON.



TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK V.

THOU' dweller between the shields, that hang
on high in Ossian's hall! Descend from thy

¹ These abrupt addresses give great life to the poetry of Ossian. They are all in a lyric measure. The old men, who retain, on memory, the compositions of Ossian, shew much satisfaction when they come to those parts of them, which are in rhyme, and take great pains to explain their beauties, and inculcate the meaning of their obsolete phrases, on the minds of their hearers. This attachment does not proceed from the superior beauty of these lyric pieces, but rather from a taste for rhyme which the modern bards have established among the Highlanders. Having no genius themselves for the sublime and pathetic, they placed the whole beauty of poetry in the returning harmony of similar sounds. The seducing charms of rhyme soon weaned their countrymen from that attachment they long

place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice ! Son of Alpin, strike the string. Thou must awake

had to the recitative of Ossian : and, though they still admired his compositions, their admiration was founded more on his antiquity, and the detail of facts which he gave, than on his poetical excellence. Rhiming, in process of time, became so much reduced into a system, and was so universally understood, that every cow-herd composed tolerable verses. These poems, it is true, were a description of nature ; but of nature in its rudest form ; a group of uninteresting ideas dressed out in the flowing harmony of monotonous verses. Void of merit as those vulgar compositions were, they fell little short of the productions of the regular bards ; for when all poetical excellence is confined to sounds alone, it is within the power of every one possessed of a good ear. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

According to this curious note, *rhime*, after it had been first introduced by Ossian, into the lyric pieces interspersed through his poems, became so much a system, and so universally understood, in the Highlands of Scotland, that every *cow-herd* composed tolerable verses, little inferior to those of the regular bards, whose poetical excellence, when confined to sounds alone, is always within the reach of a good ear. A reader, unacquainted with the Celtic idiom, (*καὶ ἀνιγμῆται, καὶ τὰ πολλὰ ἀνιττομένοι συνεκδοχικῶς*, &c. *supra*, i. 8.) might ask with surprise, Was poetry ever so prevalent, so much reduced to a system, and so universally understood, even in the Highlands of Scotland, that every cow-herd composed tolerable rhimes ? The explanation of such strange amphibology is this : that Macpherson himself, in his early rhimes, passed unnoticed among the vulgar herd of monthly poets, whose mechanical verses, “ containing a description of nature in its rudest form ; a group of uninteresting ideas in the flowing harmony of monotonous numbers,”

the soul of the bard ². The murmur of Lora's stream has rolled the tale away. I stand in the cloud of years. Few are its openings toward the past; and when the vision comes, it is but dim and dark. I hear thee, harp of Selma! my soul returns, like a breeze, which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist ³!

fell little short of his own productions, when poetical excellence was confined to sounds alone.

² Descend from thy place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice. Son of Alpin, strike the string. Thou must awake the soul of the bard.] "*Descende cælo, et dic age tibia.*" HOR. and POPE'S *St Cecilia*.

*Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre.*

These are the productions of the *regular bards*!

³ My soul returns, like a breeze which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist.] From the sea-breeze in THOMSON'S *Summer*.

But kind before him sends

The general breeze to mitigate his fire.—

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crowned,
And barbarous wealth; that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and doubling seasons pass.

But the translator thought also of POPE'S *Elegy* which he had formerly imitated.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners of the body's cage.—

Lubar is bright before me in the windings of its vale. On either side, on their hills, rise the tall forms of the kings. Their people are poured around them, bending forward to their words: as if their fathers spoke, descending from the winds ⁴. But they themselves are like two rocks in the midst; each with its dark head of pines, when they are seen in the desert, above low-sailing mist ⁵. High on their face are streams, which spread their foam on blasts of wind!

Beneath the voice of Cathmor pours Erin, like

Like eastern kings a *lazy state* they keep,
And close *confined to their own palace*, sleep.

“My soul returns—to the vale where dwelt the *lazy mist*.”

² *As if their fathers spoke, descending from the winds.*] Supra, ii. ¹⁴.: from HOME’s *Douglas*.

If *ancestry* can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man.

⁵ On *their hills* rise *the tall forms of the kings*.---*Like two rocks in the midst; each with its dark head of pines, when they are seen in the desert above low-sailing mist.*] Supra, iii. ²¹. infra, vi.: From the Lapithæ in POPE’s *Iliad*, xvi. 145.

As *two tall oaks*, before the walls they rise,
Their roots in earth, their *heads amidst* the skies;
High on the hills appear their *stately form*,
And their deep roots for ever *brave the storm*.

“*High on their face are streams which spread their foam on blasts of wind.*” In Ossian’s poetry, *oaks* and *rocks*, *roes* and *rocks*, are convertible terms.

the sound of flame⁶. Wide they come down to Lubar. Before them is the stride of Foldath. But Cathmor retires to his hill, beneath his bending oak. The tumbling of a stream is near the king. He lifts at times his gleaming spear. It is a flame to his people, in the midst of war. Near him stands the daughter of Con-mor, leaning on a rock. She did not rejoice at the strife. Her soul delighted not in blood. A valley spreads green behind the hill, with its three blue streams. The sun is there in silence. The dun mountain-roes come down. On these are turned the eyes of Sul-malla in her thoughtful mood.

Fingal beholds Cathmor, on high, the son of Borbar-duthul! he beholds the deep-rolling of Erin, on the darkened plain. He strikes that warning boss, which bids the people to obey; when he sends his chiefs before them to the field of renown. Wide rise their spears to the sun. Their echoing shields reply around. Fear, like

⁶ *Like the sound of flame.*] *Iliad*, xiv. 396.

Οὐτὶ ΠΥΡΟΣ τόσοσ γε ποτὶ ΒΡΟΜΟΣ αἰθομένοιο,

“Not so loud was the *sound of flame*.” MACPHERSON’S *Hom-mer*, ii. 67.

a vapour, winds not among the host: for HE, THE KING, is near, the strength of streamy Selma. Gladness brightens the hero. We hear his words with joy.

“Like the coming forth of winds, is the sound of Selma’s sons ! They are mountain waters determined in their course. Hence is Fingal renowned. Hence is his name in other lands. He was not a lonely beam in danger ; for your steps were always near ! But never was Fingal a dreadful form, in your presence, darkened into wrath. My voice was no thunder to your ears ⁷. Mine eyes sent forth no death. When the haughty appeared, I beheld them not. They were forgot at my feasts. Like mist they melted away. A young beam is before you ! Few are his paths to war ! They are few, but he is valiant. Defend my dark-haired son. Bring Fillan back with joy. Hereafter he may stand alone. His

⁷ *Never was Fingal a dreadful form, in your presence.---My voice was no thunder to your ears.] Par. Lost, x. 779.*

His dreadful voice no more

Would thunder in my ears.

“*Mine eyes sent forth no death.*” Id. vi. 848.

Every eye

Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire,

form is like his fathers. His soul is a flame of their fire. Son of car-borne Morni, move behind the youth. Let thy voice reach his ear, from the skirts of war. Not unobserved rolls battle, before thee, breaker of the shields !”

The king strode, at once, away to Cormul's lofty rock. Intermittent, darts the light, from his shield, as slow the king of heroes moves. Sidelong rolls his eye o'er the heath, as forming advance the lines. Graceful, fly his half-grey locks, round his kingly features, now lightened with dreadful joy. Wholly mighty is the chief ! Behind him dark and slow I moved. Straight came forward the strength of Gaul. His shield hung loose on its thong. He spoke, in haste, to Ossian. “ Bind, son of Fingal, this shield ! Bind it high to the side of Gaul. The foe may behold it, and think I lift the spear. If I should fall, let my tomb be hid in the field ; for fall I must without fame. Mine arm cannot lift the steel. Let not Evir-choma hear it, to blush between her locks. Fillan, the mighty, behold us ! Let us not forget the strife. Why should THEY come, from their hills, to aid our flying field ?”

He strode onward, with the sound of his shield. My voice pursued him, as he went. "Can the son of Morni fall without his fame in Erin? But the deeds of the mighty are forgot by themselves. They rush careless over the fields of renown. Their words are never heard!" I rejoiced over the steps of the chief. I strode to the rock of the king, where he sat in his wandering locks, amid the mountain-wind!

In two dark ridges bend the hosts⁸, toward each other, at Lubar. Here Foldath rises a pillar of darkness: there brightens the youth of Fillan. Each with his spear in the stream, sent forth the voice of war. Gaul struck the shield of Selma. At once they plunge in battle! Steel pours its gleam on steel: like the fall of streams shone the field, when they mix their foam together, from two dark-browed rocks⁹! Behold he

⁸ In two dark ridges *bend the hosts towards each other.*] *Highlander*, ii. 83.

*In two black lines the equal waters crowd,
On either side the white topp'd ridges nod.*

⁹ *Like the fall of streams---when they mix their foam together from two dark-browed rocks.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, ix. 19. *Infra*, ²³.

*So silent fountains from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.*

comes, the son of fame ! He lays the people low !
Death sits on blasts around him ! Warriors strew
thy paths ¹⁰, O Fillan !

Rothmar, the shield of warriors, stood between two chinky rocks. Two oaks, which winds had bent from high, spread their branches on either side. He rolls his darkening eyes on Fillan, and, silent, shades their friends. Fingal saw the approaching fight. The hero's soul arose. But as the stone of Loda ¹¹ falls, shook

¹⁰ Death *sits on blasts around him.* Warriors strew *thy paths.*] A repetition from the *Earl Marishal's Welcome.*

His *path* with oaks is *strew'd*,
And *ruin* marks the plain, &c.

¹¹ By the stone of Loda is meant a place of worship among the Scandinavians. The Caledonians, in their many expeditions to Orkney and Scandinavia, became acquainted with some of the rites of the religion which prevailed in those countries, and the ancient poetry frequently alludes to them. There are some ruins, and circular pales of stone, remaining still in Orkney, and the islands of Shetland, which retain, to this day, the name of *Loda* or *Loden*. They seem to have differed materially, in their construction, from those Druidical monuments which remain in Britain, and the western isles. The places of worship among the Scandinavians were originally rude and unadorned. In after ages, when they opened a communication with other nations, they adopted their manners, and built temples. That at Upsal, in Sweden, was amazingly rich and magnificent. Haquin of Norway built one near Drontheim,

at once, from rocking Druman-ard, when spirits heave the earth in their wrath¹²; so fell blue-shielded Rothmar.

Near are the steps of Culmin. The youth came, bursting into tears. Wrathful he cut the wind, ere yet he mixed his strokes with Fillan. He had first bent the bow with Rothmar, at the

little inferior to the former; and it went always under the name of Loden. MALLET, *Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemare*. MACPHERSON:

“In confirmation of Ossian’s topography, it is proper to acquaint the reader, that in these islands, as I have been well informed, there are many pillars and circles of stone still remaining, known by the names of the stones or circles of *Loda* or *Loden*; to which some degree of superstitious veneration is annexed to this day.” BLAIR.

I know not whether Blair’s information was derived from Macpherson, or Macpherson’s from Blair; but the name of *Loda* or *Loden* was never heard in these islands, nor ever applied to the circle of stones: and the passage from Mallet is an absolute misquotation. Mallet’s words, from Olaus Wormius, are precisely these, “that Haco, earl of Norway, (anno 979) had built a temple at *Laden*, near Drontheim, nothing inferior to that at Upsal.” *Laden*, the name of the district where the temple stood, has been evidently converted into *Loden* and *Loda*, from its supposed affinity to the name of Odin. See *Dissertation on the supposed Authenticity of Ossian’s Poems*.

¹² *When spirits heave the earth in their wrath.*] “We see the Angels heaving up the earth.” ADDISON’S *Criticism on Paradise Lost*. *Spectator*, No. 357.

rock of his own blue streams. There they had marked the place of the roe, as the sun-beam flew over the fern. Why, son of Cul-allin ! Why, Culmin, dost thou rush on that beam of light ! It is a fire that consumes. Son of Cul-allin, retire. Your fathers were not equal, in the glittering strife of the field. The mother of Culmin remains in the hall. She looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirlwind rises, on the stream, dark-eddying round the ghost of her son. His dogs are howling in their place. His shield is bloody in the hall. “ Art thou fallen, my fair-haired son, in Erin’s dismal war ? ”

As a roe, pierced in secret, lies panting, by her wonted streams ; the hunter surveys her feet of wind : He remembers her stately bounding before. So lay the son of Cul-allin ¹³, beneath

¹³ As a roe, *pierced in secret*, lies panting by her wonted streams ; *the* hunter—remembers *her stately bounding before*. So lay *the son of Cul-allin*, &c.] As the hart *panteth* after the water brooks, so *panteth* my soul after thee, O God.—When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me. *Psalms*, xlii. 1. 4. Or as translated by Tate and Brady, with an allusion to hunting from Buchanan’s version, which allusion our translator has preserved.

Non cervus *fluvios* sic avet *algidos*

Cervus *turba canum* quem *premit*——

the eye of Fillan. His hair is rolled in a little stream. His blood wanders on his shield. Still his hand holds the sword, that failed him in the midst of danger. "Thou art fallen," said Fillan, "ere yet thy fame was heard. Thy father sent thee to war. He expects to hear of thy deeds. He is grey, perhaps, at his streams. His eyes are toward Moi-lena. But thou shalt not return, with the spoil of the fallen foe!"

Fillan pours the flight of Erin before him, over the resounding heath. But, man on man, fell Morven before the dark-red rage of Foldath: for, far on the field, he poured the roar of half his tribes. Dermid stands before him in wrath. The sons of Selma gathered around. But his shield is cleft by Foldath. His people fly over the heath.

Then said the foe, in his pride, "They have fled. My fame begins! Go, Malthos, go bid Cathmor guard the dark-rolling of ocean; that

*As pants the hart for cooling streams, (her wonted streams)
When heated in the chace.*

Descendants of the daring Trenmor, tell me, ye that see the light, did Ossian himself adopt this simile from the religious hymns of his friend the Culdee? or did the translator purloin it from Tate and Brady's version of the *Psalms*?

Fingal may not escape from my sword. He must lie on earth. Beside some fen shall his tomb be seen. It shall rise without a song. His ghost shall hover, in mist, over the reedy pool ¹⁴."

Malthos heard, with darkening doubt. He rolled his silent eyes. He knew the pride of Faldath. He looked up to Fingal on his hills: then darkly turning, in doubtful mood, he plunged his sword in war.

In Clono's ¹⁵ narrow vale, where bend two

¹⁴ *His ghost shall hover, in mist, over the reedy pool.*] Highlander, i. 223.

At length the *giant-phantom hovers o'er*

Some grave unhallowed, stained with human gore.

Some grave unhallowed. "Beside some fen shall his tomb be seen. It shall rise without a song."

¹⁵ This valley had its name from Clono, son of Lethmal of Lora, one of the ancestors of Dermid, the son of Duthno. His history is thus related in an old poem. In the days of Conar, the son of Trenmor, the first king of Ireland, Clono passed over into that kingdom, from Caledonia, to aid Conar against the Fir-bolg. Being remarkable for the beauty of his person, he soon drew the attention of Sulmin, the young wife of an Irish chief. She disclosed her passion, which was not properly returned by the Caledonian. The lady sickened, through disappointment, and her love for Clono came to the ears of her husband. Fired with jealousy, he vowed revenge. Clono, to avoid his rage, departed from Temora, in order to pass over

trees above the stream, dark, in his grief, stood Duthno's silent son. The blood pours from the side of Dermid. His shield is broken near. His

into Scotland; and, being benighted in the valley mentioned here, he laid him down to sleep. *There Lethmal descended in the dreams of Clono, and told him that danger was near.*

Ghost of LETHMAL.

Arise from thy bed of moss; son of low-laid Lethmal, arise. The sound of the coming of foes descends along the wind.

CLONO.

Whose voice is that, like many streams, in the season of my rest?

Ghost of LETHMAL.

Arise, thou dweller of the souls of the lovely; son of Lethmal, arise.

CLONO.

How dreary is the night! The moon is darkened in the sky; red are the paths of ghosts, along its sullen face! Green-skirted meteors set around. Dull is the roaring of streams, from the valley of dim forms. I hear thee, spirit of my father, on the eddying course of the wind. I hear thee; but thou bendest not forward thy tall form from the skirts of night.

As Clono prepared to depart, the husband of Sulmin came up, with his numerous attendants. Clono defended himself, but, after a gallant resistance, he was overpowered and slain. He was buried in the place where he was killed, and the valley was called after his name. Dermid, in his request to Gaul the son of Morni, which immediately follows this paragraph, alludes to the tomb of Clono, and his own connection with that unfortunate chief. MACPHERSON.

spear leans against a stone. Why, Dermid, why so sad? "I hear the roar of battle. My people are alone. My steps are slow on the heath; and no shield is mine. Shall he then prevail? It is then after Dermid is low! I will call thee forth, O Foldath, and meet thee yet in fight."

He took his spear, with dreadful joy. The son of Morni came. "Stay, son of Duthno, stay thy speed. Thy steps are marked with blood. No bossy shield is thine. Why shouldst thou fall unarmed?" "Son of Morni! give thou thy shield. It has often rolled back the war. I shall stop the chief, in his course. Son of Morni! behold that stone! It lifts its grey head through grass. There dwells a chief of the race of Dermid. Place me there in night."

He slowly rose against the hill. He saw the troubled field: The gleaming ridges of battle, disjoined and broken round. As distant fires, on heath by night, now seen as lost in smoke; now rearing their red streams on the hill¹⁶, as

¹⁶ *As distant fires on heath by night, now seen as lost in smoke, now rearing their red streams on the hill.* POPE'S *Iliad*, xvii. 420.

blow or cease the winds : so met the intermitting war the eye of broad-shielded Dermid. Through the host are the strides of Foldath, like some dark ship on wintry waves, when she issues from between two isles¹⁷, to sport on resounding ocean !

Dermid, with rage, beholds his course. He strives to rush along. But he fails amid his steps ; and the big tear comes down. He sounds his father's horn. He thrice strikes his bossy shield. He calls thrice the name of Foldath, from his roaring tribes. Foldath, with joy, beholds the chief. He lifts aloft his bloody spear.

Fierce as conflicting *fires* the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.

“ As *blow or cease the winds* ; so met the *intermitting* war the eye of broad-shielded Dermid.” And in a former paragraph, “ *Intermitting* darts the light from his shield.” Both taken from Pope's notes : “ His (Achilles) rage, awakened by that injury, is like a *fire blown* by a *wind* that *sinks* and *rises* by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for these *intermissions*.” POPE'S *Iliad*, ix. 406. *note*.

¹⁷ Like some dark ship on wintry waves, when she issues from between two isles.] THOMSON'S *Winter*.

Till again constrained

Between two meeting hills, it bursts away.

The roused-up river is at last converted into a dark ship, and the two hills into two isles.

As a rock is marked with streams, that fell troubled down its side in a storm; so, streaked with wandering blood, is the dark chief of Moma! The host, on either side, withdraw from the contending of kings¹⁸. They raise at once, their gleaming points. Rushing comes Fillan of Selma¹⁹. Three paces back Foldath withdraws, dazzled with that beam of light, which came, as issuing from a cloud, to save the wounded

¹⁸ *The host, on either side, withdraw from the contending of kings.*] Par. Lost, vi. 307.

From each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion.

¹⁹ Fillan of Moruth, 1st edit. The rapidity of this verse, which indeed is but faintly imitated in the translation, is amazingly expressive in the original. One hears the very rattling of the armour of Fillan. The intervention of Fillan is necessary here; for, as Dermid was wounded before, it is not to be supposed he could be a match for Foldath. Fillan is often, poetically, called the *son of Moruth*, from a stream of that name in Morven, near which he was born. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

When this self-commendatory note was omitted, the son of *Moruth* was silently changed in the latter editions into *Fillan of Selma*. But the *necessary* intervention of Fillan (*nec deus intersit*) to preserve the wounded Dermid from Foldath, is precisely the intervention of Apollo to preserve the wounded Æneas from Diomed; how expressive soever of rattling armour, the rapidity of the verse may be in the original recitative.

chief²⁰. Growing in his pride he stands. He calls forth all his steel.

As meet two broad-winged eagles, in their sounding strife, in winds, so rush the two chiefs on Moi-lena, into gloomy fight²¹. By turns are the steps of the kings forward on their rocks above; for now the dusky war seems to descend on their swords. Cathmor feels the joy of warriors, on his mossy hill: their joy in secret, when dangers rise to match their souls. His eye

²⁰ Rushing comes *Fillan of Selma*. Three paces back *Foldath* withdraws, dazzled with that beam of light, which came, as issuing from a cloud, to save the wounded chief.] POPE'S *Iliad*, v. 529.

Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook;
He tried the fourth: when breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.—
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.

“Diomed still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a step or two even from Apollo.” POPE'S Note, *id.* 540.

“Three paces back *Foldath* withdraws.” Par. Lost, vi. 193.

Ten paces huge

He back recoiled.

²¹ As meet two broad-winged eagles, in their sounding strife, on the winds, so rush the the two chiefs on Moi-lena, into gloomy fight.] First edit. POPE'S *Iliad*, xvi. 522.

As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight.

is not turned on Lubar, but on Selma's dreadful king. He beholds him, on Mora, rising in his arms.

Foldath²² falls on his shield. The spear of

²² The fall of Foldath, if we may believe tradition, was predicted to him, before he had left his own country to join Cairbar in his designs on the Irish throne. He went to the cave of Moma, to inquire of the spirits of his fathers, concerning the success of the enterprise of Cairbar. The responses of oracles are always attended with obscurity, and liable to a double meaning: Foldath, therefore, put a favourable interpretation on the prediction, and pursued his adopted plan of aggrandizing himself with the family of Atha.

FOLDATH, *addressing the spirit of his fathers.*

Dark, I stand in your presence; fathers of Foldath, hear.
Shall my steps pass over Atha, to Ullin of the roes?

The Answer.

Thy steps shall pass over Atha, to the green dwelling of kings. There shall thy stature arise, over the fallen, like a pillar of thunder-clouds. There, terrible in darkness, shalt thou stand, till the *reflected beam*, or *Clon-cath* of Moruth, come; Moruth of many streams, that roars in distant lands.

Cloncath, or *reflected beam*, say my traditional authors, was the name of the sword of Fillan; so that it was, in the latent signification of the word *Cloncath*, that the deception lay. My principal reason for introducing this note, is, that this tradition serves to shew, that the religion of the Fir-bolg differed from that of the Caledonians, as we never find the latter inquiring of the spirits of their deceased ancestors. MACPHERSON.

Cloncath, the *reflected beam* of Moruth: *claon*, inclined,

Fillan pierced the king. Nor looks the youth on the fallen, but onward rolls the war. The hundred voices of death arise. "Stay, son of Fingal, stay thy speed. Beholdest thou not that gleaming form, a dreadful sign of death? Awaken not the king of Erin. Return, son of blue-eyed Clatho."

Malthos beholds Foldath low. He darkly stands above the chief. Hatred is rolled from his soul. He seems a rock in a desert, on whose dark side are the trickling of waters²³; when

bending, partial; *cath*, a battle, not a sun beam. But in this obvious imitation of the response of the oracle of Delphi to Cræsus, those traditional authors were probably ignorant, that the genuine Ossian could not well have anticipated the discoveries concerning the reflection of light, without a language capable at least of expressing Milton's idea. *Par. Lost*, x. 1070.

How we his gathered *beams*

Reflected, may with matter sere foment.

²³ *He seemed a rock in the desert, on whose dark sides are the trickling of waters.*] POPE's *Iliad*, ix. 19.

So silent fountains, from a *rock's* tall head,

In sable streams soft-*trickling waters* shed.

Here various imitations stand undisguised. "Like a rock on whose sides is the wandering of streams or blasts." "High on their face are streams, which spread their foam on blasts." "Like the face of streams, when they mix their foam together from two dark-browed rocks," &c.

the slow-sailing mist has left it, and all its trees are blasted with winds. He spoke to the dying hero, about the narrow house. "Whether shall thy grey stone rise in Ullin, or in Moma's woody land? where the sun looks, in secret, on the blue streams of Dalrutho? There are the steps of thy daughter, blue-eyed Dardu-lena!"

"Rememberest thou her," said Foldath, "because no son is mine: no youth to roll the battle before him, in revenge of me? Malthos, I am revenged. I was not peaceful in the field. Raise the tombs of those I have slain, around my narrow house. Often shall I forsake the blast, to rejoice above their graves; when I behold them spread around, with their long-whistling grass."

His soul rushed to the vale of Moma, to Dardu-lena's dreams, where she slept, by Dalrutho's stream, returning from the chace of the hinds. Her bow is near the maid, unstrung. The breezes fold her long hair on her breasts. Clothed in the beauty of youth, the love of heroes lay. Dark-bending from the skirts of the wood, her wounded father seemed to come. He appeared, at times, then hid himself in mist. Bursting in tears she rose. She knew that the chief

was low. To her came a beam from his soul,
when folded in its storms. Thou wert the last
of his race, O blue-eyed Dardu-lena !

Wide-spreading over echoing Lubar, the flight
of Bolga is rolled along. Fillan hangs forward
on their steps. He strews, with dead, the heath.
Fingal rejoices over his son. Blue-shielded
Cathmor rose.

Son of Alpin, bring the harp. Give Fillan's
praise to the wind. Raise high his praise in mine
ear, while yet he shines in war.

“ Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall²⁴ !
Behold that early beam of thine ! The host is
withered in its course. No further look, it is
dark. Light-trembling from the harp, strike,

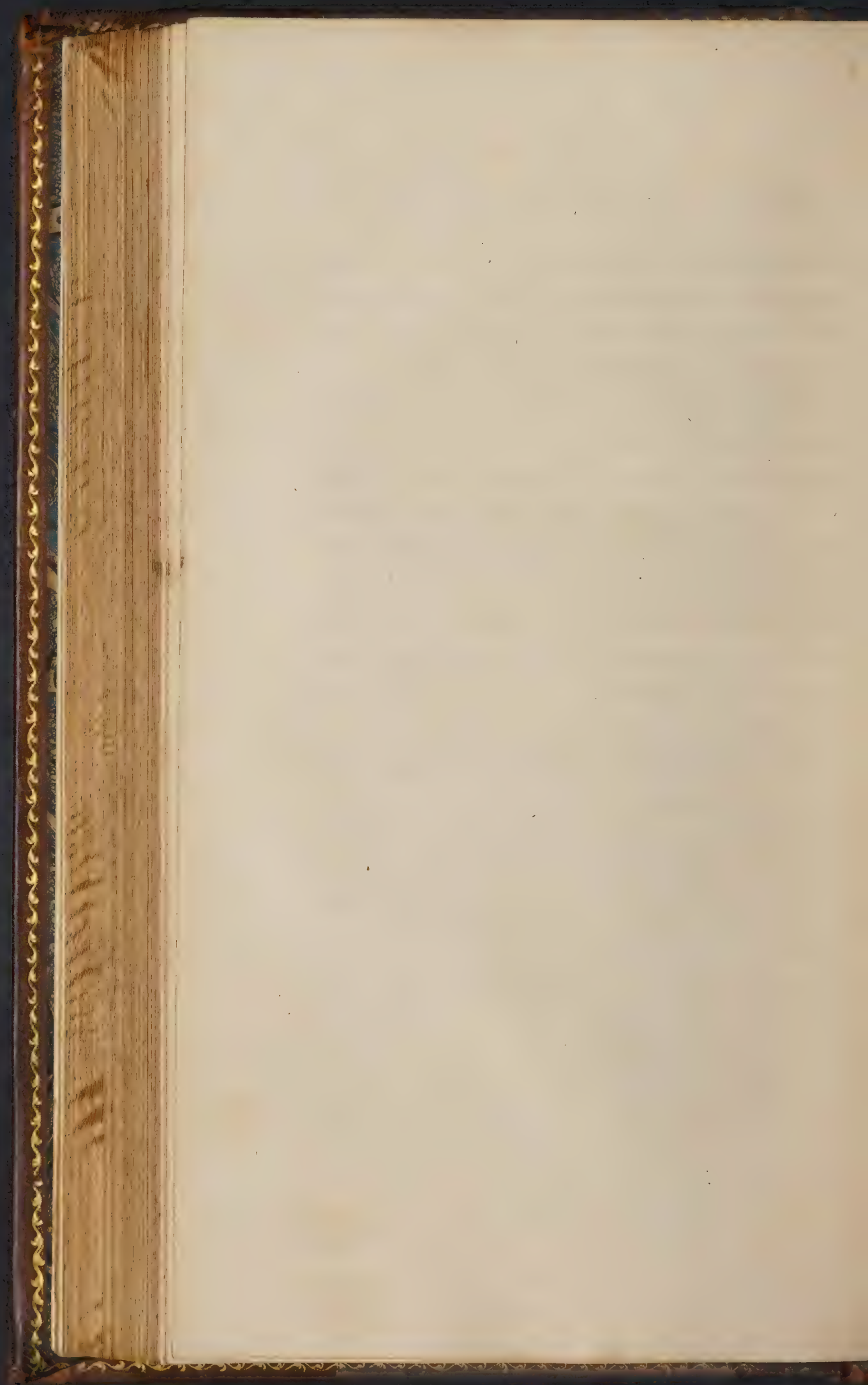
²⁴ The address to Clatho, the mother of Fillan, which concludes this book, if we regard the versification of the original, is one of the most beautiful passages in the poem. The wild simplicity and harmony of its cadences are inimitably beautiful. It is sung still by many in the north, and is distinguished by the name of *Laoi chaon Chlatho* : i. e. *The harmonious hymn of Clatho*. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

LAOI chaon Clatho : The harmonious *lay* of Clatho. The poet's address to Clatho in person, to leave her hall in Selma, in order to behold her son Fillan in Ireland, as if she were alive and present both at the song and at the battle, is one of those extravagant efforts of affected inspiration, in which all distinctions of time and of place are confounded.

virgins, strike the sound. No hunter he descends, from the dewy haunt of the bounding roe. He bends not his bow on the wind; nor sends his grey arrow abroad.

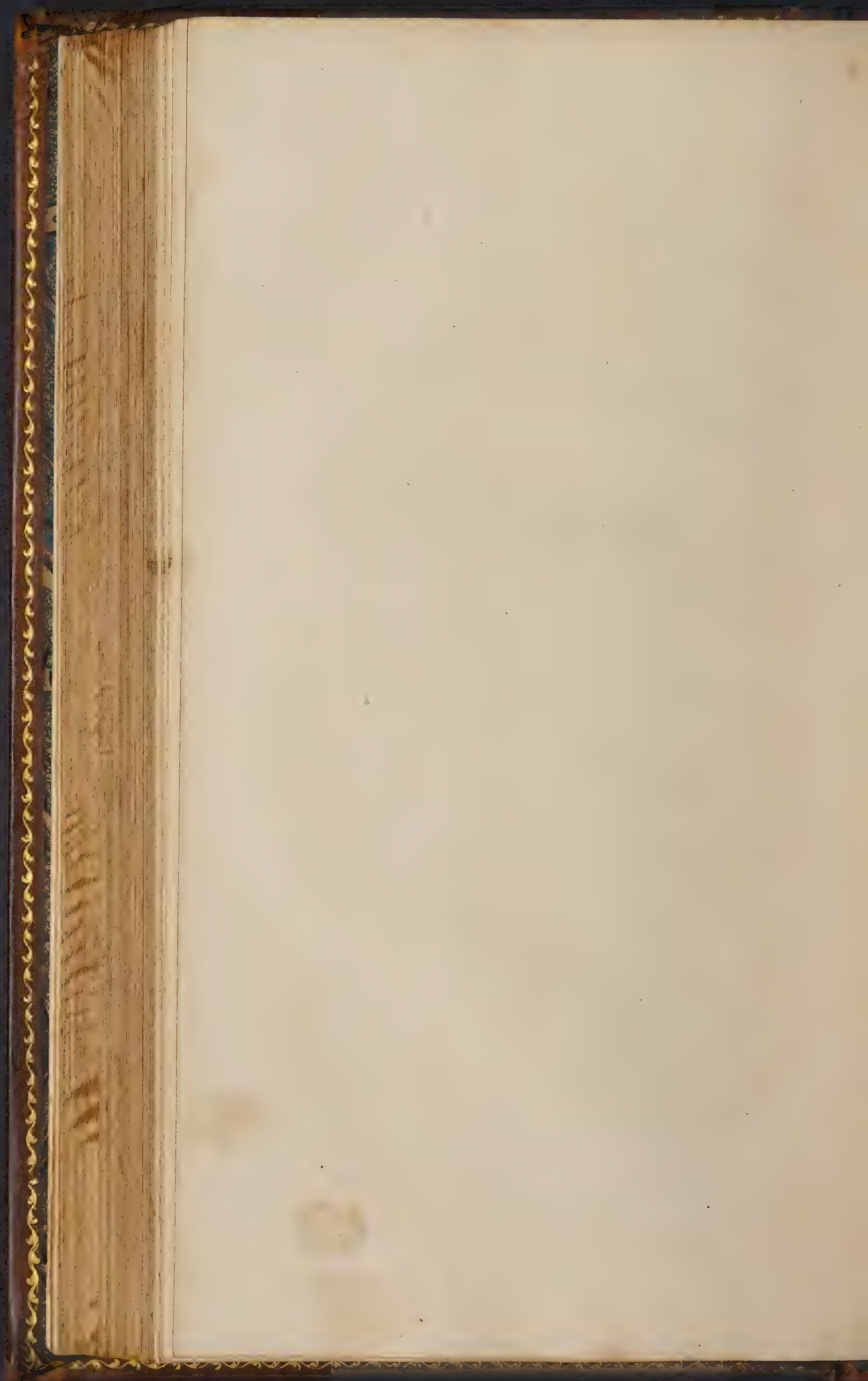
“Deep-folded in red war! See battle roll against his side. Striding amid the ridgy strife, he pours the deaths of thousands forth. Fillan is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from the skirt of winds. The troubled ocean feels his steps, as he strides from wave to wave²⁵. His path kindles behind him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas! *Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall!*

²⁵ *Striding amid the ridgy strife—like a spirit of heaven—as he strides from wave to wave.*] “The troubled ocean feels his steps—His path kindles behind him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas.” Varied, as usual, from a preceding simile. “Through the host are the *strides* of Foldath, like some dark ship on wintry *waves* when she issues from between two *isles*, to sport on resounding *ocean*.” Supra, ¹⁷. The roused-up river between two meeting hills, was first transformed into a dark ship from between two isles; and the ship again into a spirit of heaven, whose path kindles behind him on the heaving seas.



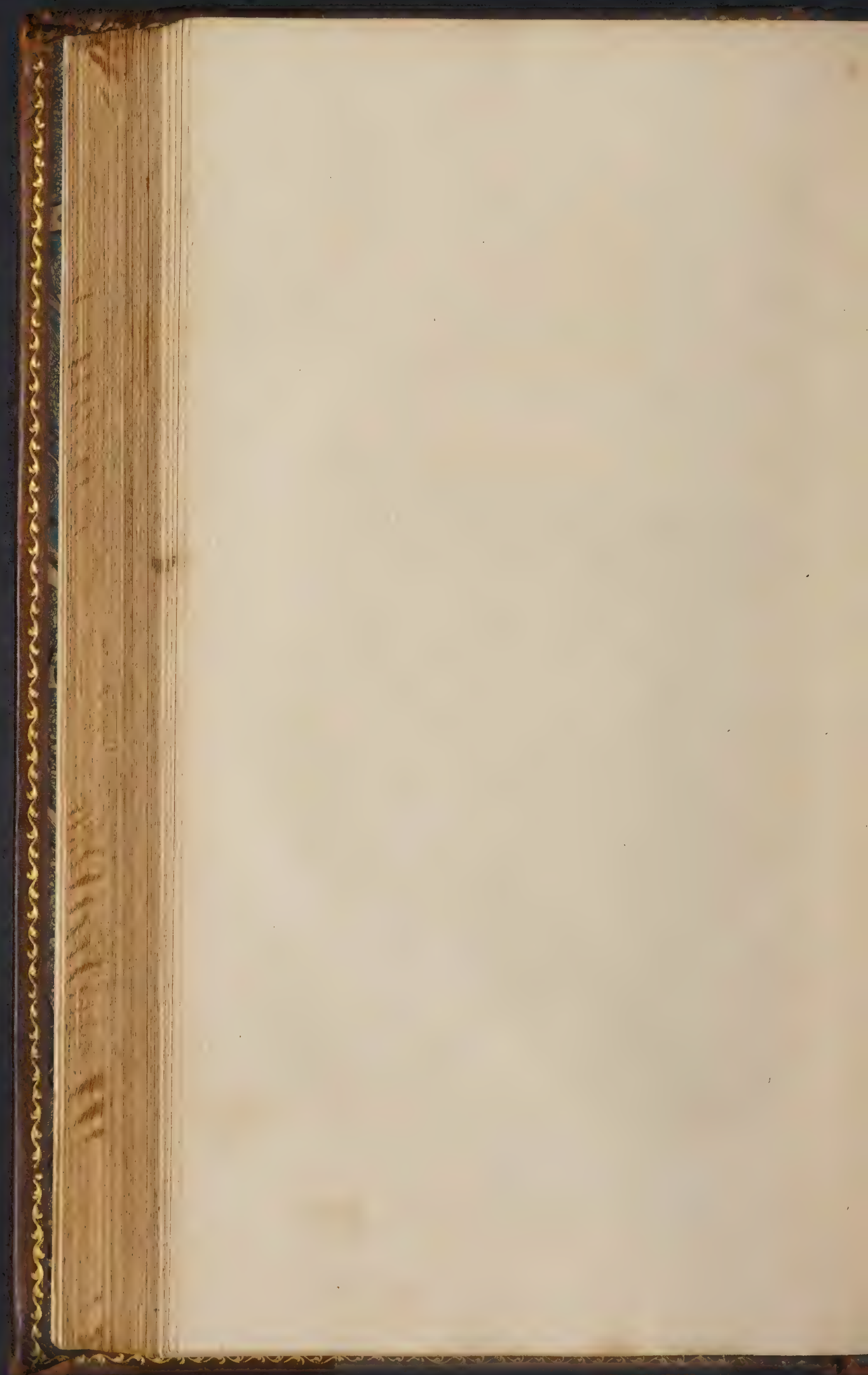
TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VI.



ARGUMENT.

THIS book opens with a speech of Fingal, who sees Cathmor descending to the assistance of his flying army. The king dispatches Ossian to the relief of Fillan. He himself retires behind the rock of Cormul, to avoid the sight of the engagement between his son and Cathmor. Ossian advances. The descent of Cathmor described. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, engages Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian, the combat between the two heroes ceases. Ossian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but night coming on prevents them. Ossian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded, and leaning against a rock. Their discourse. Fillan dies: his body is laid, by Ossian, in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He questions them about his son, and, understanding that he was killed, retires, in silence, to the rock of Carmul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Fir-bolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan, before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns, in a melancholy mood, to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his father Borbar-duthal. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. MACPHERSON.



TEMORA :

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

CATHMOR¹ rises on his hill ! Shall Fingal take
the sword of Luno ? But what shall become of
thy fame, son of white-bosomed Clatho ? Turn

¹ I have, in a preceding note, observed, that the abrupt manner of Ossian partakes much of the nature of the drama. The opening of this book is a confirmation of the justness of this observation. Instead of a long detail of circumstances delivered by the poet himself, about the descent of Cathmor from the hill, whereon he sat to behold the battle, he puts the narration in the mouth of Fingal. The relation acquires importance from the character of the speaker. The concern which Fingal shews, when he beholds the *rising of Cathmor*, raises our ideas of the valour of that hero to the highest pitch. The apostrophes which are crowded on one another, are expressive of the per-

not thine eyes from Fingal, fair daughter of Inisstore. I shall not quench thy early beam. It shines along my soul. Rise, wood-skirted Mora, rise between the war and me ! Why should Fin-

turbation of Fingal's soul, and of his fear for his son, who was not a match for the king of Ireland. The conduct of the poet, in removing Fingal from the sight of the engagement, is very judicious ; for the king might be induced, from seeing the inequality of the combat between Fillan and Cathmor, to come to battle himself, and so bring about the catastrophe of the poem prematurely. The removal of Fingal affords room to the poet for introducing those affecting scenes which immediately succeed, and are among the chief beauties of the poem. They who can deny art to Ossian, in conducting the catastrophe of Temora, are certainly more prejudiced against the age he lived in, than is consistent with good sense. MACPHERSON, 1st edition.

In these notes of self-commendatory criticism, an obvious question is purposely overlooked ; Whether the death of Fillan, in consequence of the removal of Fingal from the sight of the engagement, was an historical fact recorded by Ossian, or a mere epic artifice, employed to retard the catastrophe of the poem. In the epic poem of Fingal, the removal of that hero from the field, that his return might be the more magnificent, was a clumsy contrivance ; but nothing can exceed the sentimental absurdity of the present expedient, to remove Fingal from the very sight of the engagement. The apostrophe to Clatho, in the hall of Selma, which the poet, or the son of Alpin, in the preceding book, delivers in person, is resumed by Fingal, who desires her not to turn her eyes from him ; promises not to quench her early beam, and retires behind Mora, that he might have no opportunity, or temptation, to interpose for

gal behold the strife, lest his dark-daired warrior should fall ! Amid the song, O Carril, pour the sound of the trembling harp ! Here are the voices of rocks ! and there the bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oscar, lift the spear ! Defend the young in arms. Conceal thy steps from Fillan. He must not know that I doubt his steel. No cloud of mine shall rise, my son, upon thy soul of fire !”

He sunk behind his rock, amid the sound of Carril's song. Brightening, in my growing soul, I took the spear of Temora. I saw, along Moilena, the wild tumbling of battle ; the strife of death, in gleaming rows, disjoined and broken round. Fillan is a beam of fire. From wing to wing is his wasteful course. The ridges of war melt before him. They are rolled, in smoke, from the fields !

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor, in the armour of kings ! Dark waves the eagle's wing, above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are his

the preservation of her son. “ Struggling,” according to Blair, “ between concern for the fame, and fear for the safety, of his son,” he leaves both to their fate, rather than accelerate the catastrophe of the poem.

steps, as if they were to the chace of Erin. He raises, at times, his terrible voice. Erin, abashed, gathers round. Their souls return back like a stream. They wonder at the steps of their fear. He rose, like the beam of the morning, on a haunted heath: the traveller looks back, with bending eye, on the field of dreadful forms²! Sudden, from the rock of Moi-lena, are Sul-malla's trembling steps. An oak takes the spear from her hand. Half-bent she looses the lance³. But then are her eyes on the king, from amid her wandering locks! No friendly strife is before thee! No light contending of bows, as when

² *Like the beam of the morning on a haunted heath; the traveller looks back, with bending eye, on the field of dreadful forms.*] MASON'S *Elfrida*. *Supra*, ii. 28.

Wont the bewildered traveller to daunt,
Whose vagrant feet have traced your secret haunt.

Away, ye elves away!

Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

³ *An oak took the spear from her hand. Half-bent she looses the lance.*] An incident from VIRGIL. *Incubuit, voluitque manu convellere ferrum.* *Æneid*, xii. 774.

Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stooped, and tugged, with force immense, to free
Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree.

DRYDEN.

the youth of Inis-huna come forth beneath the eye of Connor !

As the rock of Runo, which takes the passing clouds as they fly, seems growing, in gathered darkness, over the streamy heath ; so seems the chief of Atha taller, as gather his people around ⁴. As different blasts fly over the sea, each behind its dark-blue wave ; so Cathmor's words, on every side, pour his warriors forth. Nor silent on his hill is Fillan. He mixes his words with his echoing shield. An eagle he seemed, with sounding wings, calling the wind to his rock,

⁴ *As the rock of Runo, which takes the passing clouds as they fly, seems growing in gathered darkness over the streamy heath ; so seems the chief of Atha taller as gather his people around.*]
From WILKIE'S *Epigoniad*, l. iii. A complete imitation.

*Taller he seemed, as when the morning, spread
With golden lustre, crowns some mountain's head
In early spring ; when from the meads below
A wreath of vapours binds its rocky brow ;
In cloudy volumes settling as they rise,
They lift the lofty prospect to the skies :
So in immortal arms the chief appeared,
His stature broad displayed, and higher reared.*

The subordinate imagery of two preceding similes : " Tall as an oak, now clothed on high in mist." iii. ²¹. " Like two rocks seen in the desert above low-sailing mist." v. 5. seems to be derived from the same source.

when he sees the coming forth of the roes ⁵, on Lutha's rushy field !

Now they bend forward in battle. Death's hundred voices arise. The kings, on either side, were like fires on the souls of the hosts. Ossian bounded along. High rocks and trees rush tall between the war and me. But I hear the noise of steel, between my clanging arms. Rising, gleaming, on the hill, I behold the backward steps of hosts : their backward steps, on either side, and wildly-looking eyes ⁶. The chiefs were met in dreadful fight ! The two blue-shielded kings ! Tall and dark, through gleams of steel, are seen the striving heroes ! I rush. My fears for Fillan fly, burning across my soul.

⁵ *An eagle he seemed—when he sees the coming forth of the roes.*] POPE's *Iliad*, xvii. 763.

The sacred eagle, from his walks above,
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;
Then stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.

⁶ *Their backward steps, on either side, and wildly-looking eyes.*] *Par. Lost*, vi. 306. *Supra*, v. ¹⁸.

While Expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field.

I come. Nor Cathmor flies; nor yet comes on; he sidelong stalks along. An icy rock, cold, tall he seems. I call forth all my steel. Silent awhile we stride, on either side of a rushing stream: then, sudden turning, all at once, we raise our pointed spears! We raise our spears; but night comes down. It is dark and silent round; but where the distant steps of hosts are sounding over the heath!

I come to the place where Fillan fought. Nor voice, nor sound is there. A broken helmèt lies on earth, a buckler cleft in twain. Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of echoing Morven? He hears me, leaning on a rock, which bends its grey head over the stream. He hears; but sullen, dark he stands. At length I saw the hero!

“Why standest thou, robed in darkness, son of woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, in this dark-brown field! Long has been thy strife in battle! Now the horn of Fingal is heard. Ascend to the cloud of thy father, to his hill of feasts. In the evening mist he sits, and hears the sound of Carril’s harp. Carry joy to the aged, young breaker of the shields!”

“Can the vanquished carry joy? Ossian, no shield is mine! It lies broken on the field. The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It is when foes fly before them, that fathers delight in their sons. But their sighs burst forth, in secret, when their young warriors yield. No: Fillan shall not behold the king! Why should the hero mourn?”

“Son of blue-eyed Clatho! O Fillan, awake not my soul! Wert thou not a burning fire before him? Shall he not rejoice? Such fame belongs not to Ossian; yet is the king still a sun to me. He looks on my steps with joy. Shadows never rise on his face. Ascend, O Fillan, to Mora! His feast is spread in the folds of mist.”

“Ossian! give me that broken shield: these feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place them near to Fillan, that less of his fame may fall. Ossian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above, lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields; fallen without renown. Let thy voice ALONE send joy to my flying soul. Why should

the bard know where dwells the lost beam of Clatho⁷ !”

“Is thy spirit on the eddying winds, O Fillan, young breaker of shields ! Joy pursue my

⁷ A dialogue between Clatho the mother, and Bosmina the sister, of Fillan.

CLATHO.

“Daughter of Fingal, arise : thou light between thy locks. Lift thy fair head from rest, soft-gliding sun-beam of Selma ! I beheld thy arms, on thy breast, white tossed amidst thy wandering locks : when the rustling breeze of the morning came from the desert of streams. Hast thou seen thy fathers, Bos-mina, descending in thy dreams ? Arise, daughter of Clatho ; dwells there aught of grief in thy soul ?

BOS-MINA.

A thin form passed before me, fading as it flew : like the darkening wave of a breeze, along a field of grass. Descend, from thy wall, O harp, and call back the soul of Bos-mina, it has rolled away like a stream. I hear thy pleasant sound. I hear thee, O harp, and my voice shall rise.

How often shall ye rush to war, ye dwellers of my soul ! Your paths are distant, kings of men, in Erin of blue streams. Lift thy wing, thou southern breeze, from Clono's darkening heath : spread the sails of Fingal towards the bays of his land.

But who is that, in his strength, darkening in the presence of war ? His arm stretches to the foe, like the beam of the sickly sun ; when his side is crusted with darkness ; and he rolls his dismal course through the sky. Who is it, but the father of Bosmina ? Shall he return till danger is past !

Fillan, thou art a beam by his side ; beautiful, but terrible, is thy light. Thy sword is before thee, a blue fire of night.

hero through his folded clouds. The forms of thy fathers, O Fillan, bend to receive their son. I behold the spreading of their fire on Mora: the blue-rolling of their misty wreaths. Joy meet thee my brother! But we are dark and sad! I behold the foe round the aged. I behold the wasting away of his fame. Thou art left alone in the field, O grey-haired king of Selma!"

I laid him in the hollow rock, at the roar of the nightly stream. One red star looked in on the hero. Winds lift, at times, his locks. I listen. No sound is heard. The warrior slept! As lightning on a cloud, a thought came rushing along my soul. My eyes roll in fire; my stride was in

When shalt thou return to thy roes, to the streams of thy rushy fields? When shall I behold thee from Mora, while winds strew my long locks on their blasts! But shall a young eagle return from the field where the heroes fall!

CLATHO.

Soft, as the song of Loda, is the voice of Selma's maid. Pleasant to the ear of Clatho is the name of the breaker of shields. Behold, the king comes from ocean: the shield of Morven is borne by bards. The foe has fled before him, like the departure of mist. I hear not the sounding wings of my eagle; the rushing forth of the son of Clatho. Thou art dark, O Fingal; shall the warrior never return? * * * * *

MACPHERSON.

the clang of steel. "I will find thee, king of Erin! in the gathering of thy thousands find thee. Why should that cloud escape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors on your hills, my fathers. Light my daring steps. I will consume in wrath⁸. But should not I return⁹! The king is without a son, grey-

⁸ Here the sentence is designedly left unfinished by the poet. The sense is, that he was resolved, like a destroying fire, to consume Cathmor, who had killed his brother. In the midst of this resolution, the situation of Fingal suggests itself to him in a very strong light. He resolves to return to assist the king in prosecuting the war. But then his shame for not defending his brother recurs to him. He is determined again to go and find out Cathmor. We may consider him as in the act of advancing towards the enemy, when the horn of Fingal sounded on Mora, and called back his people to his presence. The comparison, with which the poet concludes his soliloquy, is very fanciful, and well adapted to the ideas of those, who live in a country where lightning is extremely common. MACPHERSON, 1st edition.

⁹ *I will consume in wrath---But should not I return.*] "Here the sentence is designedly left unfinished." From POPE's *Iliad*, xviii. 137.

Let me—but, oh! ye gracious powers above,

Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove.

"Achilles leaves the sentence thus *suspended*, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said, "Since I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him." Pope's Notes, *ibid*.

haired among his foes ! His arm is not as in the days of old. His fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king ? Will he not ask about his son ? “Thou oughtest to defend young Fillan.” Ossian will meet the foe ! Green Erin, thy sounding tread is pleasant to my ear. I rush on thy ridgy host, to shun the eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king, on Mora’s misty top ! He calls his two sons ! I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings ¹⁰ !”

Distant, round the king, on Mora, the broken ridges of Morven are rolled. They turned their

Even the most mechanical beauties, though invisible in Homer, are derived from imitation.

¹⁰ *Like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings.*] A modern simile, or disguised conceit, of an eagle intercepted and winged by a shot. Ossian returning without Fillan, like an eagle half scorched by lightning, is much the same with the following simile, applied to two lovers crushed by the fall of a tower. MACPHERSON’S *Poem on Death*.

Thus when the younger bears the parent stork,
On wearied pinions through the fluid air,
Some greedy fowler wings the deathful shaft,
And brings them lifeless, fluttering to the ground.

eyes : each darkly bends, on his own ashen spear.
Silent stood the king in the midst. Thought on
thought rolled over his soul. As waves on a se-
cret mountain-lake¹¹, each with its back of foam.
He looked ; no son appeared, with his long-
beaming spear. The sighs arose, crowding, from
his soul ; but he concealed his grief. At length
I stood beneath an oak. No voice of mine was
heard. What could I say to Fingal in his hour
of woe ? His words rose, at length, in the midst :
the people shrunk backward as he spoke.

“ Where is the son of Selma, he who led in
war ? I behold not his steps, among my people,
returning from the field. Fell the young bound-
ing roe, who was so stately on my hills ? He fell ;
for ye are silent. The shield of war is cleft in
twain. Let his armour be near to Fingal ; and
the sword of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on
my hills ; with morning I descend to war.”

High¹² on Cormul's rock, an oak is flaming

¹¹ Thought on thought rolled over his soul. As waves on a
secret mountain lake.] *Night Thoughts*, Night i.

I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous, where my wrecked desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove.

¹² This rock of Cormul is often mentioned in the preceding

to the wind. The grey skirts of mist are rolled around; thither strode the king in his wrath. Distant from the host he always lay, when battle burnt within his soul. On two spears hung his shield on high; the gleaming sign of death; that shield, which he was wont to strike, by night, before he rushed to war. It was then his warriors knew, when the king was to lead in strife; for never was this buckler heard till the wrath of Fingal arose. Unequal were his steps on high, as he shone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the spirit of night, when

part of the poem. It was on it Fingal and Ossian stood to view the battle. The custom of retiring from the army, on the night prior to their engaging in battle, was universal among the kings of the Caledonians. Trenmor, the most renowned of the ancestors of Fingal, is mentioned as the first who instituted this custom. Succeeding bards attributed it to a hero of a later period. In an old poem, which begins with *Mac-Arcath na ceud sról*, this custom, of retiring from the army before an engagement, is numbered among the wise institutions of Fergus, the son of Arc or Arcath, the first king of Scots. I shall here translate the passage; in some other note I may probably give all that remains of the poem. *Fergus of the hundred streams, son of Arcath who fought of old: thou didst first retire at night: when the foe rolled before thee, in echoing fields. Nor bending in rest is the king: he gathers battles in his soul. Fly, son of the stranger; with morn he shall rush abroad. When, or by whom, this poem was written, is uncertain. MACPHERSON.*

he clothes, on hills, his wild gestures with mist¹³,
and issuing forth, on the troubled ocean, mounts
the car of winds.

Nor settled, from the storm, is Erin's sea of
war! they glitter, beneath the moon¹⁴, and,
low-humming, still roll on the field. Alone are
the steps of Cathmor, before them on the heath;
he hangs forward, with all his arms, on Mor-
ven's flying host. Now had he come to the
mossy cave, where Fillan lay in night. One tree
was bent above the stream, which glittered over
the rock. There shone to the moon the broken
shield of Clatho's son; and near it, on grass, lay
hairy-footed Bran¹⁵. He had missed the chief

¹³ *Dreadful as the form of the spirit of night, when he clothes,
on hills, his wild gestures with mist.] Par. Lost, iv. 126.*

On th' Assyrian mount

Saw him disfigured, more than could befall

Spirit of happy sort: His gestures fierce

He marked and mad demeanour, then alone.

¹⁴ *They glitter beneath the moon.] Par. Lost, iv. 799.*

On he led his radiant files,

Dazzling the moon.

¹⁵ I remember to have met with an old poem, wherein a story of this sort is very happily introduced. In one of the invasions of the Danes, Ullin-clunda, a considerable chief on the western coast of Scotland, was killed in a rencounter with a flying party of the enemy, who had landed, at no great distance,

on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought that the blue-eyed hunter slept; he lay upon his shield. No blast came over the heath, unknown to bounding Brán.

Cathmor saw the white-breasted dog; he saw the broken shield. Darkness is blown back on his soul; he remembers the falling away of the people. They come, a stream; are rolled away; another race succeeds. "But some mark the fields, as they pass, with their own mighty names. The heath, through dark-brown years, is theirs; some blue stream winds to their fame. Of these

from the place of his residence. The few followers who attended him were also slain. The young wife of Ullin-clundu, who had not heard of his fall, fearing the worst on account of his long delay, alarmed the rest of his tribe, who went in search of him along the shore. They did not find him; and the beautiful widow became disconsolate. At length he was discovered, by means of his dog, who sat on a rock beside the body for some days. The stanza concerning the dog, whose name was Du-chos, or *Blackfoot*, is descriptive.

"Dark-sided Du-chos! feet of wind! cold is thy seat on rocks. He (the dog) sees the roe: his ears are high; and half he bounds away. He looks around; but Ullin sleeps; he droops again his head. The winds come past; dark Du-chos thinks, that Ullin's voice is there. But still he beholds him silent, laid amidst the waving heath. Dark-sided Du-chos, his voice no more shall send thee over the heath!" MACPHERSON.

be the chief of Atha, when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor in the air ; when he strides from wind to wind, or folds himself in the wing of a storm."

Green Erin gathered round the king, to hear the voice of his power. Their joyful faces bend, unequal, forward, in the light of the oak. They who were terrible were removed : Lubar winds again in their host. Cathmor was that beam from heaven which shone when his people were dark. He was honoured in the midst. Their souls rose with ardour around. The king alone no gladness shewed ; no stranger he to war !

"Why is the king so sad," said Malthos eagle-eyed ? "Remains there a foe at Lubar ? Lives there among them who can lift the spear ? Not so peaceful was thy father, Borbar-duthul, king of spears. His rage was a fire that always burned : his joy over fallen foes was great. Three days feasted the grey-haired hero, when he heard that Calmar fell : Calmar, who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of the streams. Often did he feel, with his hands, the steel which, they said, had pierced his foe. He felt it with his hands ; for

Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was the king a sun to his friends ; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls : he loved the sons of Bolga. His name remains in Atha, like the awful memory of ghosts, whose presence was terrible ; but they blew the storm away. Now let the voices of Erin raise the soul of the king ; he that shone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that grey-browed rock, pour the tale of other times ; pour it on the wide-skirted Erin, as it settles round."

"To me," said Cathmor, "no song shall rise ; nor Fonar sit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low. Disturb not their rushing ghosts. Far, Malthos, far remove the sound of Erin's song. I rejoice not over the foe, when he ceases to lift the spear. With morning we pour our strength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves, blown back by sudden winds¹⁶,

¹⁶ *Like waves blown back by sudden winds.] Par. Lost, i. 322.*

On each hand the flames
Driven backward, slope their pointed spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i'the midst a horrid vale.

Erin retired at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes¹⁷. Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string: each to the chief he loved. Before a burning oak Sulmalla touched, at times, the harp. She touched the harp, and heard, between, the breezes in her hair. In darkness near, lay the king of Atha, beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he saw the maid, but was not seen. His soul poured forth, in secret, when he beheld her fearful eye. "But battle is before thee, son of Borbar-duthul."

Amidst the harp, at intervals, she listened whether the warrior slept. Her soul was up; she longed, in secret, to pour her own sad song. The field is silent. On their wings, the blasts of

¹⁷ *Deep rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes.*] See above ¹⁴. and ii. ¹⁷. From DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, vi. 957.

Thick as the *humming bees* that hunt the golden dew——

The winged *army* roams the *field* around;

The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Hence Gray's line in the *Progress of Poesy*.

The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

night retire. The bards had ceased; and meteors came, red-winding with their ghosts. The sky grew dark; the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedless bends the daughter of Conmor, over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her soul, car-borne chief of Atha. She raised the voice of the song, and touched the harp between.

“ Clun-galo¹⁸ came; she missed the maid. Where art thou, beam of light? Hunters, from the mossy rock, saw ye the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps on grassy Lumon, near the bed of roes? Ah me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?”

“ Cease¹⁹, love of Conmor, cease; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whose path is terrible in war. He for whom my soul is up, in the season of my rest. Deep-bosomed in war he stands²⁰, he beholds

¹⁸ Clun-galo, *white knee*, the wife of Conmór, king of Inishuna, and the mother of Sul-malla. She is here represented as missing her daughter, after she had fled with Cathmor. MACPHERSON.

¹⁹ Sul-malla replies to the supposed questions of her mother.

MACPHERSON.

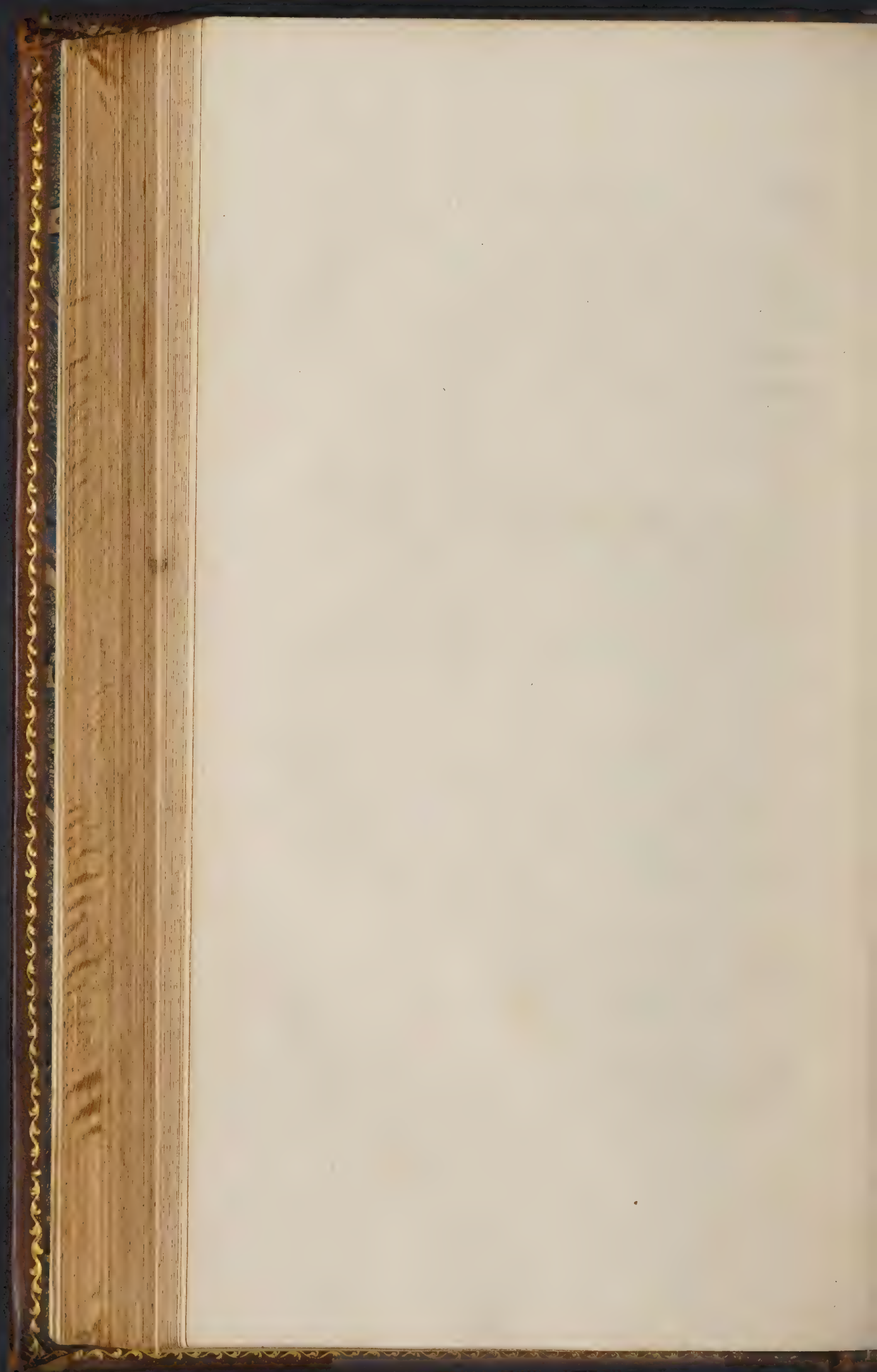
²⁰ Deep-bosomed *in war he stands.*] “*Bosomed high in tuft-*

me not from his cloud. Why, sun of Sul-malla,
 dost thou not look forth? I dwell in darkness
 here; wide over me flies the shadowy mist. Fill-
 ed with dew are my locks²¹: look thou from thy
 cloud, O sun of Sul-malla's soul." * * * *

* * * *

ed trees." MILTON. Converted, in Ossian, into high-bosom-
 ed maids, from Homer's Δαρδανίδες βοθυκολῶποι. "*Deep-bosom-
 ed Dardanian dames.*" MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, ii. 213.—25.
 By the usual transposition of epithets, Milton's *bosomed high* is
 applied to women, and Homer's *deep-bosomed* to war.

²¹ Filled with dew *are my locks*.] For my head is *filled with
 dew*, and *my locks* with the drops of the night. *Song of Solo-
 mon*, v. 2.

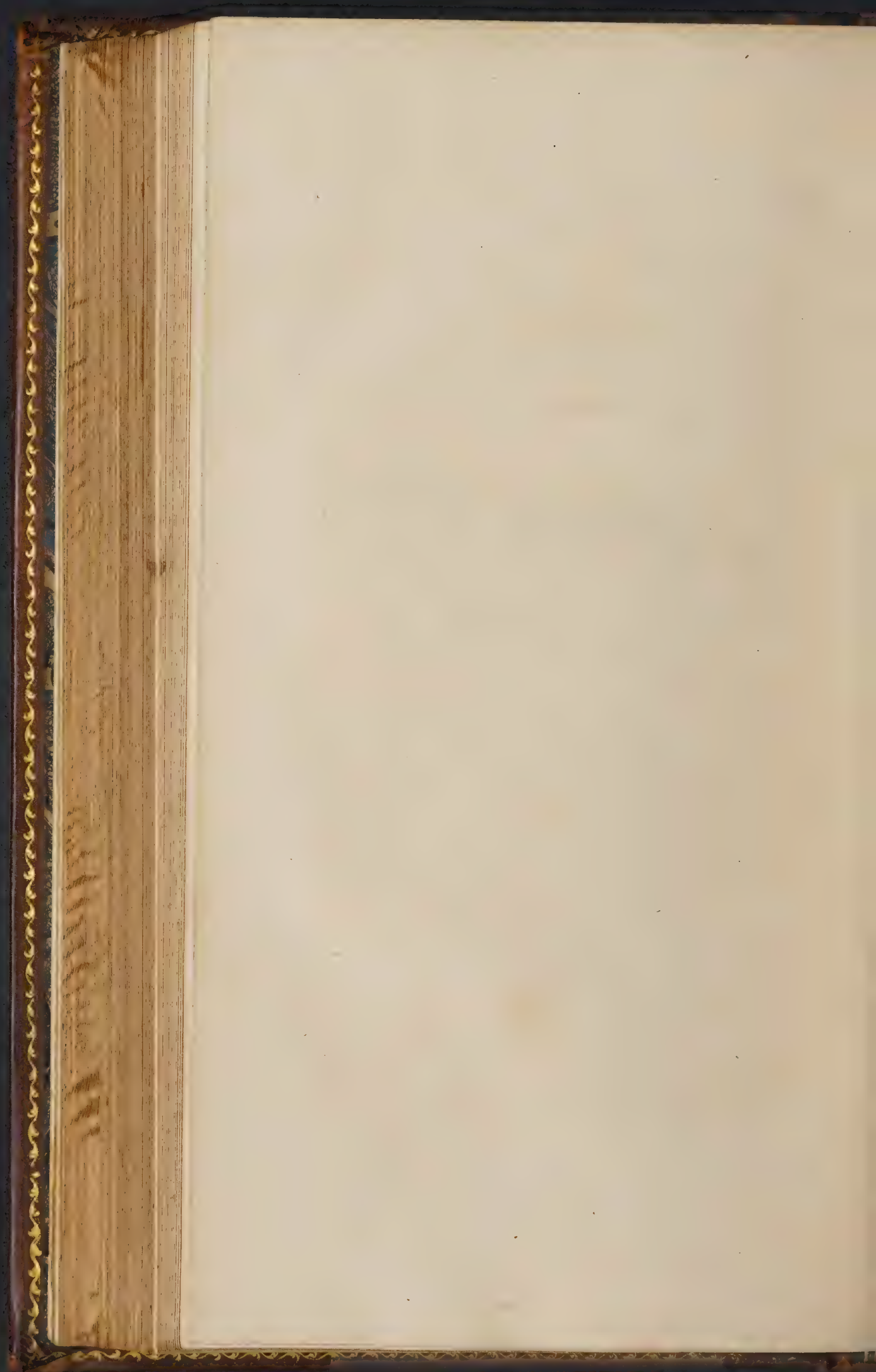


TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VII.

VOL. II.

N



ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet describes a kind of mist, which rose, by night, from the lake of Lego, and was the usual residence of the souls of the dead, during the interval between their decease and the funeral song. The appearance of the ghost of Fillan above the cave where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormul. The king strikes the shield of Trenmor, which was an infallible sign of his appearing in arms himself. The extraordinary effect of the sound of the shield. Sul-malla, starting from sleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting discourse. She insists with him to sue for peace; he resolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the residence of an old Druid, until the battle of the next day should be over. He awakes his army with the sound of his shield. The shield described. Fonar, the bard, at the desire of Cathmor, relates the first settlement of the Fir-bolg in Ireland, under their leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-malla retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric song concludes the book. MACPHERSON.

No poet departs less from his subject than Ossian. No far-fetched ornaments are introduced; the episodes rise from, and are indeed essential to, the story of the poem. Even his lyric songs, where he most indulges the extravagance of fancy, naturally spring from his subject. Their propriety and connection with the rest of the poem, shew that the Celtic bard

was guided by judgment, amidst the wildest flights of imagination. It is a common supposition among mankind, that a genius for poetry and sound sense seldom centre in the same person. The observation is far from being just; for true genius and judgment must be inseparable. The wild flights of fancy, without the guidance of judgment, are, as Horace observes, like the dreams of a sick man, irksome and confused. Fools can never write good poems. A warm imagination, it is true, domineers over a common portion of sense; and hence it is that so few have succeeded in the poetical way. But when an uncommon strength of judgment, and a glowing fancy, are properly tempered together, they, and they only, produce genuine poetry.

The present book is not the least interesting part of *Temora*. The awful images with which it opens, are calculated to prepare the mind for the solemn scenes which are to follow. Ossian, always, throws an air of consequence on every circumstance which relates to Fingal. The very sound of his shield produces extraordinary effects; and these are heightened, one above another, in a beautiful climax. The distress of Sul-malla, and her conference with Cathmor, are very affecting. The description of his shield is a curious piece of antiquity; and is a proof of the early knowledge of navigation among the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland. Ossian, in short, throughout this book, is often sublime, and always pathetic. MACPHERSON, 1st édit.

TEMORA :

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VII.

FROM the wood-skirted waters of Lego, ascend,
at times, grey-bosomed mists; when the gates
of the west are closed, on the sun's eagle-eye.
Wide, over Lara's stream, is poured the vapour
dark and deep: the moon, like a dim shield, is
swimming through its folds. With this, clothe
the spirits of old their sudden gestures on the
wind, when they stride, from blast to blast,
along the dusky night. Often, blended with the
gale, to some warrior's grave¹, they roll the

¹ As the mist, which rose from the lake of Lego, occasioned diseases and death, the bards feigned that it was the residence of the ghosts of the deceased, during the interval between their

mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, untill the songs arise.

A sound came from the desert ; it was Conar, king of Inis-fail. He poured his mist on the

death and the pronouncing of the funeral elegy over their tombs ; for it was not allowable, without that ceremony was performed, for the spirits of the dead to mix with their ancestors *in their airy halls*. It was the business of the spirit of the nearest relation to the deceased, to take the mist of Lego, and pour it over the grave. We find here Conar, the son of Trenmor, the first king of Ireland, performing this office for Fillan, as it was in the cause of the family of Conar that that hero was killed. MACPHERSON.

In Fingal, and the lesser poems in the first collection, it was sufficient to raise the stone of fame. The bards sung over Carthon, Cuthullin, Fovargormo ; but Crugal, Ryno, Orla, and others, were buried without their song. The ghost of Conlath, indeed, demands his fame, because his tomb rose unseen in a desert isle ; and “it was the opinion of the times, that the souls of the deceased were not happy till their elegies were composed by a bard.” But the seventh book of Temora contains a new system of Celtic mythology, unknown in the former collection of poems. The mists of marshy Lano, “bearing the death of thousands along,” are transferred from Lochlin to Loch Lego in Ireland ; the souls of the deceased are condemned to reside in its noxious vapours, during the interval between their death and their funeral elegy, without which they are not now permitted to mix with their ancestors in their airy halls ; and it was a duty incumbent on the spirit of the nearest (deceased) relative of the deceased, to pour the mist of Lego on his grave, as a blue hall for the accommodation of his ghost, till the song should arise. In the former collection, Malvina is admitted to

grave of Fillan, at blue-winding Lubar. Dark and mournful sat the ghost, in his grey ridge of smoke. The blast, at times, rolled him together : but the form returned again. It returned with bending eyes, and dark winding of locks of mist.

It was² dark. The sleeping host were still, in the skirts of night. The flame decayed, on the hill of Fingal ; the king lay lonely on his shield. His eyes were half-closed in sleep ; the voice of Fillan came³. “ Sleeps the husband of

the airy hall of Fingal, without either mist or song ; and no explanation is given of the situation of the dead, if the ghosts of their nearest relatives should neglect this posthumous duty to their deceased friends. But the wood-skirted water of Lego, whose noxious mist was the abode of ghosts till their dirge enabled them to intermix with their ancestors, is Virgil’s Acheron, on the banks of which the shades were condemned to wander, till their funeral rites were performed.

² It has been observed (by Blair), that Ossian takes great delight in describing night scenes. The night descriptions of Ossian were in high repute among succeeding bards. The following is the singular sentiment of a frigid bard :

“ More pleasing to me is the night of Cona, dark-streaming from Ossian’s harp ; more pleasant it is to me, than a white-bosomed dweller between my arms ; than a fair-handed daughter of heroes, in the hour of rest.” MACPHERSON.

Of these *Night-scenes* and descriptions, Macpherson’s Night-piece is certainly not the least remarkable. *Infra*³.

³ *His eyes were half closed in sleep ; the voice of Fillan came.*]
POPE’S *Iliad*, xxiii. 78.

Clatho? Dwells the father of the fallen in rest?
Am I forgot in the folds of darkness ⁴; lonely in
the season of night!"

"Why dost thou mix," said the king, "with
the dream of thy father? Can I forget thee,
my son, or thy path of fire in the field! Not such
come the deeds of the valiant on the soul of
Fingal. They are not there a beam of light-
ning, which is seen, and is then no more. I
remember thee, O Fillan, and my wrath begins
to rise ⁵."

The king took his deathful spear, and struck

When lo! the shade before his *closing eyes*,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seemed to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he *came*,
In stature, *voice*, and pleasing look, the same.

⁴ *Sleeps the husband of Clatho? Dwells the father of the fal-
len in rest? Am I forgot in the folds of darkness?* Id.

And *sleeps* Achilles, thus the phantom said,
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus *dead*?
Living I seemed his dearest, tenderest care,
But now *forgot* I wander *in the air*.

⁵ *Can I forget thee, my son, or thy path of fire in the field?*
—*I remember thee, O Fillan, and my wrath begins to rise.* If
I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cun-
ning. If I do not *remember thee*, let my tongue cleave unto the
roof of my mouth. *Psalms*, cxxxvii. 5.: Suggested to the trans-
lator by the word *forgot* in the preceding imitation, which in-
troduced the present by association of ideas.

the deep-sounding shield⁶: his shield that hung high in night, the dismal sign of war! Ghosts

⁶ Succeeding bards have recorded many fables concerning this wonderful shield. They say, that Fingal, in one of his expeditions into Scandinavia, met, in one of the islands of Jutland, with Luno, a celebrated magician. This Luno was the Vulcan of the north, and had made complete suits of armour for many of the heroes of Scandinavia. One disagreeable circumstance was, that every person who wanted to employ Luno to make armour for him, was obliged to overcome him at his own magic art. Fingal, unskilled in spells or enchantments, effected by dint of prowess, what others failed in with all their supernatural art. When Luno demanded a trial of skill from Fingal, the king drew his sword, cut off the skirts of the magician's robe, and obliged him, bare as he was, to fly before him. Fingal pursued, but Luno, coming to the sea, by his magic art walked upon the waves. Fingal pursued him in his ship, and, after a chase of ten days, came up with him in the isle of Sky, and obliged him to erect a furnace, and make him this shield, and his famous sword, poetically called *the son of Luno*. Such are the strange fictions which the modern Scotch and Irish bards have formed on the original of Ossian. MACPHERSON, 1st edition.

Ceardach Mhic Luin is one of those Irish ballads, of which Blair received such strong attestations. But Fingal's wonderful shield, of which the very sound produced a climax of such extraordinary effects, is struck to no purpose, neither to awaken the host, nor to alarm the scouts. And Fingal is introduced as sounding his shield, with much the same propriety as if, in Addison's Campaign, Marlborough had been employed in tuning his kettle-drums on the night preceding the battle of Blenheim.

fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of deaths. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

He struck again the shield ; battles rose in the dreams of his host ⁷. The wide-tumbling strife is gleaming over their souls. Blue-shielded kings descend to war. Backward-looking armies fly ; and mighty deeds are half-hid, in the bright gleams of steel.

But when the third sound arose, deer started from the clefts of their rocks. The screams of fowl are heard, in the desert, as each flew, frightened on his blast. The sons of Selma half rose, and half assumed their spears. But silence rolled back on the host ; they knew the shield of

⁷ *Battles rose in the dreams of the host.*] *Highlander*, i. 275.

Still to his mind the Danish camp arose,
Hung in his *dreams*, and hagged his calm repose ;
Once more he mixed with Haco in the fight,
And urged, impending, on the Danish *flight*.

“ *Backward looking armies fly* : *Supra*, vi. 6. From MILTON. *Supra*, vi. 15.

The flames
Driven *backward*, slope their pointed spires.

the king. Sleep returned to their eyes ; the field was dark and still ⁸.

No ⁹ sleep was thine in darkness, blue-eyed daughter of Conmor ! Sul-malla heard the dread-

⁸ *Sleep returned to their eyes ; the field was dark and still.]*
Æneid, iv. 522.

Nox erat ; et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, silvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora : cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
Cum tacet omnis ager——
At non infelix animi Phœnissa, neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit.

“ No sleep was thine in darkness, blue-eyed daughter of Conmor.” And the same transition to Dido and to Sul-malla, indicates sufficiently the original of the *night descriptions* in Ossian. *Supra*, ².

⁹ A bard, several ages more modern than Ossian, was so sensible of the beauty of this passage, as to give a close imitation of it, in a poem, concerning the great actions of Keneth Mac-Alpin, king of Scotland, against the Picts. As the poem is long, I shall only give here the story of it, with a translation of that paragraph, which bears the nearest resemblance to the passage of Temora just now before me. When Keneth was making preparations for that war, which terminated in the subversion of the Pictish kingdom, Flathal, his sister, had demanded permission from him, of attending him in the expedition, in order to have a share in revenging the death of her father Alpin, who had been barbarously murdered by the Picts. The king, though he perhaps approved of the gallant disposition of his sister, refused, on account of her sex, to grant her request. The he-

ful shield, and rose, amid the night. Her steps are towards the king of Atha. "Can danger shake his daring soul!" In doubt she stands,

roine, however, dressed herself in the habit of a young warrior; and, in that disguise, attended the army, and performed many gallant exploits. On the night preceding the final overthrow of the Picts, Keneth, as was the custom among the kings of Scots, retired to a hill, without the verge of the camp, to meditate on the dispositions he was to make in the approaching battle. Flathal, who was anxious about the safety of her brother, went privately to the top of an adjoining rock, and kept watch there to prevent his being surprized by the enemy. Keneth fell asleep, in his arms; and Flathal observed a body of the Picts surrounding the hill whereon the king lay. The sequel of the story may be gathered from the words of the bard.

"Her eyes, like stars, roll over the plain. She trembled for Alpin's race. She saw the gleaming foe. Her steps arose: she stopt. 'Why should he know of Flathal? he the king of men! But hark! the sound is high. It is but the wind of night, lonely-whistling in my locks. I hear the echoing shields!' Her spear fell from her hand. The lofty rock resounds. He rose, a gathered cloud.

"Who wakes Conad of Albion, in the midst of his secret hill? I heard the soft voice of Flathal. Why, maid, dost thou shine in war? The daughters roll their blue eyes by the streams. No field of blood is theirs.

"Alpin of Albion was mine, the father of Flathal of harps. He is low, mighty Conad, and my soul is fire. Could Flathal, by the secret stream, behold the blood of her foes? I am a young eagle, on Dura, king of Drum-albin of winds."——

In the sequel of the piece, the bard does not imitate Ossian, and his poem is so much the worse for it. Keneth, with his

with bending eyes. Heaven burns with all its stars.

Again the shield resounds ! She rushed. She stopt. Her voice half rose. It failed. She saw him, amidst his arms, that gleamed to heaven's fire. She saw him dim in his locks, that rose to nightly wind. Away, for fear, she turned her steps. "Why should the king of Erin awake ? Thou art not a dream to his rest, daughter of Inis-huna."

More dreadful rings the shield. Sul-malla starts. Her helmet falls. Loud echoes Lubar's rock, as over it rolls the steel. Bursting from the dreams of night, Cathmor half rose, beneath his tree. He saw the form of the maid, above him, on the rock. A red star, with twinkling beam, looked through her floating hair.

"Who comes through night to Cathmor, in the season of his dreams ? Bringest thou aught of war ? Who art thou, son of night ? Standest thou before me, a form of the times of old ? A

sister's assistance, forced his way through the advanced parties of the enemy, and rejoined his own army. The bard has given a catalogue of the Scotch tribes, as they marched to battle ; but, as he did not live near the time of Keneth, his accounts are to be little depended on. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

voice from the fold of a cloud, to warn me of the danger of Erin?"

"Nor lonely scout am I, nor voice from folded cloud," she said; "but I warn thee of the danger of Erin. Dost thou hear that sound? It is not the feeble, king of Atha, that rolls his signs on night."

"Let the warrior roll his signs," he replied; "to Cathmor they are the sounds of harps. My joy is great, voice of night, and burns over all my thought. This is the music of kings, on lonely hills, by night; when they light their daring souls, the sons of mighty deeds! The feeble dwell alone, in the valley of the breeze; where mists lift their morning skirts, from the blue-winding streams."

"Not feeble, king of men, were they, the fathers of my race. They dwelt in the folds of battle, in their distant lands. Yet delights not my soul, in the signs of death! He, who never yields, comes forth: O send the bard of peace!"

Like a dropping rock, in the desert, stood Cathmor in his tears ¹⁰. Her voice came, a

¹⁰ *Like a dropping rock, in the desert, stood Cathmor in his tears.*] DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, Georg. ii. 259. *Supra*, i. 23.

breeze, on his soul, and awaked the memory of her land ; where she dwelt by her peaceful streams, before he came to the war of Conmor.

“ Daughter of strangers,” he said ; (she trembling turned away) “ long have I marked thee in thy steel, young pine of Inis-huna. But my soul, I said, is folded in a storm. Why should that beam arise, till my steps return in peace ? Have I been pale in thy presence, as thou bidst me to fear the king ? The time of danger, O maid, is the season of my soul ; for then it swells, a mighty stream, and rolls me on the foe.

“ Beneath the moss-covered rock of Lona, near his own loud stream ; grey in his locks of age, dwells Clonmal, king of harps. Above him is his echoing tree, and the dun bounding of roes. The noise of our strife reaches his ear, as he bends in the thoughts of years. There let thy rest be, Sul-malla, until our battle cease. Until I return, in my arms, from the skirts of the evening mist, that rises, on Lona, round the dwelling of my love.”

A light fell on the soul of the maid ; it rose

Such as *in cheerful vales* we view from high,
Which *dripping rocks* with rowling streams supply.

kindled before the king. She turned her face to Cathmor, from amidst her waving locks. "Sooner" shall the eagle of heaven be torn, from the stream of his roaring wind, when he sees the dun prey, before him, the young sons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor, be turned from the strife of renown. Soon may I see thee, warrior, from the skirts of the evening mist, when it is rolled around me, on Lona of the streams. While yet thou art distant far, strike, Cathmor, strike the shield, that joy may return to my darkened soul, as I lean on the mossy

¹¹ In after ages, the allusions of the bards to particular passages of the works of Ossian, were very numerous. I have met with a poem, which was writ three centuries ago, in which the bard recommends, to a lady of his own times, the behaviour of Sul-malla in this place. The poem has little to recommend it, excepting the passage, of which I am to give a translation here. It is an address to the wife of a chief, upon the departure of her husband to war. The passage which alludes to Sul-malla is this :

"Why art thou mournful on rocks ; or lifting thine eyes on waves ? His ship has bounded towards battle. His joy is in the murmur of fields. Look to the beams of old, to the virgins of Ossian of harps. Sul-malla keeps not her eagle from the field of blood. She would not tear thee, O Cathmor, from the sounding course of renown." MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

Such notes are inserted from the first edition, that not a morsel of Celtic poetry may be lost to the public.

rock. But if thou shouldst fall, I am in the land of strangers; O send thy voice, from thy cloud, to the maid of Inis-huna."

"Young branch of green-headed Lumon, why dost thou shake in the storm? Often has Cathmor returned, from darkly-rolling wars. The darts of death are but hail to me; they have often rattled along my shield. I have risen brightened from battle, like a meteor from a stormy cloud. Return not, fair beam, from thy vale, when the roar of battle grows. Then might the foe escape, as from my fathers of old.

"They told to Son-mor, of Clunar, who was slain by Cormac in fight. Three days darkened Son-mor over his brother's fall. His spouse beheld the silent king, and foresaw his steps to war. She prepared the bow, in secret, to attend her blue-shielded hero. To her dwelt darkness, at Atha, when he was not there. From their hundred streams, by night, poured down the sons of Alnecma. They had heard the shield of the king, and their rage arose. In clanging arms they moved along, towards Ullin of the

groves. Son-mor struck his shield, at times, the leader of the war.

“ Far behind followed Sul-allin, over the streamy hills. She was a light on the mountain, when they crossed the vale below. Her steps were stately on the vale, when they rose on the mossy hill. She feared to approach the king, who left her in echoing Atha. But when the roar of battle rose; when host was rolled on host; when Son-mor burnt, like the fire of heaven in clouds, with her spreading hair came Sul-allin; for she trembled for her king. He stopt the rushing strife to save the love of heroes. The foe fled by night; Clunar slept without his blood; the blood which ought to be poured upon the warrior's tomb.

“ Nor rose the rage of Son-mor; but his days were silent and dark. Sul-allin wandered, by her grey streams, with her tearful eyes. Often did she look, on the hero, when he was folded in his thoughts. But she shrunk from his eyes, and turned her lone steps away. Battles rose, like a tempest, and drove the mist from his soul. He beheld, with joy, her steps in the hall, and the white rising of her hands on the harp.”

In ¹² his arms strode the chief of Atha, to where his shield hung, high, in night : high on a mossy bough, over Lubar's streamy roar. Seven bosses rose on the shield ; the seven voices of the king, which his warriors received, from the wind, and marked over all their tribes.

On each boss is placed a star of night ; Ceanmathon with beams unshorn ; Col-derna rising from a cloud : Uloicho robed in mist ; and the

¹² The description of the shield of Cathmor is valuable, on account of the light it throws on the progress of arts in those early times. Those who draw their ideas of remote antiquity from their observations on the manner of modern savage nations, will have no high opinion of the workmanship of Cathmor's shield. To remove some part of their prejudice, I shall only observe, that the Belgæ of Britain, who were the ancestors of the Firbolg, were a commercial people ; and commerce, we might prove, from many shining examples of our own times, is the proper inlet of arts and sciences, and all that exalts the human mind. To avoid multiplying notes, I shall give here the signification of the names of the stars engraved on the shield. Ceanmathon, *head of the bear*. Col-derna, *slant and sharp beam*. Ul-oicho, *ruler of night*. Cathlin, *beam of the wave*. Reul-durath, *star of the twilight*. Berthin, *fire of the hill*. Ton-théna, *meteor of the waves*. These etymologies, excepting that of Cean-mathon, are pretty exact. Of it I am not so certain ; for it is not very probable, that the Firbolg had distinguished a constellation so very early as the days of Larthon, by the name of the bear. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

soft beam of Cathling glittering on a rock. Smiling, on its own blue wave, Reldurath half sinks its western light. The red eye of Berthin looks, through a grove¹³, on the hunter, as he returns,

¹³ *The red eye of Berthin looks through a grove.*] These scenes must have been all emblazoned, or embossed upon the shield, with the stars themselves. Dr Stukely published a print and description of the shield of Cathmor, which I have not seen; but we are told, in order to remove our prejudices, that the Belgæ were a commercial people, and that *commerce* is the proper inlet of arts and sciences. At that rate, as each of the seven bosses returned a separate sound when struck by Cathmor, we must regret, as one of the lost arts of antiquity, that of extracting the *seven voices*, or notes of music, from a single shield.

Nec non Threicius, longa cum veste sacerdos,

Obloquitur numeris *septem* discrimina *vocum*:

Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.

But the shield of Cathmor, the seven bosses of which were studded with seven stars of night, is a plain imitation of the shield of Achilles, of which the boss or centre was occupied by the sun, moon, and earth, the Pleiades, Hyades, Orion, and the Bear; which last “points his *slant* beam to Orion.” (Colderna, *slant* and sharp beam. *Supra* ¹².) MACPHERSON’S *Homer*, ii. 233. *Iliad*, xviii. 488.

Ἡ τ’ αὐτοῦ στρέφεται, καὶ τ’ ὈΡΙΩΝΑ ΔΟΚΕΥΕΙ.

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the *northern team*;

And great Orion’s more refulgent beam;

To which, around the axle of the sky,

The Bear revolving, *points* his *golden eye*.

Or, “The *red eye* of Berthin (the Bear) *looks*, through a grove, on the *hunter* (Orion, τ’ ὈΡΙΩΝΑ ΔΟΚΕΥΕΙ), as he returns, by night, with the spoils of the bounding roe;” in which there is an

by night, with the spoils of the bounding roe. Wide, in the mist, arose the cloudless beams of Ton-théna, that star which looked, by night, on the course of the sea-tossed Larthon: Larthon, the first of Bolga's race, who travelled on the winds. White-bosomed spread the sails of the king, towards streamy Inis-fail; dun night was rolled before him, with its skirts of mist. Unconstant blew the winds, and rolled him from wave to wave. Then rose the fiery-haired Ton-théna, and smiled from her parted cloud. Larthon¹⁴ blessed the well-known beam, as it faintgleamed on the deep.

intermixture of images from a different source. *Infra*, viii. I need not add, that those etymological names of stars, in the preceding note (as *Berthin*, fire of the hill, a mere transposition of *Beithir*, a bear), are altogether fictitious; with the exception, perhaps, of Cean-mathon, the *head of the bear*; a constellation known, as it seems, to Homer, Pope, and Ossian, by the same names of the Bear, and the starry *plough* of the *north*, or the *northern team*. See *Six Bards*,²⁹.

¹⁴ Larthon is compounded of *Lear*, sea, and *thon*, wave. This name was given to the chief of the first colony of the Firbolg, who settled in Ireland, on account of his knowledge in navigation. A part of an old poem is still extant concerning this hero. It abounds with those romantic fables of giants and magicians, which distinguished the compositions of the less ancient bards. The descriptions contained in it are ingenious, and pro-

Beneath the spear of Cathmor, rose that voice which awakes the bards. They came, dark-winding, from every side ; each with the sound of his harp. Before them rejoiced the king, as

portionable to the magnitude of the persons introduced ; but, being unnatural, they are insipid and tedious. Had the bard kept within the bounds of probability, his genius was far from being contemptible. The exordium of his poem is not destitute of merit ; but it is the only part of it that I think worthy of being presented to the reader.

“ Who first sent the black ship, through ocean, like a whale through the bursting of foam ? Look, from thy darkness, on Cronath, Ossian of the harps of old ! Send thy light on the blue-rolling waters, that I may behold the king. I see him dark in his own shell of oak ! sea-tossed Larthon, thy soul is strong. It is careless as the wind of thy sails ; as the wave that rolls by thy side. But the silent green isle is before thee, with its sons, who are tall as woody Lumon ; Lumon, which sends, from its top, a thousand streams, white-wandering down its sides.”

It may, perhaps, be for the credit of this bard, to translate no more of this poem ; for the continuation of his description of the Irish giants betrays his want of judgment. MACPHERSON.

The name, and the etymology, of Lear-thon (*sea-wave*, on account of his *knowledge of navigation*), are both taken from Toland's Druids. “ Man-annon, the great hero and legislator of the island (of Man) reported to have been the son of *Lear*, or the *God of the sea*, from his extraordinary *skill in navigation and commerce* ; from his instructions by the Druids, was reputed a consummate *magician*, and was indeed most happy in

the traveller, in the day of the sun; when he hears, far-rolling around, the murmur of mossy streams; streams that burst, in the desert, from the rock of roes.

“Why,” said Fonar, “hear we the voice of the king, in the season of his rest? Were the dim forms of thy fathers bending in thy dreams? Perhaps they stand on that cloud, and wait for Fonar’s song; often they come to the fields where their sons are to lift the spear. Or shall our voice arise for him who lifts the spear no more; he that consumed the field, from Moma of the groves?”

“Not forgot is that cloud in war, bard of other times. High shall his tomb rise, on Moilena, the dwelling of renown. But now, roll back my soul to the times of my fathers; to the years when first they rose, on Inis-huna’s waves. Nor alone pleasant to Cathmor is the remembrance of wood-covered Lumon. Lumon of the streams, the dwelling of white-bosomed maids.

stratagems of war both by sea and land.” P. 66. Inishuna, or the *green island* (*supra*, iv. 7.), from which Larthon sailed, must have been meant, therefore, for the Isle of Man, of which his reputed son, Man-annon, was the great hero and legislator.

“Lumon¹⁵ of the streams, thou risest on Fonnar’s soul ! Thy sun is on thy side, on the rocks of thy bending trees. The dun roe is seen from thy furze ; the deer lifts his branchy head ; for he sees, at times, the hound on the half-covered heath. Slow, on the vale, are the steps of maids ; the white-armed daughters of the bow : they lift their blue eyes to the hill, from amidst their wandering locks. Not there is the stride of Larthon, chief of Inis-huna. He mounts the wave on his own dark oak, in Cluba’s ridgy bay. That oak which he cut from Lumon, to bound along the sea¹⁶. The maids turn their eyes away, lest

¹⁵ Lumon was a hill in Inis-huna, near the residence of Sulmalla. This episode has an immediate connection with what is said of Larthon, in the description of Cathmor’s shield. We have there hinted to us only Larthon’s first voyage to Ireland ; here his story is related at large, and a curious description of his invention of ship-building. MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

¹⁶ *That oak which he cut from Lumon, to bound along the sea.*] The invention of ship-building, and the first voyage of Larthon to Ireland, are introduced in imitation of the Argonautic expedition. “Who *first* sent the *black ship* through ocean, like a whale through the bursting of foam ?” (*Supra*, ¹⁴.) From POPE’s *St Cecilia*.

So when the *first bold vessel* dared the seas.

“Now he *dares* to call the winds, and to mix with the mist of ocean.” But the maids turning their eyes away when they beheld the ship, is a modern improvement upon an image much

the king should be lowly-laid; for never had they seen a ship, dark rider of the wave!

“Now he dares to call the winds, and to mix with the mist of ocean. Blue Inis-fail rose, in smoke; but dark-skirted night came down. The sons of Bolga feared. The fiery-haired Ton-thé-na rose. Culbin’s bay received the ship, in the bosom of its echoing woods. There, issued a stream, from Duthuma’s horrid cave; where spirits gleamed, at times, with their half-finished forms.

“Dreams descended on Larthon: he saw se-

admired in Apollonius Rhodius, of the Pelian Nymphs gazing with wonder on the parting Argo; of which our translator caught a glimpse in GLOVER’s *Leonidas*. *Argonaut*. i. 549.

Ἐπ’ ἀκροτάτῃσι δὲ ΝΥΜΦΑΙ

Πηλιαδὲς ΚΟΡΥΦΗΣΙΝ ἘΘΑΜΒΕΟΝ ἘΙΣΟΡΟΩΣΑΙ

Ἔργον Ἀθηναίης Ἰωνίδος.

So parted Argo from th’ Iolchian strand,
And ploughed the *foaming* surge; Thessalia’s *nymphs*,
Their *hills* forsaking, and their hallowed groves,
Ranged on the cliffs which overshadow the deep,
Still on the distant *vessel* fixed their *sight*.

GLOVER.

“Slow in the vale are the steps of *maids*.—They lift their blue eyes to the *hill*. Not there is the stride of Larthon.—He mounts the waves on his own dark oak—The *maids* turn their eyes away, lest the king should be lowly laid; for never had they seen a ship, dark rider of the wave!”

ven spirits of his fathers. He heard their half-formed words, and dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the kings of Atha, the sons of future days¹⁷. They led their hosts, along the field, like ridges of mist, which winds pour, in autumn, over Atha of the groves.

“Larthon raised the hall of Samla¹⁸, to the music of the harp¹⁹. He went forth to the roes of Erin, to their wonted streams. Nor did he forget green-headed Lumon; he often bounded over his seas, to where white-handed Flathal looked from the hill of roes. Lumon of the foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar’s soul!”

Morning pours from the east. The misty heads of the mountains rise. Vallies shew, on

¹⁷ *Dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the kings of Atha, the sons of future days.*] *Par. Lost*, xi. 356.

Know I am sent,

To shew thee *what shall come in future days*,

To thee and to thy offspring.

¹⁸ Samla, *apparitions*, so called from the vision of Larthon concerning his posterity. MACPHERSON.

¹⁹ *Larthon raised the hall of Samla, to the music of the harp.*] *Par. Lost*, i. 710.

Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, *with the sound*
Of *dulcet symphonies* and voices sweet,

every side, the grey-winding of their streams. His host heard the shield of Cathmor: at once they rose around; like a crowded sea, when first it feels the wings of the wind. The waves know not whither to roll; they lift their troubled heads ²⁰.

Sad and slow retired Sul-malla to Lona of the streams. She went, and often turned; her blue eyes rolled in tears. But when she came to the rock, that darkly-covered Lona's vale, she looked, from her bursting soul, on the king; and sunk, at once, behind.

Son ²¹ of Alpin, strike the string. Is there

²⁰ *Like a crowded sea, when first it feels the wings of the wind. The waves know not whither to roll. They lift their troubled heads.] Supra, iv. ²⁴. Iliad, xiv. 16.*

Ὦς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ ΠΕΛΑΓΟΣ μέγα κύματι κωφῶ,

ὍΣΣΟΜΕΝΟΝ λιγέων ΑΝΕΜΩΝ λαίψηρὰ ΚΕΛΕΥΘΑ

Αὐτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε ΠΡΟΚΥΤΑΙΝΔΕΤΑΙ ὈΥΔΕΤΕΡΩΣΕ.

“As when the vast ocean grows black, o'er the face of its silent waters; prescient of the coming storms, the rapid course of the whistling winds. Dark it heaves along its bounds, but knows not whither to roll its waves.” MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, ii. 47.

²¹ The original of this lyric ode is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. The harmony and variety of its versification prove, that the knowledge of music was considerably advanced in the days of Ossian.

Puail teud, mhic Alpain nam fón

Ambail solas an clarsach na ncöol?

aught of joy in the harp? Pour it then on the soul of Ossian: it is folded in mist. I hear thee, O bard, in my night. But cease the lightly-trembling sound ²². The joy of grief belongs to Ossian, amidst his dark-brown years.

Taom air Ossian, agus ossun gu tróm ;

"Ta anam a snamh an cèo.

Chualas ú, bhaird, a m'oicha.

Ach siumhla' fón edrom uaim sein, &c.

A dhrèun uaina thulloch nan tais

A thaomas do chean air gaoith oicha, &c.

MACPHERSON.

²² *Is there aught of joy in the harp---But cease the lightly-trembling string.*] The joy of the harp ceaseth. Isaiah, xxiv. 8. But "the lightly-trembling sound;" "Son of Alpin strike the string;" and in a former passage, "Light-trembling from the harp, strike, virgins, strike the sound," are among the most common expressions in our Lyric poetry. In DRYDEN'S *St Cecilia*; *supra*, iv. ¹³.

The trembling notes ascend the sky——

Now strike the golden lyre again,

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

In POPE'S *St Cecilia* ;

Wake into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre——

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats.

And in GRAY'S *Progress of Poesy*,

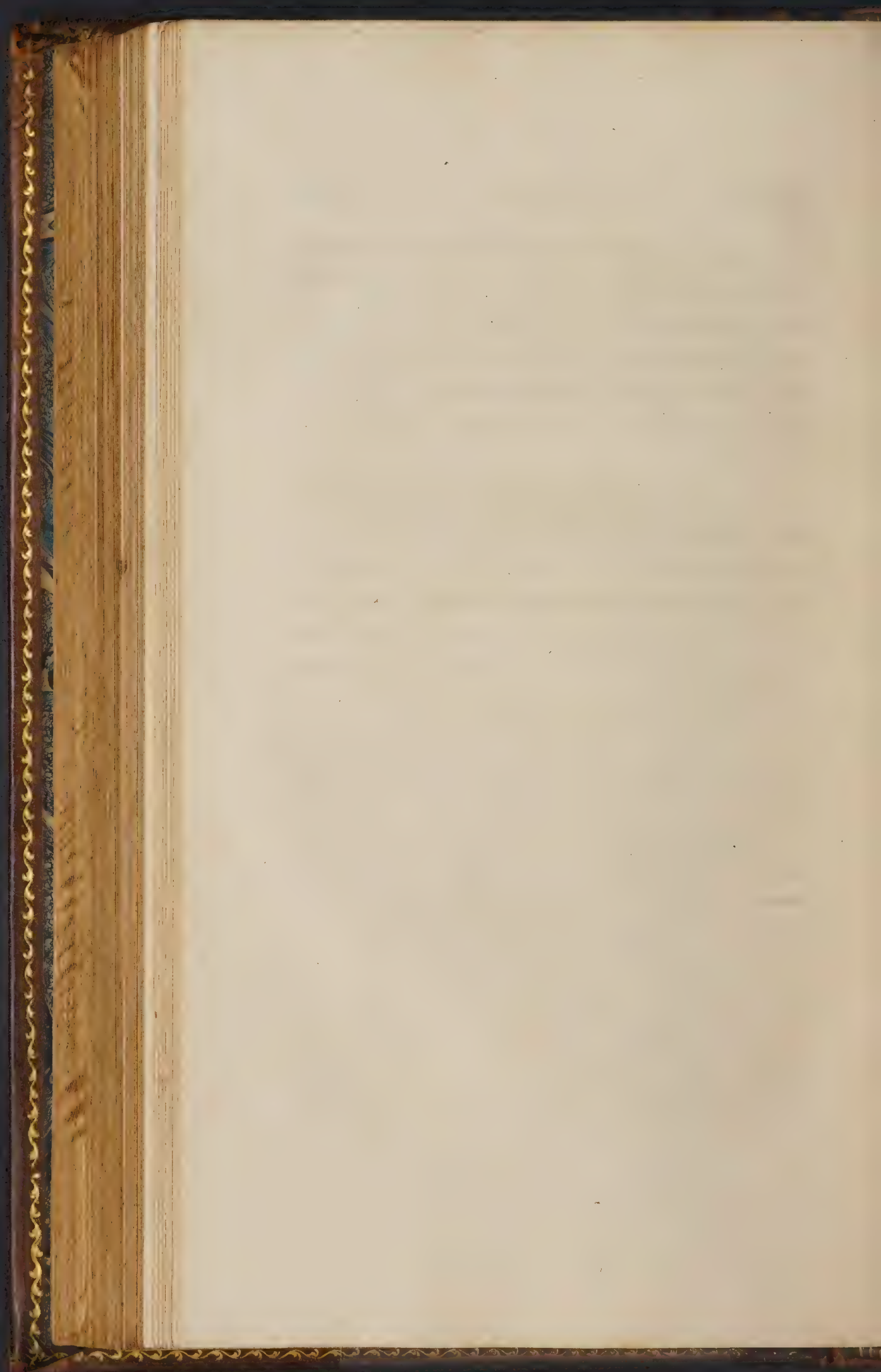
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

But the efforts to translate these expressions into Earse of the third century, are alone sufficient to discredit the pretended originals. "*Pual teud, mhic Alpain nam fon*;" Strike the string,

Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head to nightly winds ! I hear no sound in thee ; is there no spirit's windy skirt now rustling in thy leaves ? Often are the steps of the dead, in the dark-eddying blasts ; when the moon, a dun shield, from the east, is rolled along the sky.

Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days of old ! Let me hear you, while yet it is dark, to please and awake my soul. I hear you not, ye sons of song ; in what hall of the clouds is your rest ? Do you touch the shadowy harp, robed with morning mist, where the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves ?

son of Alpin of song. “ Ambail *solas* an clarsach na ncëol ? ” Dwells there *solace* in the harp of music ? “ *Taom* air Ossian, *Tume* (pour) it upon Ossian. “ “ *Ta anam* a snamh an cëo ; ” His *soul* (*anima*) is swimming in mist. “ Chualas ú, bhaire, a m' oicha ; ” I hear thee, bard, in my night. “ Ach siubhla' fón edrom uaim fein ; ” But depart the *light sound* from me, &c.



TEMORA:
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VIII.



ARGUMENT.

THE fourth morning, from the opening of the poem, comes on.

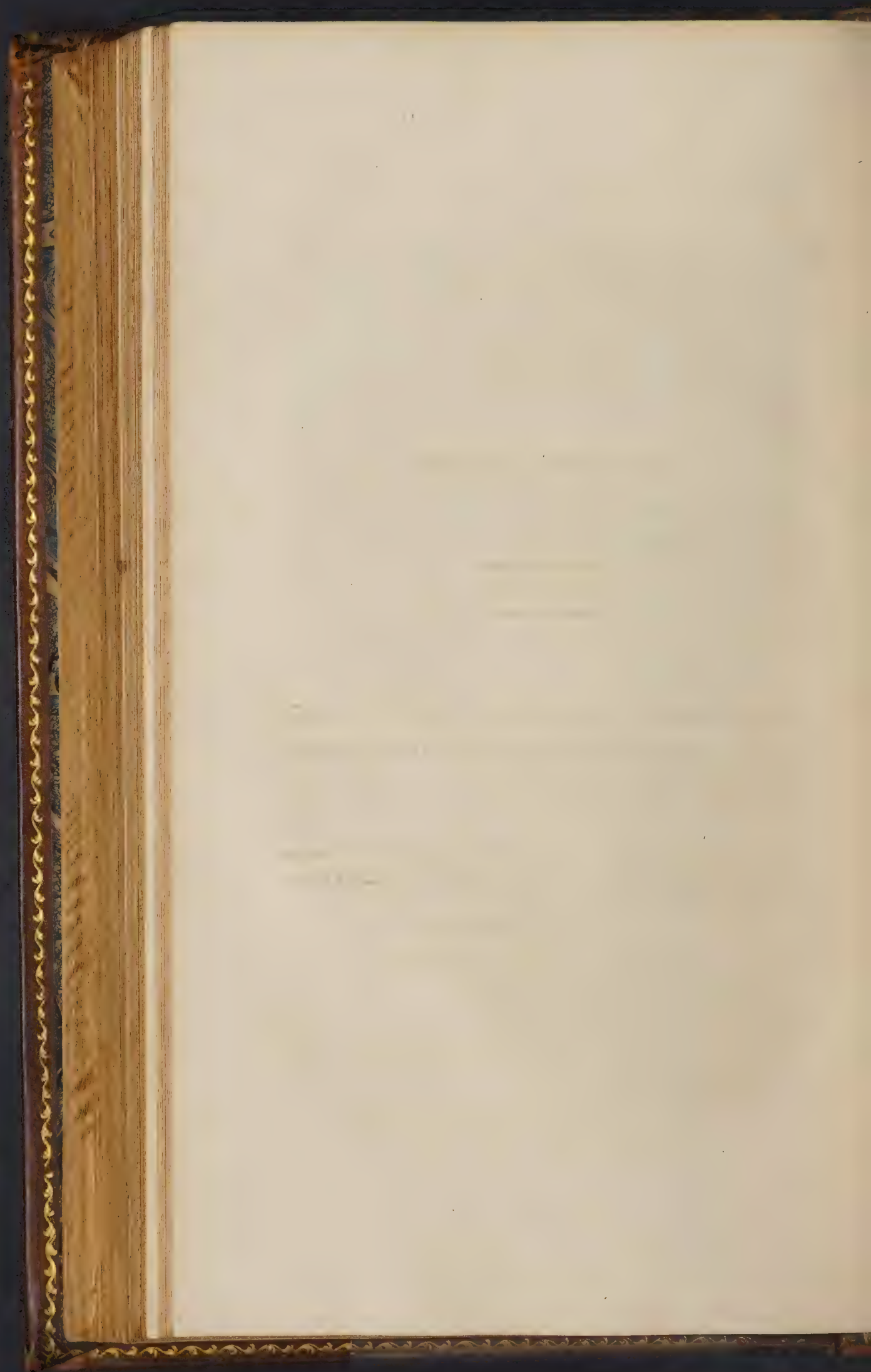
Fingal, still continuing in the place to which he had retired on the preceding night, is seen, at intervals, through the mist which covered the rock of Cormul. The descent of the king is described. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard, to go to the valley of Cluna, and conduct from thence, to the Caledonian army, Ferad-artho, the son of Cairbre, the only person remaining of the family of Conor, the first king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army, and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fillan lay. Upon seeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmor arranges the Irish army in order of battle. The appearance of that hero. The general conflict is described. The actions of Fingal and Cathmor. A storm. The total rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage, in a column of mist, on the banks of Lubar. Their attitude and conference after the combat. The death of Cathmor. Fingal resigns *the spear of Trenmor* to Ossian. The ceremonies observed on that occasion. The spirit of Cathmor, in the mean time, appears to Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. Her sorrow. Evening comes on. A feast is prepared. The coming of Ferad artho is announced by the songs of a hundred bards. The poem closes with a speech of Fingal. MAC-PHERSON.

In the course of my notes, I have made it more my business to explain, than to examine critically the works of Ossian. The first is my province, as the person best acquainted with them; the second falls to the share of others. I shall, however, observe, that all the precepts, which Aristotle drew from Homer, ought not to be applied to the compositions of a Celtic bard; nor ought the title of the latter to the *epopæa* to be disputed, even if he should differ, in some circumstances, from a Greek poet. Some allowance should be made for the different manners of nations. The genius of the Greeks and Celtæ was extremely dissimilar. The first were lively and loquacious; a manly conciseness of expression distinguished the latter. We find, accordingly, that the compositions of Homer and Ossian are marked with the general and opposite characters of their respective nations, and, consequently, it is improper to compare the *minutiæ* of their poems together. There are, however, general rules in the conduct of an epic poem, which, as they are natural, are likewise universal. In these the two poets exactly correspond. This similarity, which could not possibly proceed from imitation, is more decisive with respect to the grand essentials of the *epopæa*, than all the precepts of Aristotle.

Ossian is now approaching to the grand catastrophe. The preparations he has made, in the preceding book, properly introduce the magnificence of description with which the present book opens, and tend to shew, that the Celtic bard had more art, in working up his fable, than some of those who closely imitated the perfect model of Homer. The transition from the pathetic to the sublime is easy and natural. Till the mind is opened, by the first, it scarcely can have an adequate comprehension of the second. The soft and affecting scenes of the seventh book, form a sort of contrast to, and consequently heighten, the features of the more grand and terrible images of the eighth.

The simile with which this book opens, is perhaps the longest, and the most minutely descriptive, of any in the works of Ossian. The images of it are only familiar to those who live in a cold and mountainous country. They have often seen a lake suddenly frozen over, and strewed with withered grass, and boughs torn by winds from the mountains, which form its banks; but, I believe, few of them would be of the mind of the ancient bard, who preferred these winter-scenes to the irriguous vales of May. *To me, says he, bring back my woods, which strew their leaves on blasts: spread the lake below, with all its frozen waves. Pleasant is the breeze on the bearded ice; when the moon is broad in heaven, and the spirit of the mountain roars. Roll away the green vales of May; they are thoughts of maids, &c.* Such are the words of this winter poet; but what he afterwards adds, gives us to understand, that these frigid scenes were not his sole delight; for he speaks, with great tenderness, of the *oak-lighted hall of the chief*; and the *strength of the shells, at night, when the course of winds is abroad.*

If the simile of a frozen lake aptly illustrates the stillness and silent expectation of an army, lying under arms, waiting for the coming of their king; so the comparison of the sudden rising of waves, around a spirit, is also very expressive of the tumultuous joy of Fingal's army upon the appearance of that hero — An ancient bard, sensible of the beauty of this passage, has happily imitated it, in a poem concerning Kenneth Mac-Alpin, king of Scotland. I had occasion to quote this piece in a note in the preceding book. Kenneth had retired privately, by night, to a hill in the neighbourhood of his army, and, upon his return next morning, the bard says, *that he was like the form of a spirit, returning to his secret bay. In the skirt of a blast he stands. The waves lift their roaring heads. Their green backs are quivering round. Rocks echo back their joy.* MACPHERSON, 1st edit.



TEMORA :
AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VIII.

As when the wintry winds have seized the waves
of the mountain-lake, have seized them, in stormy
night, and clothed them over with ice¹;

¹ *As when the wintry winds have seized the waves of the mountain lake, have seized them in stormy night, and clothed them over with ice.] THOMSON'S Winter.*

Hence at eve——

With the fierce *rage* of *winter* deep suffused,
An *icy gale*, oft shifting o'er the *pool*,
Breathes a *blue film*, and in its mist career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened *ice*,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more.

Till *seized* from shore to shore
The whole imprisoned river growls below.——

white, to the hunter's early eye, the billows still seem to roll ². He turns his ear to the sound of

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Through the still *night*, incessant, heavy, strong,
And *seizes* nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale *eye* unjoyous.

"The hunter's early *eye*;" and the waves of a mountain lake suddenly frozen, or "seized by wintry winds, in stormy night, and clothed over with ice," (o'er the pool breathes a blue film) is a variation merely, of "The falling stream of Tromo, which nightly winds bind over with ice." *Supra*, iii. ¹¹. The passages omitted there, and introduced here, render the imitation of Thomson indisputable.

² White to the hunter's early eye, the billows still seem to roll.] *Ibid.*

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze——
The whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd.

But, "The billows still seem to roll."

Then appears
The various labours of the *silent* night,
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle *torrents* only seem to roar.

"Towards it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so *silent*." *Supra*, iii. ¹¹. "He turns his ear to the sound of each unequal ridge. But each is *silent*, *gleaming*—so *silent* shone to the morning, the ridges of Morven's host."

The various labour of the *silent* night——
Wide spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A *livid* tract, cold *gleaming* on the morn.

each unequal ridge. But each is silent, gleaming, strewn with boughs and tufts of grass, which shake and whistle to the wind, over their grey seats of frost. So silent shone to the morning the ridges of Morven's host, as each warrior looked up from his helmet towards the hill of the king; the cloud-covered hill of Fingal, where he strode, in the folds of mist. At times is the hero seen, greatly dim in all his arms. From thought to thought rolled the war, along his mighty soul.

Now is the coming forth of the king. First appeared the sword of Luno; the spear half is-

"The boy sees it on high, *gleaming* to the *early beam*." Supra, iii. 11.

The waves of a mountain lake suddenly frozen into the form of ridges, are undoubtedly picturesque; and the only objection to an image, "familiar," as it seems, "to those only who reside in a cold and mountainous country," is, that it never yet was realized, as every lake must acquire a plain superficies when frozen. The falling stream of Tromlo, to which the boy turns his ear, might be silent, like Thomson's frozen brook, or dumb cascade, "whose idle torrents only *seem* to *roar*;" but the mountain lake, whose billows, to the hunter's early eye, *still seem to roll*, implies a physical impossibility; that the waves were *seized* and *arrested* as they rose, by a sudden frost, and each billow clothed with ice before it could subside. Such is the result of imitation, when Thomson's descriptions are turned into similies.

suings from a cloud, the shield still dim in mist. But when the stride of the king came abroad, with all his grey, dewy locks in the wind; then rose the shouts of his host over every moving tribe. They gathered, gleaming, round, with all their echoing shields. So rise the green seas round a spirit, that comes down from the squally wind. The traveller hears the sound afar, and lifts his head over the rock³. He looks on the troubled bay, and thinks he dimly sees the form. The waves sport, unwieldy, round, with all their backs of foam.

³ *So rise the green seas round a spirit that comes down from the squally wind. The traveller hears the sound afar, and lifts his head over the rock.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, iv. 522.

The distant shepherd, trembling, hears the sound.

"As when from a rock's lofty brow, a shepherd beholds a cloud coming forward along the main, beneath the blast of the western wind. Dark as night it seems afar to his eyes; and rushing over the whitening waves, brings a whirlwind inclosed in its womb." MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, i. 108.

As the shepherd from the rock's lofty brow, is the traveller lifting his head from the rock; so the cloud, coming forward along the main, beneath the blast of the western wind, over the whitening waves, with a whirlwind inclosed in its womb, is the spirit coming down from the squally wind, while "the green seas rise around him, and the waves sport unwieldy, round, with all their backs of foam. ΕΥΡΕΑ ΝΩΤΑ θαλασσης. HOMER. *Wallowing unwieldy, enormous* in their gait. MILTON.

Far-distant stood the son of Morni, Duthno's race, and Cona's bard. We stood far-distant; each beneath his tree. We shunned the eyes of the king; we had not conquered in the field. A little stream rolled at my feet: I touched its light wave, with my spear. I touched it with my spear; nor there was the soul of Ossian. It darkly rose, from thought to thought⁴, and sent abroad the sigh.

"Son of Morni," said the king, "Dermid, hunter of roes! why are ye dark, like two rocks, each with its trickling waters⁵? No wrath gathers on Fingal's soul, against the chiefs of men. Ye are my strength in battle; the kindling of my joy in peace. My early voice has been a plea-

⁴ *I touched its light wave with my spear---nor there was the soul of Ossian. It darkly rose from thought to thought.] "With that inverted spear---which pierced his side." Night Thoughts. Supra, iii. 4. and vi. 11.*

Tumultuous, where my wrecked desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove.

See *Cathlin of Clutha*, 7.

⁵ *Why are ye dark like two rocks, each with its trickling waters.] POPE's Iliad, xvi. 5.*

Not faster *trickling* to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.

sant gale to your ears, when Fillan prepared the bow. The son of Fingal is not here, nor yet the chace of the bounding roes. But why should the breakers of shields stand, darkened, far away ?”

Tall they strode towards the king : they saw him turned to Mora’s wind. His tears came down, for his blue-eyed son, who slept in the cave of streams. But he brightened before them, and spoke to the broad-shielded kings.

“ Crommal, with woody rocks, and misty top, the field of winds, pours forth, to the sight, blue Lubar’s streamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-winding Lavath, in the still vale of deer. A cave is dark in a rock ; above it strong-winged eagles dwell ; broad-headed oaks, before it, sound in Cluna’s wind ⁶. Within, in his locks of youth,

⁶ *A cave is dark in a rock ; above it strong-winged eagles dwell ; broad-headed oaks before it sound in Cluna’s wind.]*

From MACPHERSON’S *Cave*.

Behold it opens to my sight,

Dark in the rock, beside the flood ;

Dry fern around obstructs the sight ;

The winds above it move the wood.————

One tree bends o’er the naked walls,

Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh.

is Ferad-artho ⁷, blue-eyed king, the son of broad-shielded Cairbar, from Ullin of the roes. He listens to the voice of Condan, as, grey, he bends in feeble light. He listens; for his foes

⁷ Ferad-artho was the son of Cairbar Mac-Cormac king of Ireland. He was the only one remaining of the race of Conar, the son of Trenmor, the first Irish monarch according to Ossian. In order to make this passage thoroughly understood, it may not be improper to recapitulate some part of what has been said in preceding notes. Upon the death of Conar, the son of Trenmor, his son Cormac succeeded on the Irish throne. Cormac reigned long. His children were, Cairbar, who succeeded him, and Ros-crána, the first wife of Fingal. Cairbar, long before the death of his father Cormac, had taken to wife Bos-gala, the daughter of Colgar, one of the most powerful chiefs in Connaught, and had by her Artho, afterwards king of Ireland. Soon after Artho arrived at man's estate, his mother Bos-gala died, and Cairbar married Beltanno, the daughter of Conachar of Ullin, who brought him a son, whom he called Ferad-artho, i. e. *a man in the place of Artho*. The occasion of the name was this. Artho, when his brother was born, was absent, on an expedition, in the south of Ireland. A false report was brought to his father, that he was killed. Cairbar, to use the words of a poem on the subject, *darkened for his fair-haired son. He turned to the young beam of light, the son of Beltanno of Conachar. Thou shalt be Ferad-artho, he said, a fire before thy race*. Cairbar soon after died, nor did Artho long survive him. Artho was succeeded, in the Irish throne, by his son Cormac, who, in his minority, was murdered by Cairbar, the son of Borbarduthul. Ferad-artho, says tradition, was very young when the expedition of Fingal, to settle him on the throne of Ireland, happened. During the short reign of young Cormac, Ferad-

dwell in the echoing halls of Temora. He comes, at times, abroad, in the skirts of mist, to pierce the bounding roes. When the sun looks on the field, nor by the rock, nor stream, is he ⁸ ! He

artho lived at the royal residence of Temora. Upon the murder of the king, Condan, the bard, conveyed Ferad-artho privately to the cave of Cluna, behind the mountain Crommal, in Ulster, where they both lived concealed during the usurpation of the family of Atha. A late bard has delivered the whole history, in a poem just now in my possession. It has little merit, if we except the scene between Ferad-artho and the messengers of Fingal, upon their arrival in the valley of Cluna. After hearing of the great actions of Fingal, the young prince proposes the following questions concerning him, to Gaul and Dermid "Is the king tall as the rock of my cave ? Is his spear a fir of Cluna ? Is he a rough-winged blast, on the mountain, which takes the green oak by the head, and tears it from its hill ? Glitters Lubar within his stride, when he sends his stately steps along ? Nor is he tall, said Gaul, as that rock : nor glitter streams within his strides ; but his soul is a mighty flood, like the strength of Ullin's seas." MACPHERSON.

The real succession of these Irish kings, is Conn of a hundred battles (Macpherson's Conar), the son of Tuathal Teachtmair ; Conair, of a different family ; Art, the son of Conn ; Cormac Ulfadha, the son of Art, and the father-in-law of Fingal ; Cairbre Liffecair, the son and successor, not the murderer, of Cormac ; and the rest are all the translator's invention. See *Keating, O'Flaharty, MacCurtin, &c.*

⁸ *When the sun looks on the field, nor by the rock, nor stream, is he.] GRAY'S Elegy.*

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;

shuns the race of Bolga, who dwell in his father's hall. Tell him, that Fingal lifts the spear, and that his foes, perhaps, may fail.

“Lift up, O Gaul, the shield before him. Stretch, Dermid, Temora's spear. Be thy voice in his ear, O Carril, with the deeds of his fathers. Lead him to green Moi-lena, to the dusky field of ghosts; for there, I fall forward, in battle, in the folds of war. Before dun night descends, come to high Dunmora's top. Look, from the grey skirts of mist, on Lena of the streams. If there my standard shall float on wind, over Lubar's gleaming stream, then has not Fingal failed in the last of his fields.”

Such were his words; nor aught replied the silent striding kings. They looked, side-long, on Erin's host, and darkened, as they went. Never before had they left the king, in the midst of the stormy field. Behind them, touching at times his harp, the grey-haired Carril moved. He foresaw the fall of the people, and mournful was the sound! It was like a breeze that comes,

*Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.*

by fits, over Lego's reedy lake; when sleep half-descends on the hunter, within his mossy cave.

"Why bends the bard of Cona," said Fingal, "over his secret stream? Is this a time for sorrow, father of low-laid Oscar? Be the warriors⁹

⁹ Oscar and Fillan are here emphatically called *the warriors*. Ossian was not forgetful of them, *when*, to use his own expression, *peace returned to the land*. His plaintive poems, concerning the death of these young heroes, were very numerous. I had occasion, in a preceding note, to give a translation of one of them, (a dialogue between Clatho and Bos-mina) in this I shall lay before the reader a fragment of another. The greatest, and perhaps the most interesting part of the poem, is lost. What remains, is a soliloquy of Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, so often mentioned in Ossian's compositions. She, sitting alone in the vale of Moi-lutha, is represented as descreying, at a distance, the ship which carried the body of Oscar to Morven.

(Malvina is supposed to speak the following soliloquy. *Edit.* 1773.)

"Malvina is like the bow of the shower, in the secret valley of streams; it is bright, but the drops of heaven are rolling on its blended light. They say that I am fair within my locks, but, on my brightness, is the wandering of tears. Darkness flies over my soul, as the dusky wave of the breeze along the grass of Lutha. Yet have not the roes failed me, when I moved between the hills. Pleasant, beneath my white hand, arose the sound of harps. What then, daughter of Lutha, travels over thy soul, like the dreary path of a ghost along the nightly beam? Should the young warrior fall, in the roar of his troubled fields! Young virgins of Lutha, arise, call back the wandering thoughts of Malvina. Awake the voice of the harp, along my

remembered in peace; when echoing shields are heard no more. Bend, then, in grief, over the flood, where blows the mountain breeze. Let them pass on thy soul, the blue-eyed dwellers of the tomb. But Erin rolls to war; wide-tumbling, rough, and dark. Lift, Ossian, lift the shield. I am alone, my son!"

As comes the sudden voice of winds to the becalmed ship of Inis-huna, and drives it large, along the deep¹⁰, dark rider of the wave; so

echoing vale. Then shall my soul come forth, like a light from the gates of the morn, when clouds are rolled around them, with their broken sides.

"Dweller of my thoughts, by night, whose form ascends in troubled fields, why dost thou stir up my soul, thou far-distant son of the king? Is that the ship of my love, its dark course through the ridges of ocean? How art thou so sudden, Oscar, from the heath of shields?"

The rest of this poem, it is said, consisted of a dialogue between Ullin and Malvina, wherein the distress of the latter is carried to the highest pitch. MACPHERSON.

¹⁰ *As comes the sudden voice of winds to the becalmed ship of Inis-huna, and drives it large along the deep.*] Ὡς δὲ ΘΕΟΣ αὐτήσιν ἐελδομένοισιν ἔδωκεν ΟΥΡΟΝ. *Iliad*, vii. 4.

As when to sailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies;
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again,

the voice of Fingal sent Ossian, tall, along the heath. He lifted high his shining shield, in the dusky wing of war: like the broad, blank moon, in the skirt of a cloud, before the storms arise.

Loud, from moss-covered Mora, poured down at once the broad-winged war. Fingal led his people forth, king of Morven of streams. On high spreads the eagle's wing. His grey hair is poured on his shoulders broad. In thunder are his mighty strides". He often stood, and saw

"So the voice of Fingal sent Ossian, tall, along the heath." Or, "As when some god awakes the gales, to longing sailors becalmed on the main: When fatigued with the polished oar, they rouse the deep." MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, i. 194.

"On high spreads the eagle's wing.—In thunder are his mighty strides.] From MASON'S *Caractacus*.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread!
That shook the earth with *thundering tread*?
'Twas Death. In haste the warrior past,
High tower'd his helmed head

Such verses may pass uncensured, though scarcely entitled to the commendation bestowed upon them by Gray; but had he proceeded to quote.

I spied the sparkling of his spear.—

Wide waved the bickering blade, and fired the angry air.
even friendship itself must have hesitated to pronounce these puerile alliterations the *true chords* of the English ode. See GRAY'S *Progress of Poesy*, note.

behind, the wide-gleaming rolling of armour.
A rock he seemed, grey over with ice, whose
woods are high in wind. Bright streams leap
from its head, and spread their foam on blasts.

Now he came to Lubar's cave, where Fillan
darkly slept. Bran still lay on the broken
shield: the eagle-wing is strewed by the winds.
Bright, from withered furze, looked forth the
hero's spear. Then grief stirred the soul of the
king, like whirlwinds blackening on a lake¹².
He turned his sudden step, and leaned on his
bending spear.

White-breasted Bran came bounding with joy
to the known path of Fingal. He came, and
looked towards the cave, where the blue-eyed
hunter lay, for he was wont to stride, with
morning, to the dewy bed of the roe. It was
then the tears of the king came down, and all
his soul was dark. But as the rising wind rolls
away the storm of rain, and leaves the white
streams to the sun, and high hills¹³ with their

¹² *Like whirlwinds blackening on a lake.*] MACPHERSON'S
Night-piece.

*Dark roll the billows on the lake,
The whirlwind sweeps, descends the rain, &c.*

¹³ *As the rising wind rolls away the storm of rain, and leaves*

heads of grass : so the returning war brightened the mind of Fingal. He bounded¹⁴, on his

the white streams to the sun, and high hills.] Iliad, xvi. 297. See Battle of Lora.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀφ' ὑψηλῆς κορυφῆς ὄρεος μεγάλῳ
ΚΙΝΗΣΕΙ ΠΥΚΙΝΗΝ ΝΕΦΕΛΗΝ στεροπηνερέτα ΖΕΥΣ,
Ἐν τ' ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί καὶ ΠΙΡΩΝΕΣ ΑΚΡΟΙ,
Καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγῃ ἄσπετος αἰθήρ.

Sudden the thunderer with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:
The *hills shine out*, the rocks in prospect rise,
And *streams* and vales, and forests strike the eyes.

POPE.

¹⁴ The poetical hyperboles of Ossian were afterwards taken in the literal sense by the ignorant vulgar ; and they firmly believed, that Fingal and his heroes were of a gigantic stature. There are many extravagant fictions, founded upon the circumstance of Fingal leaping at once over the river Lubar. Many of them are handed down in tradition. The Irish compositions concerning Fingal, invariably speak of him as a giant. Of these Hibernian poems there are now many in my hands. From the language, and allusions to the times in which they were writ, I should fix the date of their composition in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In some passages, the poetry is far from wanting merit, but the fable is unnatural, and the whole conduct of the pieces injudicious. I shall give one instance of the extravagant fictions of the Irish bards, in a poem which they, most unjustly, ascribe to Ossian. The story of it is this: Ireland being threatened with an invasion from some part of Scandinavia, Fingal sent Ossian, Oscar, and Ca-olt, to watch the bay, in which, it was expected, the enemy was to land. Oscar, unluckily, fell asleep before the Scandinavians appeared ; and,

spear, over Lubar, and struck his echoing shield. His ridgy host bend forward, at once, with all their pointed steel.

Nor Erin heard, with fear, the sound : wide they came rolling along. Dark Malthos, in the wing of war, looks forward from shaggy brows. Next rose that beam of light Hidalla ; then the side-long-looking gloom of Maronnan. Blue-shielded Clonar lifts the spear ; Cormar shakes his bushy locks on the wind. Slowly, from be-

great as he was, says the Irish bard, he had one bad property, that no less would waken him, before his time, than cutting off one of his fingers, or throwing a great stone against his head ; and it was dangerous to come near him on those occasions, till he had recovered himself, and was fully awake. Ca-olt, who was employed by Ossian to waken his son, made choice of throwing the stone against his head, as the least dangerous expedient. The stone, rebounding from the hero's head, shook, as it rolled along, the hill for three miles round. Oscar rose in rage, fought bravely, and, singly, vanquished a wing of the enemy's army. Thus the bard goes on, till Fingal put an end to the war, by the total rout of the Scandinavians. Puerile, and even despicable, as these fictions are, yet Keating and O'Flaherty have no better authority than the poems which contain them, for all that they write concerning Fion Mac-comhal, and the pretended militia of Ireland. MACPHERSON.

The Irish poems, the only memorials of Ossian preserved, or at least hitherto discovered in the Highlands, were almost all, it seems, in Macpherson's hands ; but these extravagancies are exaggerations of his own.

hind a rock, rose the bright form of Atha. First appeared his two pointed spears, then the half of his burnished shield : like the rising of a nightly meteor, over the vale of ghosts ¹⁵. But when he shone all abroad : the hosts plunged, at once, into strife. The gleaming waves of steel are poured on either side.

As meet two troubled seas, with the rolling of all their waves, when they feel the wings of contending winds ¹⁶, in the rock-sided firth of Lu-

¹⁵ First appeared *his two pointed spears*, then *the half of his burnished shield : like the rising of a nightly meteor, over the vale of ghosts.*] From the appearance of Achilles's breastplate to Priam, compared by Homer to the noxious dog-star. POPE's *Iliad*, xxii. 35.

Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam *first beheld*.
Not *half* so dreadful *rises* to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous *night*,
Orion's dog, (the year when autumn weighs,)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory ! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his *fiery mail*. Then wept the sage.

"Then the *half* of his burnished shield :"
"Not *half* so dreadful *rises* to the sight."
"Like the *rising* of a *nightly meteor*."
"*Orion's dog* in some tempestuous *night* ; and o'er the feebler stars,"
"over the vale of ghosts," "exerts his rays," &c. Disjecti membra poetæ.

¹⁶ *As meet two troubled seas, with the rolling of all their*

mon; along the echoing hills is the dim course of ghosts: from the blast fall the torn groves on the deep, amidst the foamy path of whales. So mixed the hosts! Now Fingal; now Cathmor came abroad. The dark tumbling of death is before them: the gleam of broken steel is rolled on their steps, as, loud, the high-bounding kings hewed down the ridge of shields.

Maronnan fell, by Fingal, laid large across a stream. The waters gathered by his side, and leapt grey over his bossy shield. Clonar is pierced by Cathmor: nor yet lay the chief on earth. An oak seized his hair in his fall¹⁷. His helmet rolled on the ground. By its thong, hung his broad shield; over it wandered his streaming

waves, when they feel the wings of contending winds.] See *Fingal*, v. 3. *Par. Lost*, x. 289.

As when *two polar winds*, blowing *adverse*
Upon the *Chronian sea*, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Pelsora* eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast.

¹⁷ *Nor yet lay the chief on earth.* An oak seized his hair in his fall.] And the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak. And his head caught hold of the oak; and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth. 2 *Sam.* xviii. 9.

blood. Tla-min¹⁸ shall weep, in the hall, and strike her heaving breast.

¹⁸ Tla-min, *mildly soft*. The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north, by a fragment of a lyric poem. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tlamin. She begins with a soliloquy, which he overhears.

TLAMIN.

Clonar, son of Conglas of I-mor, young hunter of dun-sided roes! where art thou laid, amidst rushes, beneath the passing wing of the breeze? I behold thee, my love, in the plain of thy own dark streams! The clung thorn is rolled by the wind, and rustles along his shield. Bright in his locks he lies: the thoughts of his dreams fly, darkening, over his face. Thou thinkest of the battles of Ossian, young son of the echoing isle!

Half-hid in the grove, I sit down. Fly back, ye mists of the hill. Why should ye hide her love from the blue eyes of Tlamin of harps?

CLONAR.

As the spirit, seen in a dream, flies off from our opening eyes, we think we behold his bright path between the closing hills; so fled the daughter of Clun-gal from the sight of Clonar of shields. Arise, from the gathering of trees; blue-eyed Tlamin, arise.

TLAMIN.

I turn me away from his steps. Why should he know of my love! My white breast is heaving over sighs, as foam on the dark course of streams. But he passes away, in his arms! Son of Conglas, my soul is sad.

CLONAR.

It was the shield of Fingal! the voice of kings from Selma of harps! My path is towards green Erin. Arise, fair light, from

Nor did Ossian forget the spear, in the wing of his war. He strewed the field with dead. Young Hidalla came. "Soft voice of streamy Clonra! Why dost thou lift the steel? O that we met, in the strife of song, in thy own rushy vale!" Malthos beheld him low, and darkened as he rushed along. On either side of a stream, we bend in the echoing strife. Heaven comes rolling down: around burst the voices of squally winds. Hills are clothed, at times, in fire. Thunder rolls in wreaths of mist¹⁹. In dark-

thy shades. Come to the field of my soul, there is the spreading of hosts. Arise, on Clonar's troubled soul, young daughter of blue-shielded Clungal.

Clungal was the chief of I-mor, one of the Hebrides. MAC-PHERSON.

¹⁹ Heaven comes rolling down.—Hills are clothed, at times, in fire. Thunder rolls in wreaths of mist.] POPE'S *Iliad*, xvii. 670.

A rolling cloud

Involved the mount; the *thunder* roar'd aloud;
Th' *affrighted hills* from their foundations nod,
And *blaze* beneath the *lightnings* of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd *triumph*, and the victors *fly*.

Then trembled Greece.

"In darkness shrunk the foe: Morven's warriors stood *aghast*.
—Then rose the voice of Fingal, and the sound of the *flying*
foe."

ness shrunk the foe: Morven's warriors stood aghast. Still I bent over the stream, amidst my whistling locks.

Then rose the voice of Fingal, and the sound of the flying foe. I saw the king, at times, in lightning, darkly-striding in his might. I struck my echoing shield, and hung forward on the steps of Alnecma: the foe is rolled before me, like a wreath of smoke.

The sun looked forth from his cloud. The hundred streams of Moi-lena shone. Slow rose the blue columns of mist, against the glittering hill. "Where are the mighty kings? Nor by that stream, nor wood, are they²⁰! I hear the clang of arms! Their strife is in the bosom of that mist²¹. Such is the contending of spirits

²⁰ Nor by *that* stream, nor wood, *are they*.] GRAY'S *Elegy*. *Supra*, ⁸.

Nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, *nor* at the wood was he.

²¹ The conduct here is perhaps proper. The numerous descriptions of single combats have already exhausted the subject. Nothing new, nor adequate to our high idea of the kings, can be said. *A column of mist* is thrown over the whole, and the combat is left to the imagination of the reader. Poets have almost universally failed in their descriptions of this sort. Not all the strength of Homer could sustain, with dignity, the *mi-*

in a nightly cloud, when they strive for the wintry wings of wind, and the rolling of the foam-covered waves.

I rushed along. The grey mist rose. Tall, gleaming, they stood at Lubar. Cathmor leaned against a rock. His half-fallen shield received the stream, that leapt from the moss above. Towards him is the stride of Fingal: he saw the hero's blood. His sword fell slowly to his side. He spoke, midst his darkening joy.

“Yields the race of Borbar-duthul? Or still does he lift the spear? Not unheard is thy

nutiæ of a single combat. The throwing of a spear, and the braying of a shield, as some of our own poets most elegantly express it, convey no magnificent, though they are striking ideas. Our imagination stretches beyond, and consequently, despises, the description. It were, therefore, well for some poets, in my opinion, (though it is, perhaps, somewhat singular) to have sometimes thrown *mist* over their single combats. MACPHERSON.

The translator leaves the combat out, like dramatic writers who accelerate the catastrophe when their ideas are exhausted. In departing, however, from the established practice of epic poets, he endeavours to vilify Homer for the *minutiæ* of his single combats; Milton, for not having thrown mist over the combats of Satan; and Gray and Mason, for their imitation of Milton's “arms on armour crashing *brayed*.” An English reader will probably hesitate to sacrifice Milton and Gray to the manes of Ossian.

name, at Atha, in the green dwelling of strangers. It has come, like the breeze of his desert, to the ear of Fingal. Come to my hill of feasts: the mighty fail, at times. No fire am I to low-laid foes: I rejoice not over the fall of the brave. To close ²² the wound is mine: I have known the herbs of the hills. I seized their fair heads, on high, as they waved by their secret streams. Thou art dark and silent, king of Atha of strangers.

“By Atha of the stream,” he said, “there rises a mossy rock. On its head is the wandering of boughs, within the course of winds. Dark, in its face, is a cave with its own loud rill. There have I heard the tread of strangers ²³, when they

²² Fingal is very much celebrated, in tradition, for his knowledge in the virtues of herbs. The Irish poems, concerning him, often represent him curing the wounds which his chiefs received in battle. They fable concerning him, that he was in possession of a cup, containing the essence of herbs, which instantaneously healed wounds. MACPHERSON.

²³ Cathmor reflects, with pleasure, even in his last moments, on the relief he had afforded to strangers. The very tread of their feet was pleasant in his ear. His hospitality was not passed unnoticed by the bards; for, with them, it became a proverb, when they described the hospitable disposition of a hero, *that he was like Cathmor of Atha, the friend of strangers*. It will seem strange, that, in all the Irish poems, there is no

passed to my hall of shells. Joy rose, like a flame, on my soul: I blest the echoing rock. Here be my dwelling, in darkness; in my grassy vale. From this I shall mount the breeze, that pursues my thistle's beard; or look down, on blue-winding Atha, from its wandering mist."

"Why speaks the king of the tomb? Ossian! the warrior has failed! Joy meet thy soul, like a stream, Cathmor, friend of strangers! My son, I hear the call of years; they take my spear as they pass along. Why does not Fingal, they seem to say, rest within his hall? [Dost thou al-

mention made of Cathmor. This must be attributed to the revolutions and domestic confusions which happened in that island, and utterly cut off all the real traditions concerning so ancient a period. All that we have related of the state of Ireland before the fifth century is of late invention, and the work of ill-informed senachies and injudicious bards. MACPHERSON.

This note is an answer to one of Warner's Remarks on Ossian, "That Cormac was not murdered in his youth by Cairbar, nor indeed murdered at all; that Cairbar was not his enemy who openly set up for himself, but his son whom he loved and resigned his crown to; and he had no such brother as Cathmor, a man in the moon; or at least no where else, as brother of Cairbar, but in the poet's fancy." WARNER'S *Remarks on Ossian*, 1763, p. 26. It would be strange indeed if his name and character had become proverbial in the Highlands, when every tradition, even of his existence, had been lost in Ireland.

ways delight in blood? In the tear of the sad? No: ye dark-rolling years, Fingal delights not in blood. Tears are wintry streams that waste away my soul. But, when I lie down to rest, then comes the mighty voice of war. It awakes me, in my hall, and calls forth all my steel. It shall call forth no more; Ossian, take thou thy father's spear. Lift it, in battle, when the proud arise.

“ My fathers, Ossian, trace my steps; my deeds are pleasant to their eyes. Wherever I come forth to battle, on my field, are their columns of mist. But mine arm rescued the feeble; the haughty found my rage was fire. Never over the fallen did mine eye rejoice. For this ²⁴, my fathers shall meet me, at the gates of

²⁴ We see from this passage, that, even in the times of Ossian, and consequently before the introduction of Christianity, the Celtic nations had some idea of rewards and perhaps of punishments after death. Those who behaved, in life, with bravery and virtue, were received with joy to the airy halls of their fathers; but *the dark in soul*, to use the expression of the poet, were spurned away from *the habitation of heroes, to wander on all the winds*. Another opinion, which prevailed in those times, tended not a little to make individuals emulous to excel one another in martial achievements. It was thought, that in the *hall of clouds*, every one had a *seat raised above*

their airy halls, tall, with robes of light, with mildly-kindled eyes²⁵. But, to the proud in

others, in proportion as he excelled them in valour when he lived. The simile in this paragraph is new, and, if I may use the expression of a bard who alludes to it, *beautifully terrible*.

Mar dhubh-reül, an croma nan speur,
A thaomas teina na h'oicha,
Dearg-fruthach, air h'aighai' fein.

MACPHERSON, 1st edit.

In Ossian, "Never over the fallen did mine eye rejoice. For *this my fathers shall meet me at the gates of their airy halls.*"

In LODBROG's *Death Song*, "*But this makes me always rejoice, that in the halls of our father Balder, I know there are seats prepared, where in a short time we shall be drinking ale out of the skulls of our enemies.—The goddesses invite me away; they whom Odin sent to me from his hall. I shall sit upon a lofty seat, (in summa sede bibam) and drink ale with the goddesses of death.*" REGNER LODBROG's *Death Song*, published in BLAIR's *Dissertation*.

The first collection of Galic poems, although the subjects were chiefly an invasion from Lochlin, or expeditions thither, contained no allusion whatsoever, either to the poetry or to the manners of the Scandinavians. Blair's *Dissertation*, however, was first published in the interval between Fingal and the Temora, which was then in the press; and, in the concluding book, the imitation of Regner Lodbrog's death song was inserted both in the text and in the note.

²⁵ *Tall, with robes of light, with mildly-kindled eyes.*] MASON's *Elfrida*.

Say, will no white-robed son of light.

COLLIN's *Ode to Pity*.

Long, Pity! let the nations view

Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,

And eyes of dewy light.

arms, they are darkened moons in heaven, which send the fire of night, red-wandering over their face.

“ Father of heroes, Trenmor, dweller of eddying winds ! I give thy spear to Ossian, let thine eye rejoice. Thee have I seen, at times, bright from between thy clouds ; so appear to my son, when he is to lift the spear : then shall he remember thy mighty deeds, though thou art now but a blast.”

He gave the spear to my hand, and raised at once a stone on high, to speak to future times, with its grey head of moss. Beneath he placed a sword in earth, and one bright boss from his shield. Dark in thought, a-while, he bends : his words, at length, came forth.

“ When thou, O stone, shalt moulder down ²⁶, and lose thee, in the moss of years, then shall the traveller come, and, whistling, pass away. Thou knowest not, feeble man, that fame once shone on Moi-lena. Here Fingal resigned his

But the *new* simile of the *darkened* moons, so beautifully terrible, is Milton's eclipse, “ *Darkened so yet shone.*”

²⁶ *When thou, O stone, shalt moulder down.*] MACPHERSON'S *Night-piece*.

Time moulders down the very stone.

spear, after the last of his fields. Pass away, thou empty shade; in thy voice there is no renown. Thou dwellest by some peaceful stream; yet a few years, and thou art gone. No one remembers thee, thou dweller of thick mist! But Fingal shall be clothed with fame, a beam of light to other times; for he went forth, in echoing steel, to save the weak in arms."

Brightening in his fame, the king strode to Lubar's sounding oak, where it bent, from its rock, over the bright-tumbling stream. Beneath it is a narrow plain, and the sound of the fount of the rock. Here the standard of Morven poured its wreaths on the wind, to mark the way of Ferad-artho, from his secret vale. Bright, from his parted west, the sun of heaven looked abroad²⁷. The hero saw his people, and heard their shouts of joy. In broken ridges round, they glittered to the beam. The king rejoiced, as a hunter in his own green vale, when,

²⁷ Bright *from his parted west the sun of heaven looked abroad.*]
Par. Lost, ii. 492.

If chance the *radiant sun* with *farewell sweet*
Extend his *evening beam*, &c.

after the storm is rolled away ²⁸, he sees the gleaming sides of the rocks. The green thorn shakes its head in their face; from their top look forward the roes.

Grey, at his mossy cave, is bent the aged form of Clonmal. The eyes of the bard had failed. He leaned forward, on his staff. Bright, in her locks, before him, Sul-malla listened to the tale; the tale of the kings of Atha, in the days of old. The noise of battle had ceased in his ear: he stopt, and raised the secret sigh. The spirits of the dead, they said, often lightened along his soul. He saw the king of Atha low, beneath his bending tree.

“Why art thou dark,” said the maid? “The strife of arms is past. Soon shall he come to thy cave, over thy winding streams. The sun looks from the rocks of the west. The mists of the lake arise. Grey, they spread on that hill, the rushy dwelling of roes. From the mist shall my king appear! Behold he comes in his arms.

²⁸ *As a hunter in his own green vale,---after the storm is rolled away.] Id. DRYDEN'S Æneid, x. 1144.*

*But that o'erblown, when heaven above them smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils.*

Come to the cave of Clonmal, O my best beloved !”

It was the spirit of Cathmor, stalking, large, a gleaming form. He sunk by the hollow stream that roared between the hills. “It was but the hunter,” she said, “who searches for the bed of the roe. His steps are not forth to war; his spouse expects him with night. He shall, whistling, return with the spoils of the dark-brown hinds²⁹.” Her eyes were turned to the hill; again the stately form came down. She rose, in the midst of joy. He retired again in mist. Gradual vanish his limbs of smoke, and mix with the mountain-wind. Then she knew that he

²⁹ *His spouse expects him with night. He shall, whistling, return with the spoils of the dark-brown hinds.*] THOMSON’S *Summer*.

While still, from day to day, his pining wife

And plaintive children his return await.

and JOSEPH WARTON’S *Ode to Evening*, inserted in the *Union*.

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,

Jocund, he whistles through the twilight groves.

But by the usual transposition of images, the *twilight groves* are transferred to the description of Cathmor’s shield, where *Reldurath* is the “star of twilight,” and “the red eye of Berthin looks, through a grove, on the hunter as he returns (whistling) by night, with the spoils of the bounding roe.”

fell ! “ King of Erin, art thou low !” Let Ossian forget her grief ; it wastes the soul of age³⁰.

³⁰ The abrupt manner in which Ossian quits the story of Sul-malla is judicious. His subject led him immediately to relate the restoration of the family of Conar to the Irish throne ; which we may consider effectually done by the defeat and death of Cathmor, and the arrival of Ferad-artho in the Caledonian army. To pursue here the story of the *maid of Inishuna*, which was foreign to the subject, would be altogether inconsistent with the rapid manner of Ossian, and a breach on unity of time and action, one of the fundamental essentials of the *epopæa*, the rules of which our Celtic bard had gathered from nature, not from the precepts of critics. Neither did the poet totally desert the beautiful Sul-malla, deprived of her lover, and a stranger, as she was, in a foreign land. Tradition relates, that Ossian, the next day after the decisive battle between Fingal and Cathmor, went to find out Sul-malla in the valley of Lona. His address to her, which is still preserved, I here lay before the reader.

“ Awake, thou daughter of Conmor, from the fern-skirted cavern of Lona. Awake, thou sun-beam in deserts ; warriors one day must fail. They move forth, like terrible lights ; but, often, their cloud is near. Go to the valley of streams, to the wandering of herds, on Lumon ; there dwells, in his lazy mist, the man of many days. But he is unknown, Sul-malla, like the thistle of the rocks of roes ; it shakes its grey beard in the wind, and falls unseen of our eyes. Not such are the kings of men ; their departure is a meteor of fire, which pours its red course from the desert, over the bosom of night.

“ He is mixed with the warriors of old, those fires that have hid their heads. At times shall they come forth in song. Not forgot has the warrior failed. He has not seen, Sul-malla, the

Evening came down on Moi-lena. Grey rolled the streams of the land. Loud came forth the voice of Fingal: the beam of oaks arose. The people gathered round with gladness; with gladness blended with shades. They sidelong looked to the king, and beheld his unfinished joy. Pleasant, from the way of the desert, the voice of music came. It seemed, at first, the noise of a stream far-distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill³¹, like the ruffled wing of a

fall of a beam of his own: no fair-haired son, in his blood, young troubler of the field. I am lonely, young branch of Lúmon, I may hear the voice of the feeble, when my strength shall have failed in years, for young Oscar has ceased on his field.

* * * *

The rest of the poem is lost; from the story of it, which is still preserved, we understand, that Sul-malla returned to her own country. Sul-malla makes a considerable figure in another poem of Ossian; her behaviour in that piece accounts for that partial regard with which the poet speaks of her throughout Temora. MACPHERSON.

³¹ *Pleasant, from the way of the desert, the voice of music came. It seemed, at first, the noise of a stream, far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill.*] GRAY'S *Progress of Poesy*.

Now the rich *stream of music winds along,*
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign,
Now *rolling down the steep* amain,

breeze ³², when it takes the tufted beard of the rocks, in the still season of night. It was the voice of Condan, mixed with Carril's trembling harp. They came, with blue-eyed Ferad-artho, to Mora of the streams.

Sudden bursts the song from our bards, on Lena: the host struck their shields midst the sound. Gladness rose brightening on the king, like the beam of a cloudy day, when it rises, on the green hill, before the roar of winds ³³. He struck the bossy shield of kings; at once they cease around. The people lean forward, from their spears, towards the voice of their land ³⁴.

Headlong impetuous see it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

³² *Like the ruffled wing of a breeze.*] GRAY's *Progress of Poesy*.

With *ruffled* plumes and flagging wing.

See *Fingal*, iv. ³³.

³³ *Like the beam of a cloudy day, when it rises on the green hill, before the roar of winds.*] The former simile from HOMER inverted. "As the *rising wind* rolls away the *storm of rain*, and leaves the white streams to the sun and high hills, with their heads of grass." Supra, ¹³.

³⁴ Before I finish my notes, it may not be altogether improper to obviate an objection, which may be made to the credibility of the story of Temora as related by Ossian. It may be asked, whether it is probable, that Fingal could perform such

“Sons of Morven, spread the feast; send the night away in song. Ye have shone around me, and the dark storm is past. My people are the windy rocks, from which I spread my eagle-

actions as are ascribed to him in this book, at an age when his grandson, Oscar, had acquired so much reputation in arms? To this it may be answered, that Fingal was but very young [Book iv.] when he took to wife Ros-crána, who soon after became the mother of Ossian. Ossian was also extremely young when he married Ever-allin, the mother of Oscar. Tradition relates, that Fingal was but eighteen years old at the birth of his son Ossian; and that Ossian was much about the same age when Oscar, his son was born. Oscar, perhaps, might be about twenty, when he was killed in the battle of Gabhra [Book i.]; so the age of Fingal, when the decisive battle was fought between him and Cathmor, was just fifty-six years. In those times of activity and health, the natural strength and vigour of a man was little abated at such an age; so that there is nothing improbable in the actions of Fingal, as related in this book. MACPHERSON.

In this *traditionary* attempt to reconcile contradictions, the translator forgets, that in the former collection of Gaelic poems, Fingal opposed Caracalla in 208, and Oscar encountered Carausius in 286; an interval of almost eighty years, which renders the grandfather's age upwards of a hundred at the date of his last exploits in the Temora. Fingal, however, before he opposed Caracalla, or married Ros-crána, had already made different voyages to Inistore and Lochlin, and different incursions into the Roman province, in quest of wives or booty; and as the battle of Gabhra is placed by Irish historians in 296, his life must have been prolonged to a patriarchal old age. According to these historians, Fingal was killed in 284, at *Ath-*

wings, when I rush forth to renown, and seize it on its field. Ossian, thou hast the spear of Fingal: it is not the staff of a boy, with which he strews the thistle round, young wanderer of the field. No: it is the lance of the mighty, with which they stretched forth their hands to death. Look to thy fathers, my son; they are awful beams. With morning lead Ferad-artho forth to the echoing halls of Temora. Remind him of the kings of Erin; the stately forms of old.

brea, a ford in the river Boyn; though he is represented, by the Irish bards of the fifteenth century, as alive and present at the death of Oscar, on his return from Rome after the battle of Gabhra. Finnius filius Cumalli, Cormaci regis Hiberniæ gener, et militiæ præfectus, Nuado Niveo rege Hiberniæ oriundus, a tribus Urgrenni filiis de Luagnis Temorensibus, in dolo interfectus est apud Ath-brea, Boindi fluminis vadum, anno 283, juxta Dungall. Annales, æra vulgari uno anno superiores. *Ogygia*, 153. Hence, perhaps, the fictitious Cathmor's kingdom of *Atha*. The Annals of Dungall are of no more authority than the Annals of Ulster, which place the death of Ossian, the son of Oscar (*jugulatio Oisein Mac Oseirg*), in 650. But the translator should have adhered to the antediluvian longevity of the Fions in the Red Book of Clanronald; according to which, Ossian lived three hundred years, Gaul four hundred years, and Fingal himself fifty-two tens of years (five hundred and twenty years); and, "in those times of activity and health, the natural strength and vigour of a man were little abated at such an age."

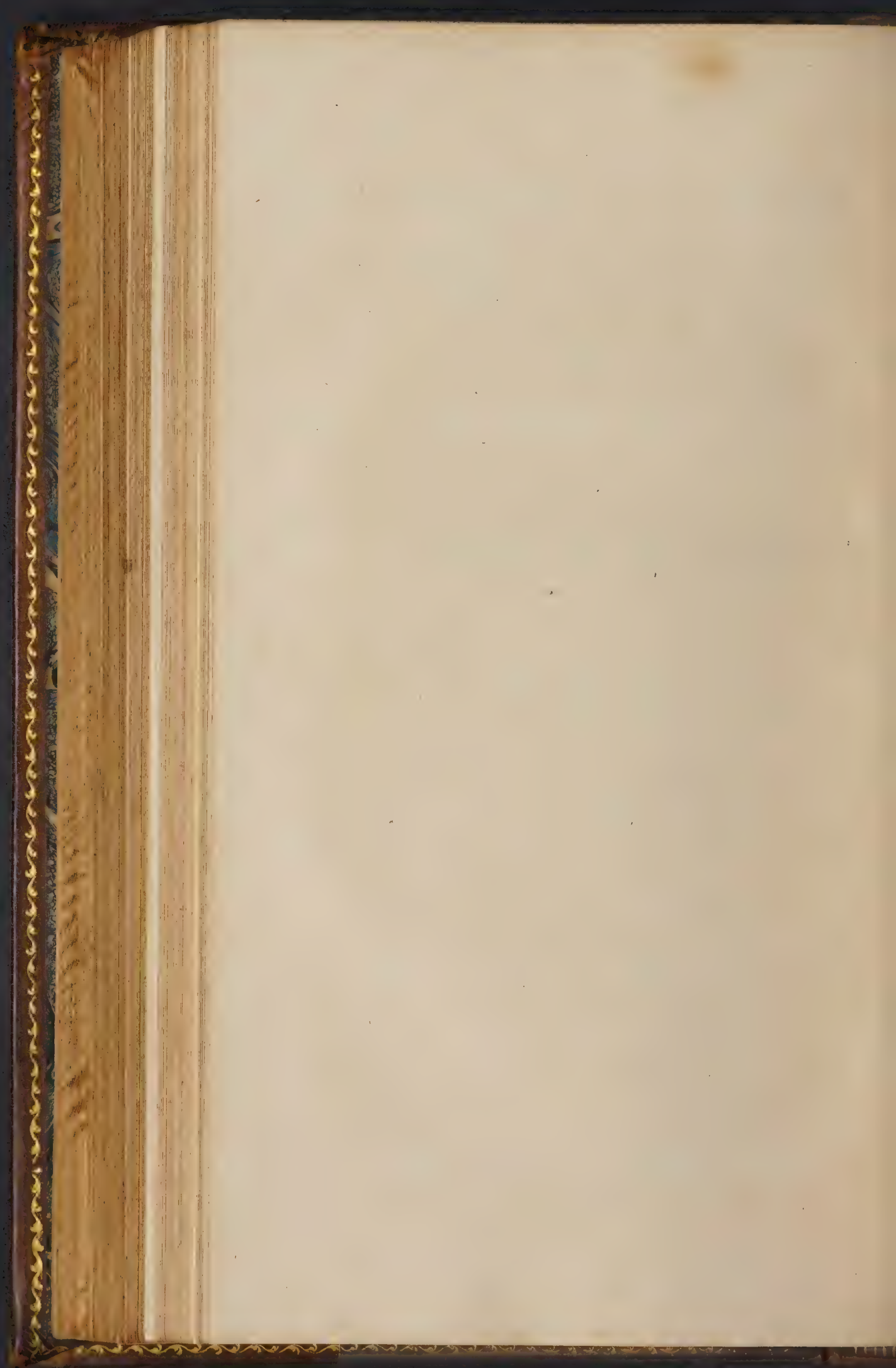
Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty
in the field. Let Carril pour his song, that the
kings may rejoice in their mist. To-morrow I
spread my sails to Selma's shaded walls ; where
streamy Duthula winds through the seats of
roes."

AFTER our observations upon Fingal, in the former volume, the epic art of the Temora requires little consideration. The greater part of the poem was written in London ; but the author's knowledge of books was not much enlarged. His images are still derived from the same sources ; from Homer, Virgil, and their two translators ; from Milton, Thomson, Young, Gray, Mason, Home, and the English Bible ; nor had he any new resources, or fund in reserve, from which his poetry might be enriched or diversified. He had never read the Italian poets, nor consulted the minor epics in Greek and Latin ; and his occasional imitations of Catullus, Tibullus, and Apollonius Rhodius, were suggested either by translations or quotations. His machinery is the same as in Fingal, with the addition of the correlative spirits of heaven and of night. The characters are also the same ; the fictitious Cathmor is the counterpart of Fingal ; Cairbar, of Starno ; Foldath, of Calmar, from Moloch, Milton's furious king ; and young Fillan is a repetition of young Oscar ; the twin brother of Alpin the Highlander. The turgid sentiments ascribed to these characters, are precisely those of the modern drama, introduced by Young, of which the tragic extravagance was mistaken for the sublime. As the imitations, perhaps, were less frequent, and as all ostentatious imitation of the classics was carefully avoided, the Temora was less pleasing

and popular than Fingal. The composition of an epic poem within a twelvemonth is not surprising ; as the chief labour was to disguise the similes previously collected from other poets, on inserting them into a fable of which the plot and narrative are utterly contemptible. It is easy to diversify, and even to improve occasionally, the ideas of others ; but to compare any subsequent poets with Homer among the ancients, or with Shakspeare among the moderns, is to forget the immense distance between the most happy imitation, and the rare, or rather solitary, merit of original invention. To estimate the facility of such imitations, it is sufficient to consider, that the chief difficulty of Wilkie's forgotten Epigoniad consists in the rhyme, and that Glover might have furnished a short Leonidas annually in blank verse. With a genius for poetry far superior to either, or perhaps to any contemporary poet, Gray excepted, Macpherson was released even from the rules of versification ; and if we may judge from the subjects which he had provided, the pretended translator might have produced, each year, an epic poem like an annual novel, had the Temora been equally successful with Fingal.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A POEM.



ARGUMENT.

AN address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his hill of ghosts*; to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rathcol, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

MACPHERSON.

The traditions which accompany this poem inform us, that it went, of old, under the name of *Lapi-Oi-lutha*; i. e. the *hymn of the maid of Lutha*. They pretend also to fix the time of its composition, to the third year after the death of Fingal; that is, during the expedition of Fergus the son of Fingal, to the banks of *Uisca-duthon*. In support of this

opinion, the Highland senachies have prefixed to this poem, an address of Ossian, to Congal the young son of Fergus, which I have rejected, as having no manner of connection with the rest of the piece. It has poetical merit; and, probably, it was the opening of one of Ossian's other poems, though the bards injudiciously transferred it to the piece now before us.

“Congal, son of Fergus of Durath, thou light between thy locks, ascend to the rock of Selma, to the oak of the breaker of shields. Look over the bosom of night, it is streaked with the red paths of the dead: look on the night of ghosts, and kindle, O Congal, thy soul. Be not, like the moon on a stream, lonely in the midst of clouds: darkness closes around it; and the beam departs. Depart not, son of Fergus, ere thou markest the field with thy sword. Ascend to the rock of Selma; to the oak of the breaker of shields.” MAC-PHERSON.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A POEM.

COME, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night! The squally winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over my hundred streams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the still season of night. Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha? Awake the voice of the string¹; and roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed. Malvina, pour the song.

¹ Awake *the* voice of *the* string.] *Temora*, vii. ²². From POPE'S *St Cecilia*.

Wake into voice each silent string.

I hear thee, from thy darkness, in Selma, thou that watchest, lonely, by night ! Why didst thou with-hold the song, from Ossian's failing soul ? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter ², descending from his storm-covered hill ; in a sun-beam rolls the echoing stream ; he hears, and shakes his dewy locks : such is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the spirits of heroes. My swelling bosom beats high. I look back on the days that are past. Come, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night !

In the echoing bay of Carmona ³, we saw, one

² *Why didst thou withhold the song from Ossian's failing soul ? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter.*] Varied from a former imitation of the Psalmist. As the hart panteth after the *water brooks*, so panteth my *soul* after thee, O God. *Psalms*, xlii. 1. "As the *roe*, pierced in secret, lies *panting* by her *wonted streams* ; the *hunter* surveys her feet of wind." *Temora*, v. 13.

³ In this paragraph are mentioned the signals presented to Fingal, by those who came to demand his aid. The suppliants held, in one hand, a shield covered with blood, and, in the other, a broken spear ; the first a symbol of the death of their friends, the last an emblem of their own helpless situation. If the king chose to grant succours, which generally was the case, he reached to them *the shell of feasts*, as a token of his hospitality and friendly intentions towards them. MACPHERSON.

Unfortunately, in all the applications to Fingal for aid, no

day, the bounding ship. On high, hung a broken shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in arms, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose. "In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lanul, and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like the sun, art known, king of echoing Selma!"

Selma's king looked around. In his presence we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield? for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode, in silence; each to his hill of ghosts: that spirits might descend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field. We struck the shield of the dead; we raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghosts of our fathers. We laid

allusion to these symbols has occurred till now, towards the conclusion of the poems.

us down in dreams. Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years ! His blue hosts were behind him in half-extinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened ; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind !

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar of Lego. He had seen his fathers. " As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves ⁴ ; so careless shall my course be, through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father ! My beating soul is high ! My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky ⁵ ! "

⁴ *As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, iv. 478.

As when the *winds*, ascending by degrees,
First move the *whitening surface* of the seas.

" Beneath the *blast* of the western wind, *rushing* over the *whitening waves*." MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, i. 108.

⁵ *Like the streak of lightning on a cloud, when the broad sun*

“Grandson of Branno,” I said; “not Oscar alone shall meet the foe. I rush forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, against the stream of winds.” We raised our sails in Carmona. From three ships, they marked my shield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Tonthena, red traveller between the clouds. Four days came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward in mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sunbeams marked, at times, its brown side. White, leapt the foamy streams, from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years, had settled in grassy Rath-col; for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleasant vale. Duth-

comes forth, red traveller of the sky.] DRYDEN'S *Georg. i.*
489.

For if he rise, unwilling to the race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face——
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And *streak'd* with *red*, a troubled colour shew.

carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the seats of roes. We came. I sent the bard, with songs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's soul was a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with smoke, rushing, varied, through the bosom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, though his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood Cathlin of Clutha. I saw the changeful soul of the stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass; so various is Cathlin's cheek. It was fair, within locks, that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush, amidst his soul, with my words. I bade the song to rise.

"Oscar of Lego," I said, "be thine the secret hill to-night. Strike the shield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou shalt lead in war. From my rock I shall see thee, Oscar, a dreadful form ascending in fight, like the appearance of ghosts, amidst the storms they raise. Why should mine

eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the song had bursted forth, like the sudden rising of winds? But the years, that are past, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Tonthena of beams; so let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings⁶.

“Wide, in Caracha’s echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves. The grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the strife around, with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high. On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove. Five stones lifted, near, their heads. Loud roared his

⁶ *As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Tonthena of beams; so let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings.*] “As, in his daily prayers, the Musulman of Fez or Delhi still *turns* his face towards the temple of Mecca, the historian’s eye shall be always *fixed* on the city of Constantinople.” GIBBON’S *Hist.* ix. 5. 8vo.

Has Gibbon, in the course of his extensive reading, borrowed for once a comparison from Ossian? Or are the passages both derived, as I suspect they are, from some common original which I cannot at present recollect or discover?

rushing stream. He often raised his voice to the winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-robed moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghosts was he! They came with the sound of eagle wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

“ But, Trenmor, they turned not from battle. He drew forward the troubled war; in its dark skirt was Trathal, like a rising light. It was dark; and Loda’s son poured forth his signs, on night. The feeble were not before thee, son of other lands! Then rose the strife of kings about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer gales, shaking their light wings, on a lake⁷. Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king had been heard. Trathal came forth before his fame, and the foes failed, in echoing Caracha. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds.”

In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came forth in arms. The strife is mixed on

⁷ Soft as two summer gales, shaking *their* light wings on a lake.] Par. Regained, ii. 363.

And winds
Of gentlest gale, Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings.

Rath-col, like the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings ! They meet before the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost ; such is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night : red light is scattered round, and men foresee the storm ! Duth-carmor is low in blood ! The son of Ossian overcame ! Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina, hand of harps !

Nor, in the field, were the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves, on wind. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream ⁸. Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail : his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard. "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a rising wind.

⁸ *The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream.*] *Night Thoughts*, iv.

With that *inverted spear*,

A spear deep-dipt in blood, which *pierced* his side,

And open'd there a *font* for all mankind.

See *Temora*, iii. 4. viii. 4.

Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha ! Is there cause for grief ?

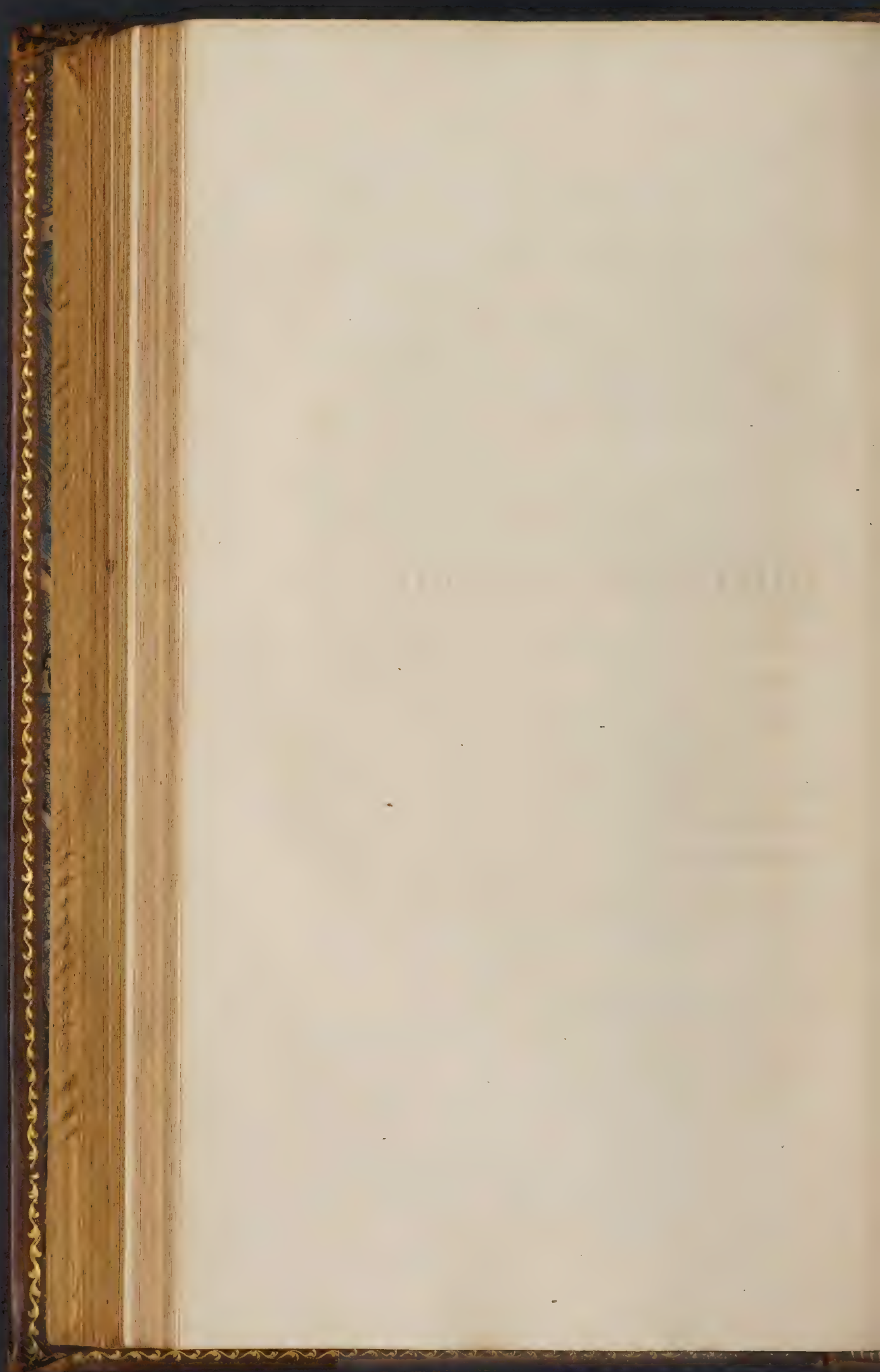
“Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma’s hall, that thou mayst remember the hapless in thy distant land.” From white breasts descended the mail. It was the race of kings ; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the streams of Clutha ! Duth-carmor saw her bright in the hall ; he had come, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the hero fell. Three days dwelt the foe with the maid. On the fourth she fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her bursting soul !

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell how Cathlin failed ? Her tomb is at rushy Lumon, in a distant land. Near it were the steps of Sul-malla, in the days of grief. She raised the song, for the daughter of strangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam !

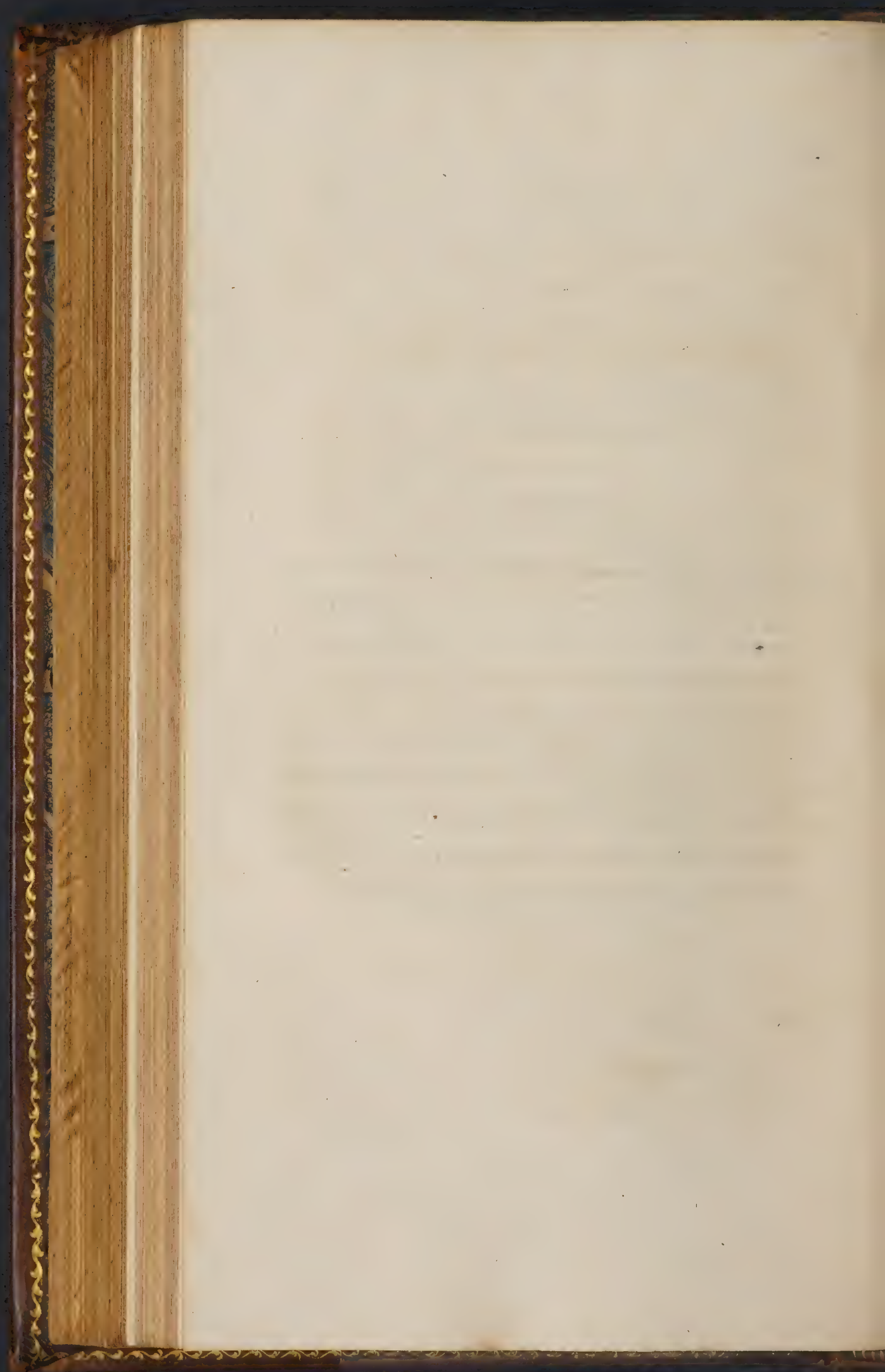
SULMALLA OF LUMON :

A POEM.



ARGUMENT.

THIS poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Ossian met at the chace, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha (who then assisted her father against his enemies), Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Surandronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Ossian, warned in a dream by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna. MACPHERSON.



SULMALLA OF LUMON:

A POEM.

WHO moves so stately, on Lumon, at the roar
of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her
heaving breast. White is her arm behind, as
slow she bends the bow¹. Why dost thou wan-
der in deserts, like a light through a cloudy
field? The young roes are panting, by their se-
cret rocks. Return, thou daughter of kings!

¹ *Who moves so stately on Lumon—Her hair falls upon her
heaving breast. White is her arm behind, as slow she bends the
bow.] Highlander; vi. 15.*

Bright rings of gold her braided ringlets bind;
The rattling quiver, laden, hangs behind;
She seized, with snowy hand, the polish'd bow,
And moved before, majestically slow.

the cloudy night is near! It was the young branch of green Inis-huna, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She sent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feast. Amidst the song we sat down, in Cluba's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling strings. Half-heard amidst the sound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for her own green land. Nor absent from her soul was he; he came midst her thoughts by night. Tonthena looked in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms ².

The sound of shells had ceased. Amidst long locks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke with bended eyes, and asked of our course through seas; "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave ³." "Not unknown," I said, "at his

² *Tonthena looked in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.*
A Cold Frosty Morning.

The moon look'd in, and envied my love's charms.

³ Sul-malla here discovers the quality of Ossian and Oscar from their stature and *stately gait*. MACPHERSON.

"For of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave."
Par. Lost. xi. 228.

For I descry——

One of the heavenly host, and, by *his gait*,
 None of the meanest; some great potentate,

streams is he, the father of our race. Fingal has been heard of at Cluba. blue-eyed daughter of kings. Nor only, at Cona's stream, is Ossian and Oscar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and shrunk in other lands."

"Not unmarked," said the maid, "by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in my father's hall, in memory of the past; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna sent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. Careless went Fingal to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods. He was bright, they said, in his locks, the first of mortal men. Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. Not careless looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in the midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes.

*Or of the thrones above; such majesty
Invests him coming.*

Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale."

"Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is my father Conmor: and Lormar my brother, king of streams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam, from other lands, is nigh; the friend of strangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their misty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin; for he is far away, young dweller of their souls! Nor harmless, white hands of Erin! is Cathmor in the skirts of war; he rolls ten thousand before him, in his distant field."

"Not unseen by Ossian," I said, "rushed Cathmor from his streams, when he poured his strength on I-thorno, isle of many waves! In strife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo: each from his echoing isle; stern hunters of the boar!

"They met a boar, at a foamy stream: each pierced him with his spear. They strove for the fame of the deed; and gloomy battle rose. From

isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained
with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in
their sounding arms. Cathmor came, from Erin,
to Culgorm, red-eyed king: I aided Suran-dron-
lo, in his land of boars.

“We rushed on either side of a stream, which
roared through a blasted heath. High broken
rocks were round, with all their bending trees.
Near were two circles of Loda, with the stone
of power; where spirits descended, by night, in
dark-red streams of fire. There, mixed with the
murmur of waters, rose the voice of aged men;
they called the forms of night to aid them in
their war.”

Heedless I stood, with my people, where fell
the foamy stream from rocks. The moon mo-
ved red from the mountain. My song, at times,
arose. Dark, on the other side, young Cathmor
heard my voice; for he lay, beneath the oak, in
all his gleaming arms. Morning came; we rush-
ed to fight: from wing to wing is the rolling of
strife. They fell, like the thistle's head, beneath
autumnal winds ⁴.

⁴ *Like the thistle's head, beneath autumnal winds.*] POPE'S
Odyssey, v. 417.

In armour came a stately form: I mixed my strokes with the chief. By turns our shields are pierced: loud rung our steely mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightness shone the foe. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. I knew Cathmor of Atha, and threw my spear on earth. Dark, we turned, and silent passed to mix with other foes.

“Not so passed the striving kings. They mixed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghosts in the dark wing of winds. Through either breast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes on earth! A rock received their fall; half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe; each grimly seemed to roll his eyes. The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood ⁵.

“The battle ceased in I-thorno. The strangers met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of streams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed the dead

As when a *heap* of gathered *thorns* is cast,
Now to, now fro, before th' *autumnal blast*.

⁵ *The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood.*] *Highlander*, v. 54.

Tay circles round, and *mingles* with his *blood*.

in earth. Our steps were by Runar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun, in Stromlo's rolling smoke. It was the daughter of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst disordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, white as foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but terrible, and mariners call the winds!"

"Come, ye dwellers of Loda!" she said, "come, Carchar, pale in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that stridest in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's spear, the foes of Suran-dronlo. No shadow, at his roaring streams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wings⁶; for blood was poured around the steps of dark-eyed Suran-

⁶ *When he took up his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wings.*] From REGNER LODBROG's *Death Song*, in Blair's Dissertation.

Gaudebat pugna letus

Accipiter ab gladiatorum ludum.

See *Cath-Loda*, iii. 7.

VOL. II.

T

dronlo. He lighted me, no harmless beam, to
glitter on his streams. Like meteors I was bright;
but I blasted the foes of Suran-dronlo." * *

* * * * *

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praise
of Cathmor of shields. He was within her soul,
like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the
voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad ⁷.
Amidst the song removed the daughter of kings,
like the voice of a summer breeze; when it lifts
the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and
streams ⁸. *The rustling sound gently spreads o'er
the vale, softly-pleasing as it saddens the soul.*

⁷ *He was within her soul, like a fire in secret heath, which
awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad.]*
Uror ut indomitis ignem. OVID. POPE's *Sappho to Phaon*.

*I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds, the spreading flames are borne.*

⁸ *Like the soft sound of a summer breeze, when it lifts the
heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and streams.]* First edit.
From POPE's *Eloisa*.

*The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.*

And in the additional sentence: "The rustling sound spreads
o'er the vale, softly pleasing as it saddens the soul;" POPE's *Vi-
sionary Maid* was still in view.

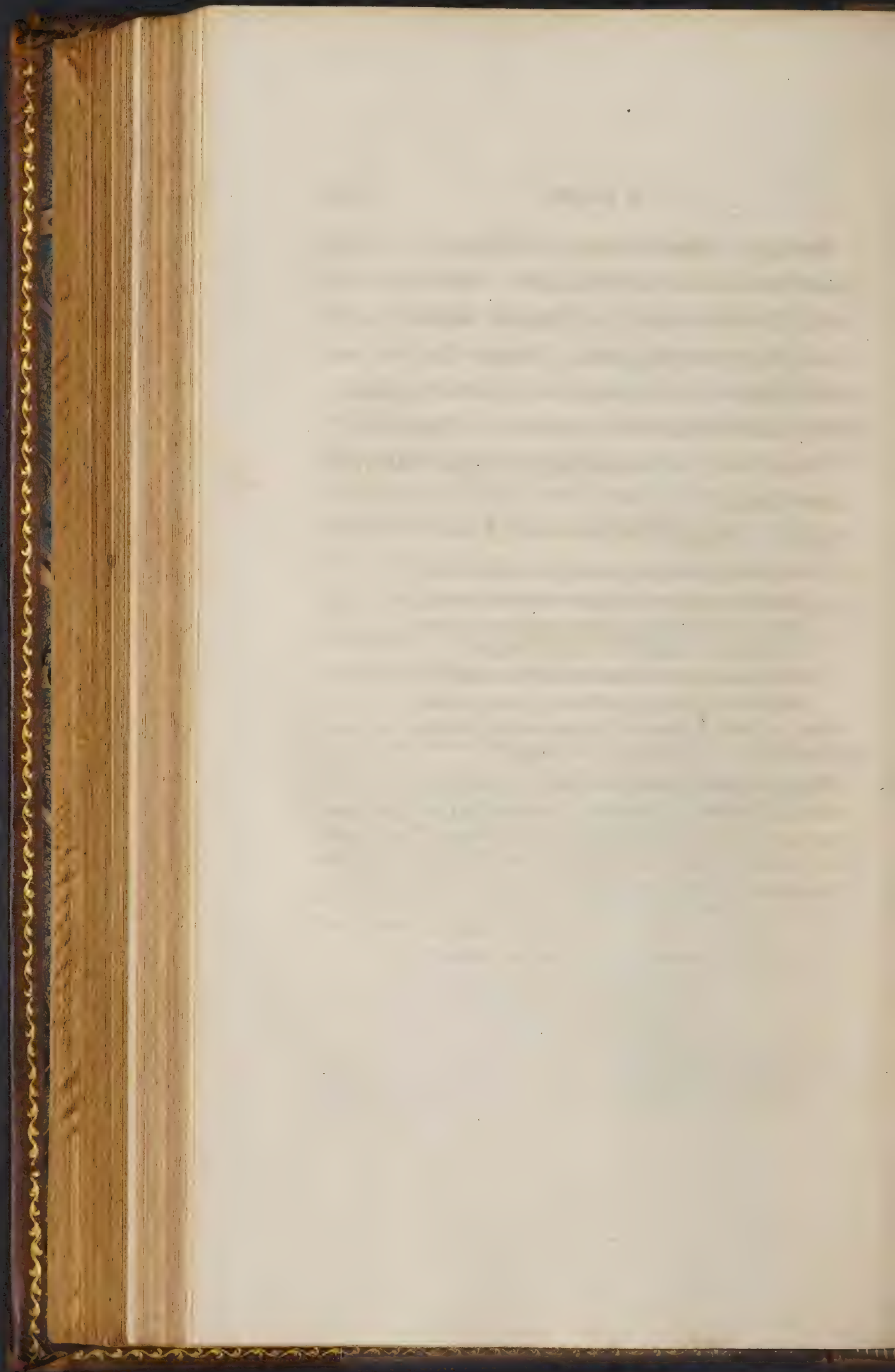
By night came a dream to Ossian; formless stood the shadow of Trenmor⁹. He seemed to strike the dim shield, on Selma's streamy rock. I rose, in my rattling steel; I knew that war was near. Before the winds our sails were spread; when Lumon shewed its streams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!

But *o'er* the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
Long *sounding* isles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence *saddens* all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green.

"When it lifts the head of *flowers*—softly pleasing, as it *saddens* the soul."

⁹ *By night came a dream to Ossian; without form stood the shadow of Trenmor.*] First edit. In thoughts from the *visions* of the *night*, when deep sleep falleth upon man—Then a *spirit* passed before my face. It *stood still*, but I could discern the *form* thereof. *Job*, iv. 13.



CATH-LODA:

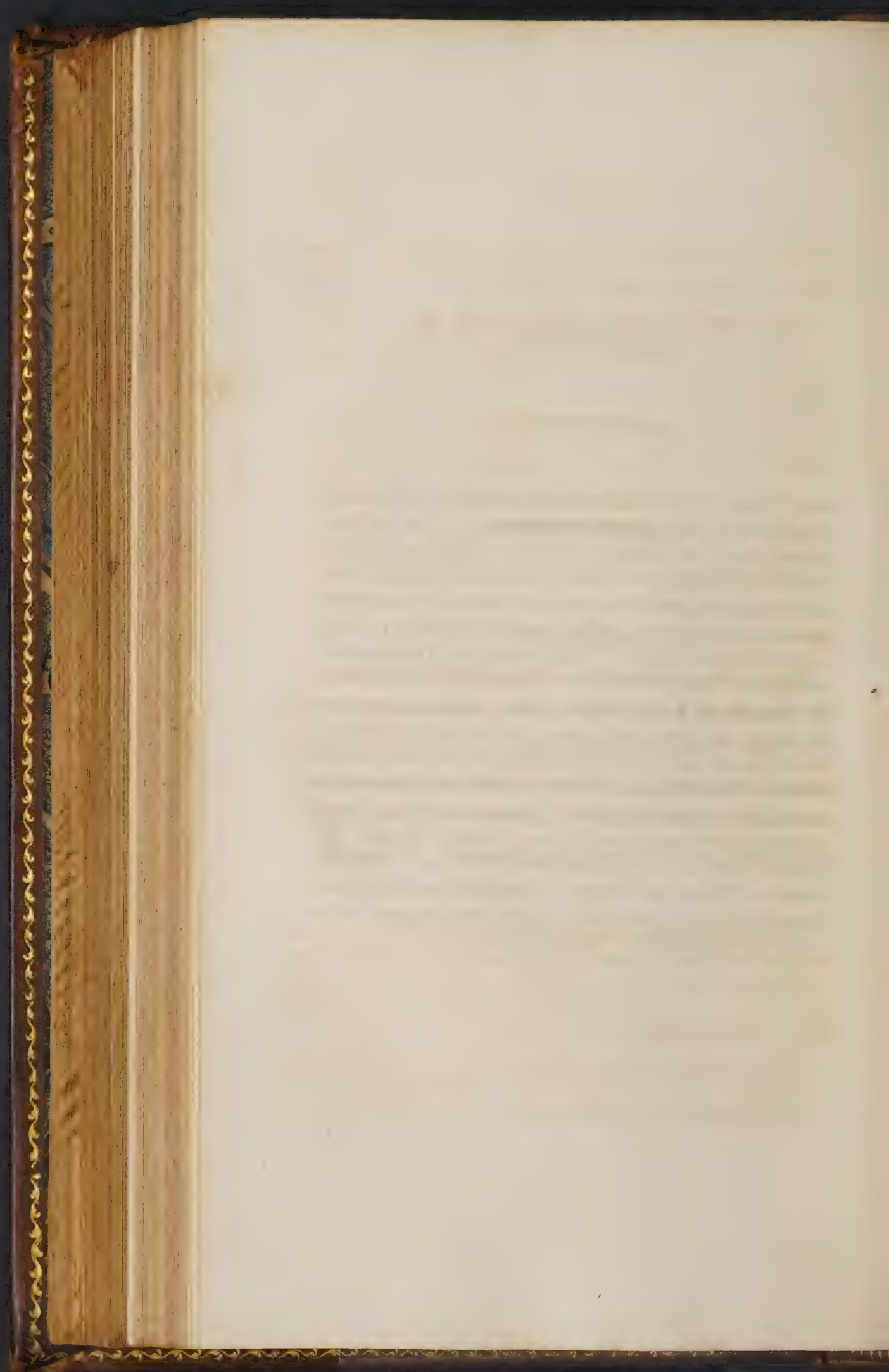
A POEM.

DUAN FIRST.



ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, when very young, making a voyage to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and, mindful of a former breach of hospitality, refuses to go. Starno gathers together his tribes: Fingal resolves to defend himself. Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal to observe the motions of the enemy. The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he accidentally comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno and his son, Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. The encounter of Fingal and Swaran. *Duän* first concludes with a description of the airy hall of Cruth-loda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia. MACPHERSON.



CATH-LODA.

DUAN¹ FIRST.

A TALE of the times of old !

Why, thou wanderer unseen ! thou bender of the thistle of Lora ; why, thou breeze of the valley, hast thou left mine ear ? I hear no distant roar of streams ! No sound of the harp, from the rock ! Come, thou huntress of Lutha, Malvina, call back his soul to the bard. I look for-

* The bards distinguished those compositions, in which the narration is often interrupted by episodes and apostrophes, by the name of *Duän*. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions in verse. MACPHERSON.

Duän, a rhyme or song, seems to be a mere corruption of the English word *tune*. See *Appendix to Mr MACKENZIE'S Report concerning Ossian's Poems*, p. 54.

ward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark billowy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal descends from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown !

Starno sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feast ; but the king remembered the past, and all his rage arose. “ Nor Gormal’s mossy towers, nor Starno shall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like shadows, over his fiery soul ! Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter of kings ? Go, son of Loda ; his words are wind to Fingal : wind, that, to and fro, drives the thistle, in autumn’s dusky vale ². Duth-maruno, arm of death ! Crommaglas, of iron shields ! Struthmor, dweller of battle’s wing ! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark-rolling clouds ! Arise, around me, children of heroes, in a land

² *Wind, that, to and fro, drives the thistle in autumn’s dusky vale.*] In the first editions more literally ; “ His words are but *blasts* to Fingal ; *blasts*, that, *to and fro*, roll the *thistle*, in *autumnal vales*.” From POPE’s *Odyssey*, v. 417.

As when a heap of gather’d *thorns* is cast,
Now *to*, now *fro*, before th’ *autumnal blast*,
Together clung, it *rolls* around the *field*.
See *Sul-malla*, 4. and *Six Bards*, 9.

unknown ! Let each look on his shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of wars. "Come down," thus Trenmor said, "thou dweller between the harps. Thou shalt roll this stream away, or waste with me in earth."

Around the king they rise in wrath. No words come forth : they seize their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. At length the sudden clang is waked, on all their echoing shields. Each takes his hill, by night ; at intervals, they darkly stand. Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind ³ !

Broad over them rose the moon !

In his arms came tall Duth-maruno ; he from Croma of rocks, stern hunter of the boar ! In his dark boat he rose on waves, when Crumthormo awaked its woods. In the chace he shone, among foes : No fear was thine, Duth-maruno !

"Son of daring Comhal, shall my steps be forward through night ! From this shield shall I view them, over their gleaming tribes ? Starno,

³ *Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind.*]
MACPHERSON'S *Hunter*.

'*Twixt ev'ry blast is heard the pleasing sound,
Then in the howling hurricane is drowned.*

king of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of strangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's stone of power.—Should Duth-maruno not return, his spouse is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-craulo's plain. Around are hills, with echoing woods ; the ocean is rolling near. My son looks on screaming sea-fowl, a young wanderer on the field. Give the head of a boar to Can-dona, tell him of his father's joy, when the bristly strength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted spear. *Tell him of my deeds in war ! Tell where his father fell !*"

"Not forgetful of my fathers," said Fingal, "I have bounded over the seas. Theirs were the times of danger, in the days of old. Nor settles darkness on me, before foes, though youthful in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine."

Fingal rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, by night, through Gormal's misty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock ; in the midst stood a stately form ; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed maids. Unequal are her steps, and short. She throws a broken song on

wind. At times she tosses her white arms; for grief is dwelling in her soul.

“Torcul-torno⁴, of aged locks!” she said, “where now are thy steps, by Lulan! Thou hast failed, at thine own dark streams, father of Conban-cârglas! But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by Loda’s hall, when the dark-skirted night is rolled along the sky.—Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon with thy shield. I have seen her dim in heaven. Thou kindlest thy hair into meteors, and sailest along the night. Why am I forgot, in my cave, king of shaggy boars? Look, from the hall of Loda, on thy lonely daughter.”

“Who art thou,” said Fingal, “voice of night?”

She, trembling, turned away.

“Who art thou, in thy darkness?”

⁴ Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. There is a river in Sweden still called Lula, which is probably the same with Lulan. MACPHERSON.

Torcul-Torno, chief of *Lulan*: The *Torneo* and *Lulea* in Swedish Lapland; known, as it seems, by these names to the Scottish Highlanders of the third century. See *Dissertation on the supposed authenticity of Ossian’s Poems*.

She shrunk into the cave.

The king loosed the thong from her hands.
He asked about her fathers.

“Torcul-torno,” she said, “once dwelt at Lulan’s foamy stream : he dwelt—but now, in Loda’s hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He met Starno of Lochlin in war ; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, in his blood, blue-shielded Torcul-torno ! By a rock, at Lulan’s stream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the rushing winds. I heard a noise. Mine eyes were up. My soft breast rose on high. My step was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-torno ! It was Starno, dreadful king ! His red eyes rolled on me in love. Dark waved his shaggy brow, above his gathered smile. Where is my father, I said, he that was mighty in war ? Thou art left alone among foes, O daughter of Torcul-torno ! He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts, before me, my father’s shield. But often passes a beam of youth, far-distant from my cave. The son of Starno

moves in my sight. He dwells lonely in my soul."

"Maid of Lulan," said Fingal, "white-handed daughter of grief! a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along thy soul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; look not to those meteors of heaven. My gleaming steel is around thee, the terror of thy foes! It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul! The maids are not shut in our caves of streams. They toss not their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild. We melt along the pleasing sound!"

* * * * *

Fingal again advanced his steps, wide through the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda shook amid squally winds. Three stones, with heads of moss, are there⁵; a stream, with foaming course: and dreadful, rolled around them,

⁵ Three stones, *with heads of moss, are there.*] From MACPHERSON'S *Night-piece*.

Three stones erect their heads of moss.

See *Lora*, ²; *Carthon*, ³.

is the dark-red cloud of Loda. High from its top looked forward a ghost, half-formed of the shadowy smoke. He poured his voice, at times, amidst the roaring stream. Near, bending beneath a blasted tree, two heroes received his words : Swaran of lakes, and Starno, foe of strangers. On their dun shields they darkly leaned : their spears are forward through night. Shrill sounds the blast of darkness, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low," said Starno, in his pride. "Take the shield of thy father. It is a rock in war."—Swaran threw his gleaming spear⁶. It stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Through the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet fell down. Fingal stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran, unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes ; he threw his sword on

⁶ Swaran threw his gleaming spear.] "First Bentley threw a spear with all his force." *Battle of Books.*

In this episode, the situation of the two northern heroes ; the

earth. Then, slowly stalking over the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno turns away in wrath. His shaggy brows wave dark, above his gathered rage. He strikes Loda's tree with his spear. He raises the hum of songs. They come to the host of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales⁷!

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind. She wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan

throwing of the spear, which occurs so seldom; Fingal's return with the helmet and shield in his hand; the apostrophe, and even the hiatus at the end (from the first editions), have such a strange resemblance to the episode of Bentley and Wotton in SWIFT's *Battle of the Books*, as to persuade us that it was consulted for these incidents. Nor was *the Battle of Books* a bad model for the style of Ossian.

⁷ Each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales.] *Æneid*, xii. 523.

Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis

Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, et in æquora currunt,

Quisque suum populatus iter.

of shells, where once her father dwelt. She saw
 Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light,
 on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swa-
 ran⁸. She shrunk, darkened, from Fingal. "Art
 thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of
 the mournful maid." * * * * *

* * * * *

U-thorno, that risest in waters! on whose side
 are the meteors of night! I behold the dark
 moon descending, behind thy resounding woods.
 On thy top dwells the misty Loda⁹, the house

⁸ *She saw Starno's bloody shield.—She saw the cleft helmet of Swaran.] "To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin, in the hand of the king." Supra, 6. "When his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients, Boyle observed him well, and soon discovered the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately, with his own hand, new polished and gilded." Battle of Books.*

⁹ The description of the airy hall of Loda (which is supposed to be the same with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and descriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern Scalders. MACPHERSON.

"The roof marked with nightly fires," is truly picturesque, though not less inconsistent with the *misty Loda*, than with the airy hall of Fingal. "The misty Loda, the house of the spirits of men," confirms our former derivation of the word Loda, from *Laden*, near Drontheim, the place where a temple was built to Odin, whom Macpherson styles, accordingly, the *spi-*

of the spirits of men ! In the end of his cloudy hall, bends forward Cruth-loda of swords¹⁰. His form is dimly seen, amid his wavy mist. His right hand is on his shield. In his left is the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires !

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a ridge of formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to those who shone in war¹¹. But, between him

rit of Loda. *Temora*, v. ¹¹. But *Uthorno*, or *Drontheim*, on whose top *dwells* the house of the spirits of men, is written with that confusion of ideas which predicates of the house what belongs to the god.

¹⁰ *Cruth-loda of swords.*] *Cruth-loda*, the *shape* or *form* of Loda; our former acquaintance, the *spirit* of Loda, under an Earse name.

Accordingly, in the specimen of *Carric-thura*, just published in Earse, by the Highland Society, the spirit of *Loda* is uniformly termed *Cruth-Loduin*; with the *L* prefixed, but with the proper termination of *Odin*, which the English version so carefully avoids. *Appendix to the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society*, p. 162.

¹¹ *He reaches the sounding shell to those who shone in war.*] A feeble imitation of Regner Lodbrog's description of the hall of *Odin*, in BLAIR's *Dissertation*.

Hoc ridere me facit semper
Quod Balderi *patris* scamnis,
Parata, scio, in *aula*,
Bibemus cerevisiam brevi,
Ex concavis crateribus craniorum.

and the feeble, his shield rises, a darkened orb¹².
 He is a setting meteor to the weak in arms.
 Bright, as a rainbow on streams, came Lulan's
 white-bosomed maid.

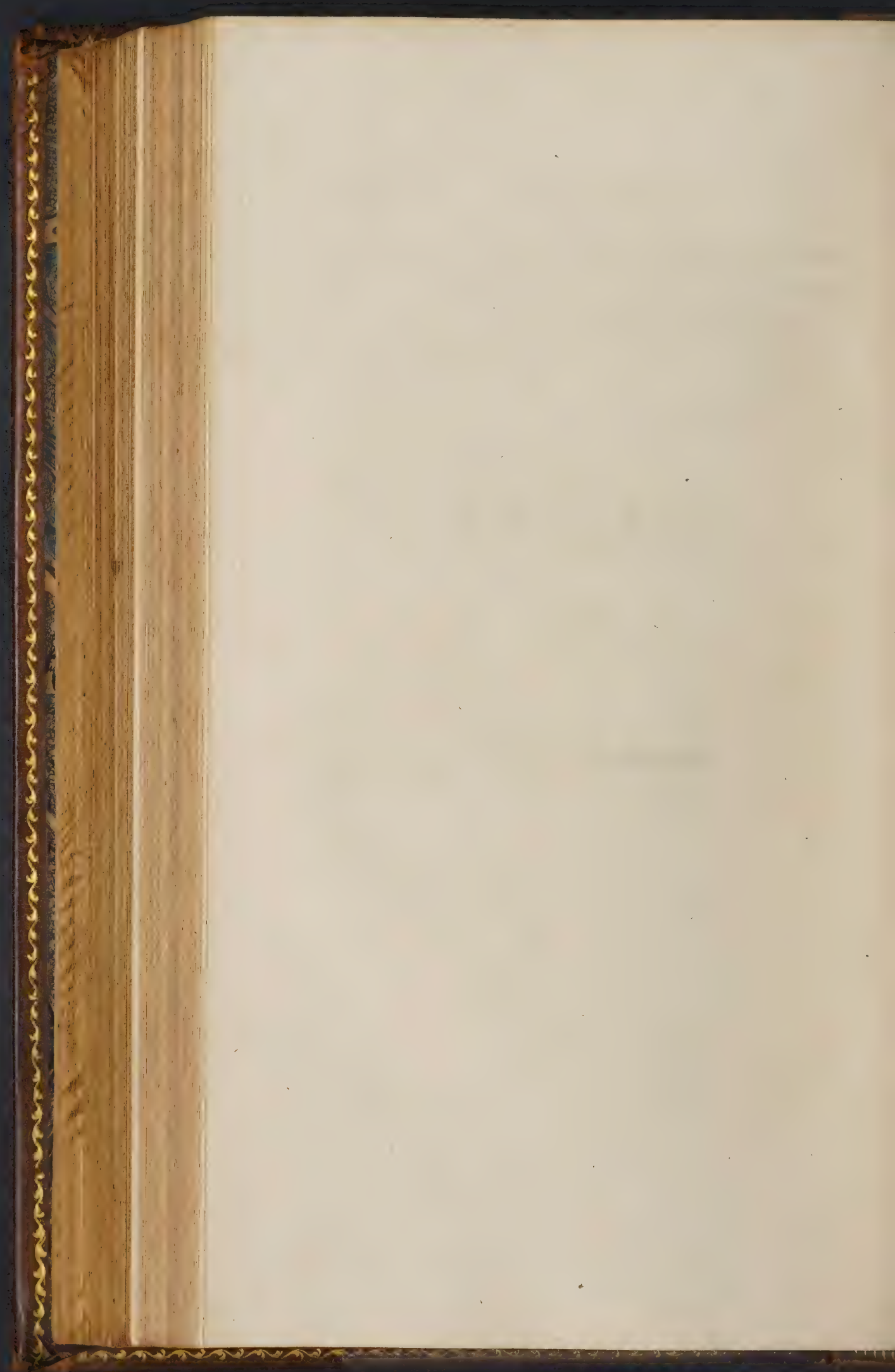
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
 Magnifici Odini in domibus.—
 Invitant me Dysæ,
 Quos ex Othini aula,
 Othinus mihi misit;
 Lætus cerevisiam cum Asis
 In summa sede bibam.
 Vitæ elapsæ sunt horæ :
 Ridens moriar.

¹² But, between him and the feeble, *his* shield rises *a crust of darkness*. First edit.] Namely, to intercept the shell from their lips. An additional incident from the *Battle of Books*. "*But*, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid chrystal, Apollo came, and in the channel *held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain*, so that he drew up nothing but mud."

CATH-LODA:

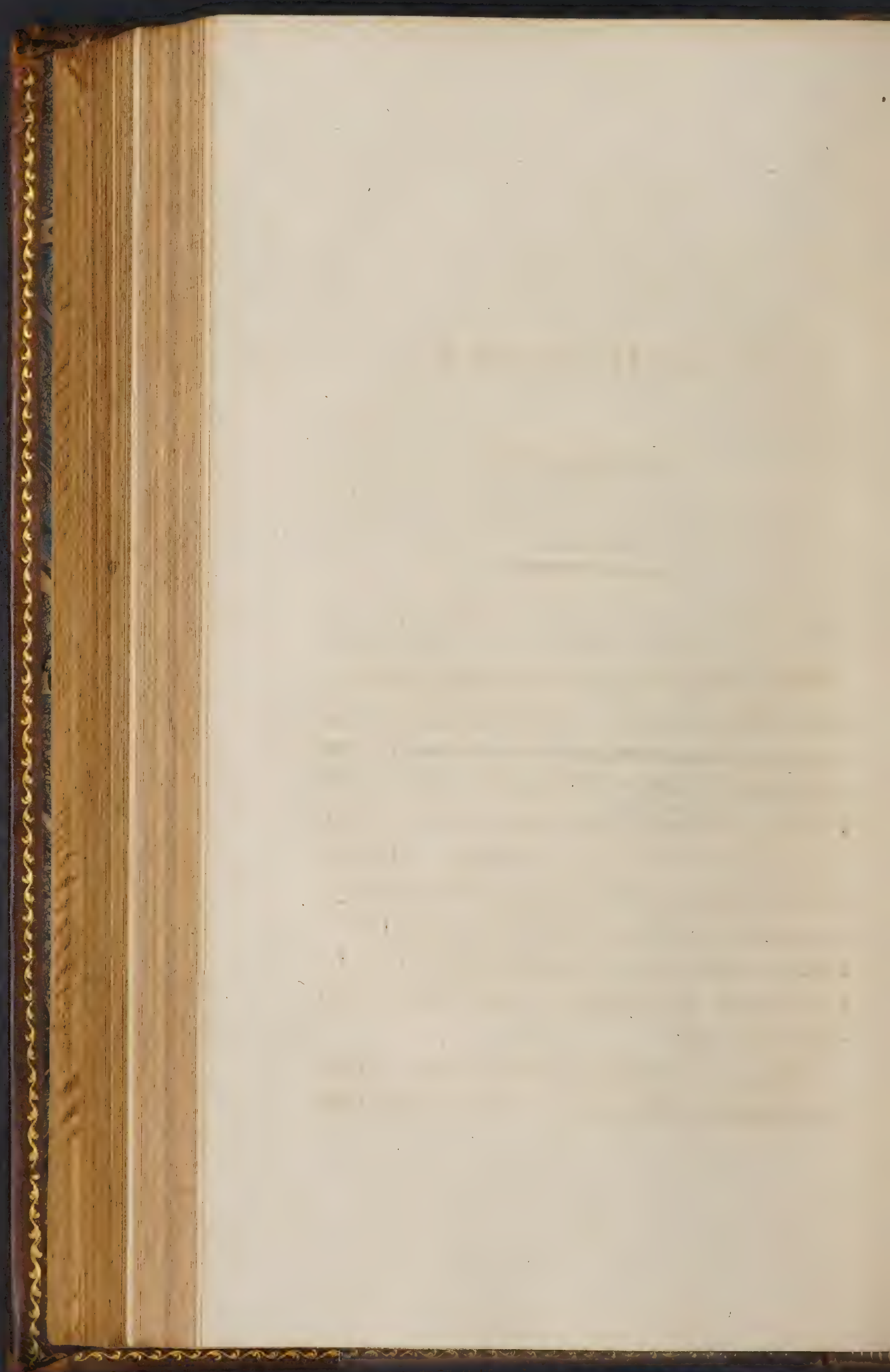
A POEM.

DUAN SECOND.



· ARGUMENT.

FINGAL returning, with day, devolves the command on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Having recalled his people, he congratulates Duth-maruno on his success; but discovers, that that hero had been mortally wounded in the action.—Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, which concludes this *duän*. MACPHERSON.



CATH-LODA.

DUAN SECOND.

“**W**HERE art thou, son of the king,” said dark-haired Duth-maruno? “Where hast thou failed, young beam of Selma? He returns not, from the bosom of night! Morning is spread on Uthorno. In his mist is the sun, on his hill. Warriors, lift the shields, in my presence. He must not fall, like a fire from heaven, whose place is not marked on the ground. He comes, like an eagle from the skirt of his squally wind! In his hand are the spoils of foes. King of Selma, our souls were sad!

“Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward, like waves in mist, when their

foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low-sailing vapour¹. The traveller shrinks on his journey; he knows not whither to fly. No trembling travellers are we ! Sons of heroes call forth the steel. Shall the sword of Fingal arise, or shall a warrior lead ?”

“The deeds of old,” said Duth-maruno, “are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal. Broad-shielded Trenmor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in secret. From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglancrona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half unsheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their surly songs. “Why should they yield to each other ?

¹ *Like waves in mist, when their foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low-sailing vapour.*] POPE'S *Iliad*, iv. 315.

Thus from some lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gather'd storm below ;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dun streams, and sail along the skies——
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock
To the close cover of the arching rock.

“The traveller shrinks on his journey; he knows not whither to fly.”

their fathers were equal in war." Trenmor was there, with his people, stately in youthful locks. He saw the advancing foe. The grief of his soul arose. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns : they led ; but they were rolled away. From his own mossy hill blue-shielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came : they struck the shield of joy. Like a pleasant gale, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger rose : then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown," said Cromma-glass of shields, "are the deeds of our fathers. But who shall now lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles on these four dark hills : within it let each warrior strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war."

They went, each to his hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy boss, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war !

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-

thorno came down². Starno led the battle, and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night³. The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds ! Thou art with the years that are gone⁴ ! thou fadest on my soul !

² *Like the murmur of waters, the race of Uthorno came down.] Par. Lost, v. 672.*

And as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host.

³ *Like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night.] Par. Lost, i. 594.*

As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone, &c.

⁴ *Thou art with the years that are gone.] Night Thoughts.*
Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood.

Starno brought forward his skirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth-maruno's sword. Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are lost in thought. They roll their silent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard; the sons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's stream, silent in their blood.

"Chief of Crathmo," said the king, "Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmless returns my eagle, from the field of foes! For this white-bosomed Lanul shall brighten, at her streams; Candona shall rejoice, as he wanders in Crathmo's fields."

"Colgorm," replied the chief, "was the first of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watry vales. He slew his brother in I-thorno: he left the land of his fathers. He chose his place, in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles!"

He drew an arrow from his side! He fell pale,

in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of wind. The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda on their hill. The traveller sees them, through the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghosts of the aged⁵, forming future wars.

Night came down on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast whistled by turns, through every warrior's hair. Fingal, at length, broke forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. "No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night⁶; no departing meteor was he that is laid so low. He was like the

⁵ *As the stones of Loda—The traveller sees them, through the twilight---He thinks them the ghosts of the aged.] The Hunter, ii. 161.*

Thus oft the trembling, easy-frighten'd hind
Hears shrill dogs yelping in each blast of wind;
His frighted fancy empty terrors sees,
Makes dogs of stones, and men of distant trees.

⁶ *No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night.] POPE'S Iliad, xi. 83.*

Like the red star, that shews his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires.

strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill.
Call the names of his fathers, from their dwell-
ings old !”

I-thorno, said the bard, that risest midst rid-
gy seas ! why is thy head so gloomy, in the
ocean’s mist ? From thy vales came forth a race,
fearless as thy strong-winged eagles ; the race of
Colgorm of iron shields, dwellers of Loda’s hall.

In Tormoth’s resounding isle, arose Lurthan,
streamy hill. It bent its woody head over a si-
lent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth’s source,
dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars ! His daughter
was fair as a sun-beam, white-bosomed Strina-
dona !

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron
shields ; many a youth of heavy locks came to
Rurmar’s echoing hall. They came to woo the
maid, the stately huntress of Tormoth wild. But
thou lookest careless from thy steps, high-bo-
somed Strina-dona !

If on the heath she moved, her breast was
whiter than the down of Cana⁷ ; if on the sea-

⁷ The *Cana* is a certain kind of grass, which grows plentiful
in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy
kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cot-

beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light. Her face was heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair flowed round it, like the streaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed Strina-dona⁸ !

ton. It is excessively white, and, consequently, often introduced by the bards, in their similes concerning the beauty of women. MACPHERSON.

Canach, the Earse for cotton (from *Canaib*, *Canabis*), arbitrarily transferred to cotton-grass, a plant very much resembling cotton ; by which name it was also known to Ossian.

⁸ If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter than the down of Cana ; if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light. Her face was heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair flowed around it, like streaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed Strina-dona.] TIBULLUS, iv. 2.

Illius ex oculis, quum vult exurere divos,

Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,

Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

Seu solvit crines, fuis decet esse capillis,

Seu compsit, comptis est veneranda comis :

Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla,

Urit seu nivea candida veste venit,

Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

This is the first direct imitation of Tibullus, whose tenderness was recommended to the translator's notice, by Blair's *Dissertation*, published while the *Temora* was still in the press (*Fingal*, iii. 5.) ; and in the additional poems, the *Laus Sulpitiæ* was

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-Suran, king of shells. The brothers came, from I-thor-no, to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth wild. She saw them in their echoing steel. Her soul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's⁹ nightly eye looked in, and saw the tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes, in silence, met. They turned away. They struck their shields. Their hands were trembling on their swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-surán fell in blood. On his isle raged the strength of his father. He turned Colgorm, from I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. In

immediately converted into the praise of Strina-dona. Had the translator continued his centos, the whole body of ancient and of modern poetry would have suffered a similar transmutation into Celtic prose.

⁹ Ul-lochlin, *the guide to Lochlin*; the name of a star. MAC-PHERSON.

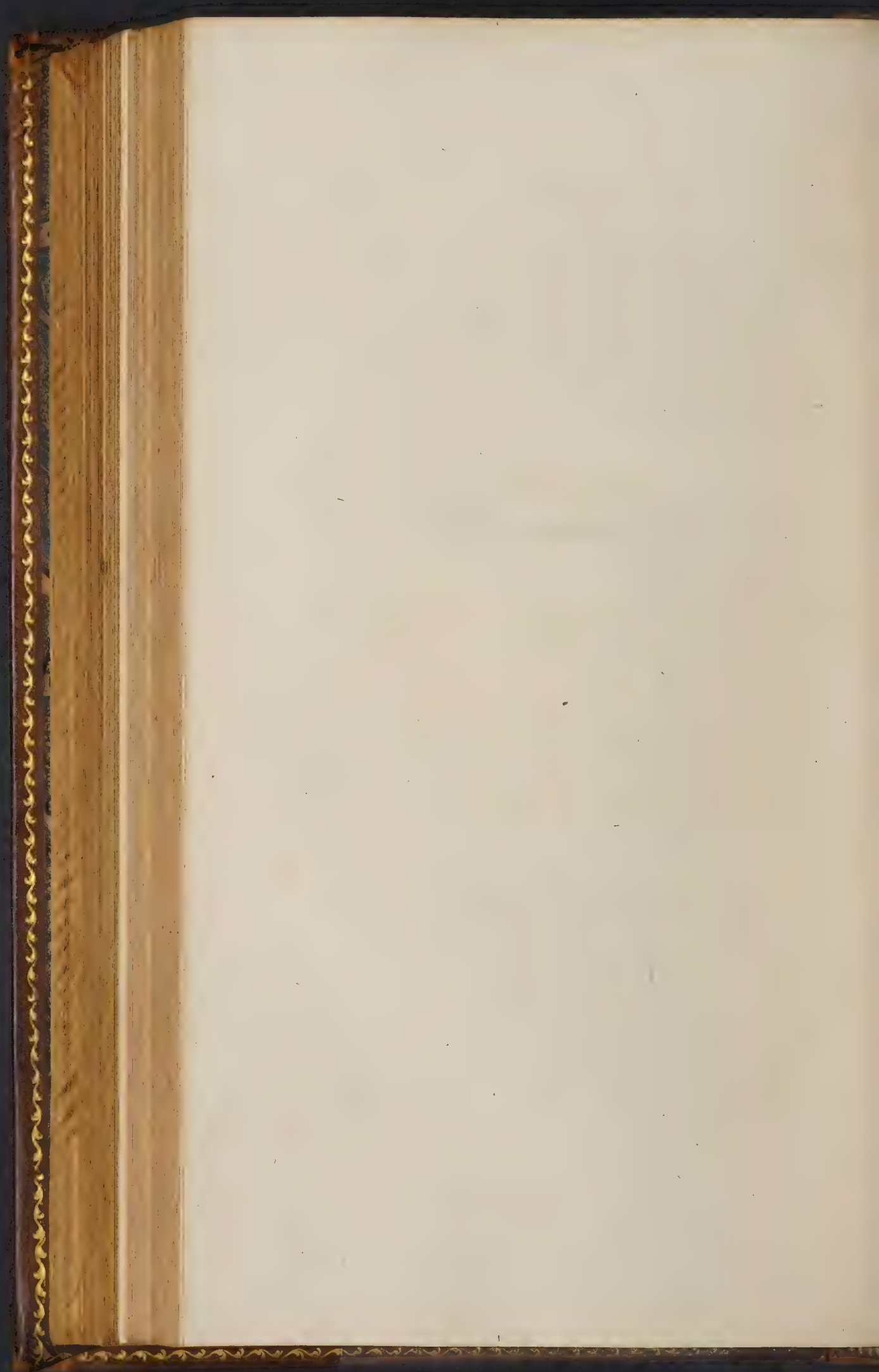
See *Temora*, iv. ¹. Wooing a sun-beam, is much such sublime nonsense as Strina-dona, dweller of souls, or Fingal rising in white bosoms by night. But in Ossian, if we may trust to what Kaims emphatically terms, a delicious morsel of criticism, "we meet with no affected ornaments; no forced refinement; no marks, either in thought or style, of a studied endeavour to shine and sparkle." See BLAIR'S *Dissertation*.

Crathmo-craulo's rocky field, he dwelt by a foreign stream. Nor darkened the king alone; that beam of light was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina-dona.

CATH-LODA:

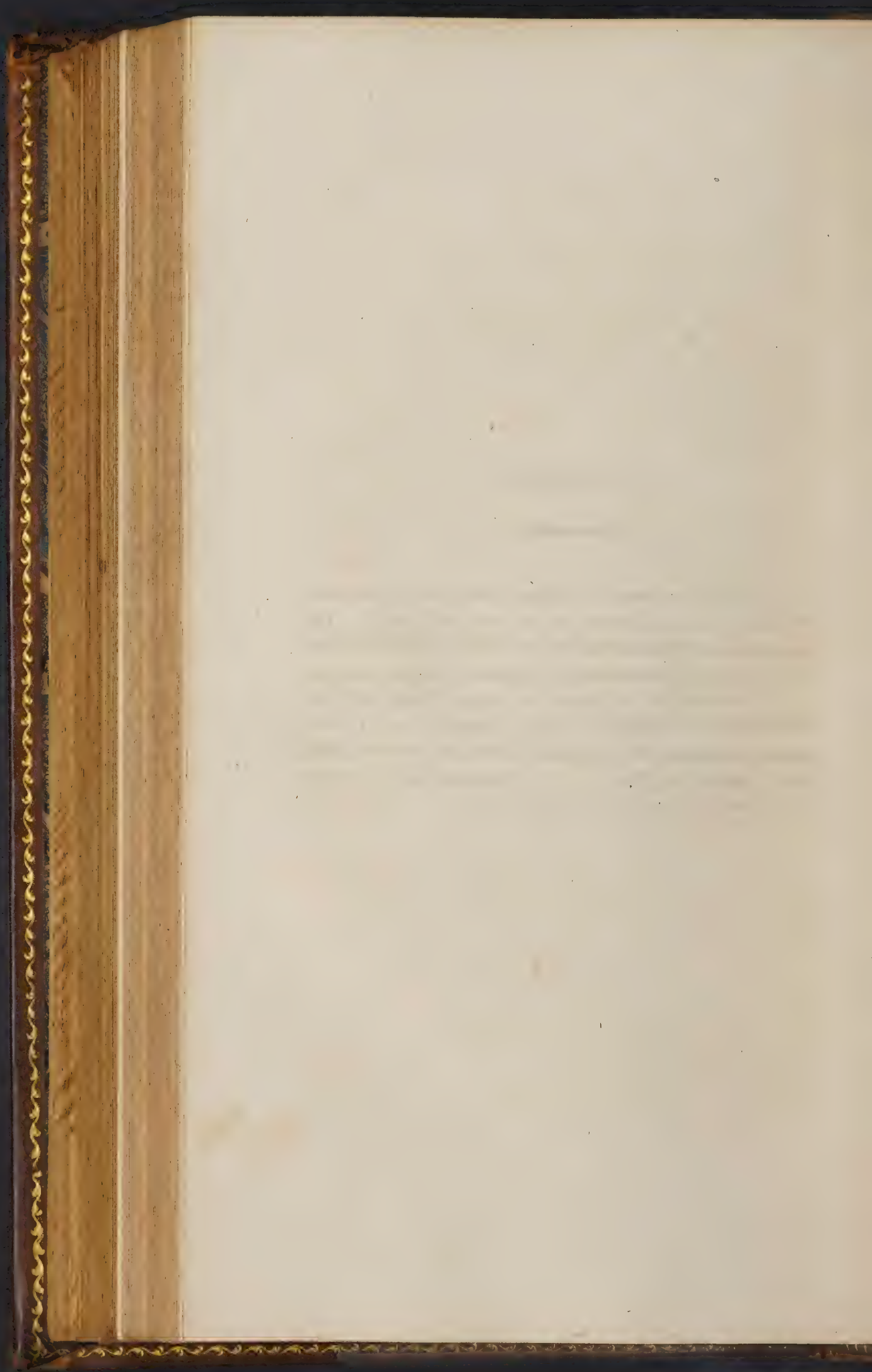
A POEM.

DUAN THIRD.



ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin. The conversation of Starno and Swaran. The episode of Corman-trunar and Foinar-bragal. Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran to surprise Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno undertakes the enterprise himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal. He is dismissed, after a severe reprimand for his cruelty. MACPHERSON.



CATH-LODA.

DUAN THIRD.

WHENCE is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many-coloured sides¹?

I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams on a distant lake². Here rise the red beams of

¹ *Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many-coloured sides.*] From POPE's *Essay on Man*.

Oh! while along the stream of time, thy name;
and BLAIR's *Grave*,

Son of the morning! *whither* art thou fled?

Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head?

² *Like reflected moon-beams on a distant lake.*] See *Temora*, v. 22. "The conscious moon---whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct." *Battle of the Books*.

war ! There, silent, dwells a feeble race ! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along. Dweller between the shields ! thou that awakest the failing soul ! descend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three ! Come with that which kindles the past : rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years !

Uthorno³, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the steps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. By Turthor's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills ; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward to the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a

³ The bards, who were always ready to supply what they thought deficient in the poems of Ossian, have inserted a great many incidents between the second and third *duän* of Cath-loda. Their interpolations are so easily distinguished from the genuine remains of Ossian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and Irish bards have shewn any judgment, it is in ascribing their own compositions to names of antiquity ; for, by that means, they themselves have escaped that contempt, which the authors of such futile performances must necessarily have met with from people of true taste. MACPHERSON.

The unexpected truth contained in this strange note, is too important to be suppressed.

formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his sighs. Starno foresaw, that Morven's king was not to yield in war.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son. He hummed a surly song; and heard his hair in wind. Turned ⁴ from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs in the course of blasts ⁵.

⁴ The surly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying dispositions. MACPHERSON.

⁵ *Like two oaks which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs in the course of blasts.] Iliad, xii. 132.*

Ἔστασαν, ὡς ὅτε τε ΔΡΥΕΣ οὔρεσιν ὑψιμάρονται,

Αἶτ' ἀνεμον μίμνουσι καὶ ὑετὸν ἥματα πάντα.

"Like two oaks on their native hills, which for ages sustain the winds, and the rushing course of the driving rain." MACPHERSON'S *Homer*, i. 357.

Æneid, ix. 679.

Quales aëriæ liquentia flumina circum,

Sivi Padi ripis, *Athesim* seu propter amœnum,

Consurgunt geminæ quercus, intonsaque cælo

Adtollunt capita, et sublimi vertice *nutant*.

Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.

DRYDEN.

"Turned from one another they stood," &c.; and by such mi-

“Annir,” said Starno of lakes, “was a fire that consumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the striving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood, to him, was a summer stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock. He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of streams, dweller of battle’s wing.

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-bosomed ships. He saw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foina-brâgal. He saw her ! Nor careless rolled her eyes, on the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship in darkness, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale. Annir pursued along the deep ; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king ! Starno was by his side. Like U-thorno’s young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

We rushed into roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought ; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath my father stood. He lopped the young trees, with his sword. His

nute alteration, the simile is adapted to the *surly attitude of Starno and Swaran.*

eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the soul of the king, and I retired in night. From the field I took a broken helmet: a shield that was pierced with steel: pointless was the spear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burning oak; and near him, beneath a tree, sat deep-bosomed Foina-brâgal. I threw my broken shield before her. I spoke the words of peace. "Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foina, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

Bursting into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair: a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. Corman-trunar gave the shell, and bade me to rejoice before him. I rested in the shade of night, and hid my face in my helmet deep. Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalking ghost⁶. I pierced

⁶ *I rose like a stalking ghost.*] *Highlander*, i. 219.

the side of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foina-brâgal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood.

Why, then, daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage?

Morning rose. The foe were fled, like the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came, streaked with wandering blood : thrice rose the shout of the king, like the bursting forth of a squall of wind, from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven⁷. They came, from all their winds,

Thus often to the mid-night traveller

The *stalking figures* of the dead appear.

⁷ *And called the hawks of heaven.*] The spirit, and the very ideas, of Regner Lodbrog, that northern scald, whom I formerly quoted, occur to us again. "The *hawks*," Ossian makes one of his Scandinavian chiefs say, "rush from all their winds. They are wont to trace my course. We *rejoiced* three days *above* the dead, and called the *hawks* of heaven. They came from all their winds, to *feast* on Annir's foes." BLAIR'S *Dissertation*, 2d edit. 8vo. 1765.

Acquilæ impetravimus tunc sufficientem

Hospitii sumptum in illa strage.—

Habere potuerunt tum corvi

Ante Indirorum insulas

Sufficientem prædum dilaniandam.—

to feast on Annir's foes. Swaran ! Fingal is alone, on his hill of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in secret; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice.

"Son of Annir," said Swaran, "I shall not slay in shades. I move forth in light : the hawks rush from all their winds. They are wont to trace my course : it is not harmless through war."

*Acquisivimus feris carnivoris
Plenum prandium.—*

*Ruit pluvia sanguinis de gladiis,
Præceps in Bardafyrde
Pallidum corpus pro accipitribus.—
Quilibet jacebat transversim supra alium,
Gaudebat pugna lætus
Accipiter ob gladiatorum ludus. Id.*

"The bodies of the warriors lay intermingled. The hawk rejoiced at the play of the sword." *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, 1763, p. 35. See *Sul-malla*, 5.

The subjects of Fingal, and of the Battle of Lora, are invasions from Lochlin; the subjects of Carrick-thura, Oithona, Croma, Inisthona, Berrathon, are expeditions to Scandinavia, or its dependent isles. But in these poems, the hawks of heaven were no more introduced than in Macpherson's Highlander; and the image was unknown to Ossian, till the appearance of Regner Lodbrog's Death Song, in Percy's *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, and in the first edition of Blair's *Dissertation*. Surely, surely, Blair must have suspected such gross imitations, when the translator stole even from his own commentators.

Burning rose the rage of the king. He thrice raised his gleaming spear. But, starting, he spared his son ; and rushed into the night. By Turthor's cave a stream is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan ; but she was distant far, in Loda's resounding hall.

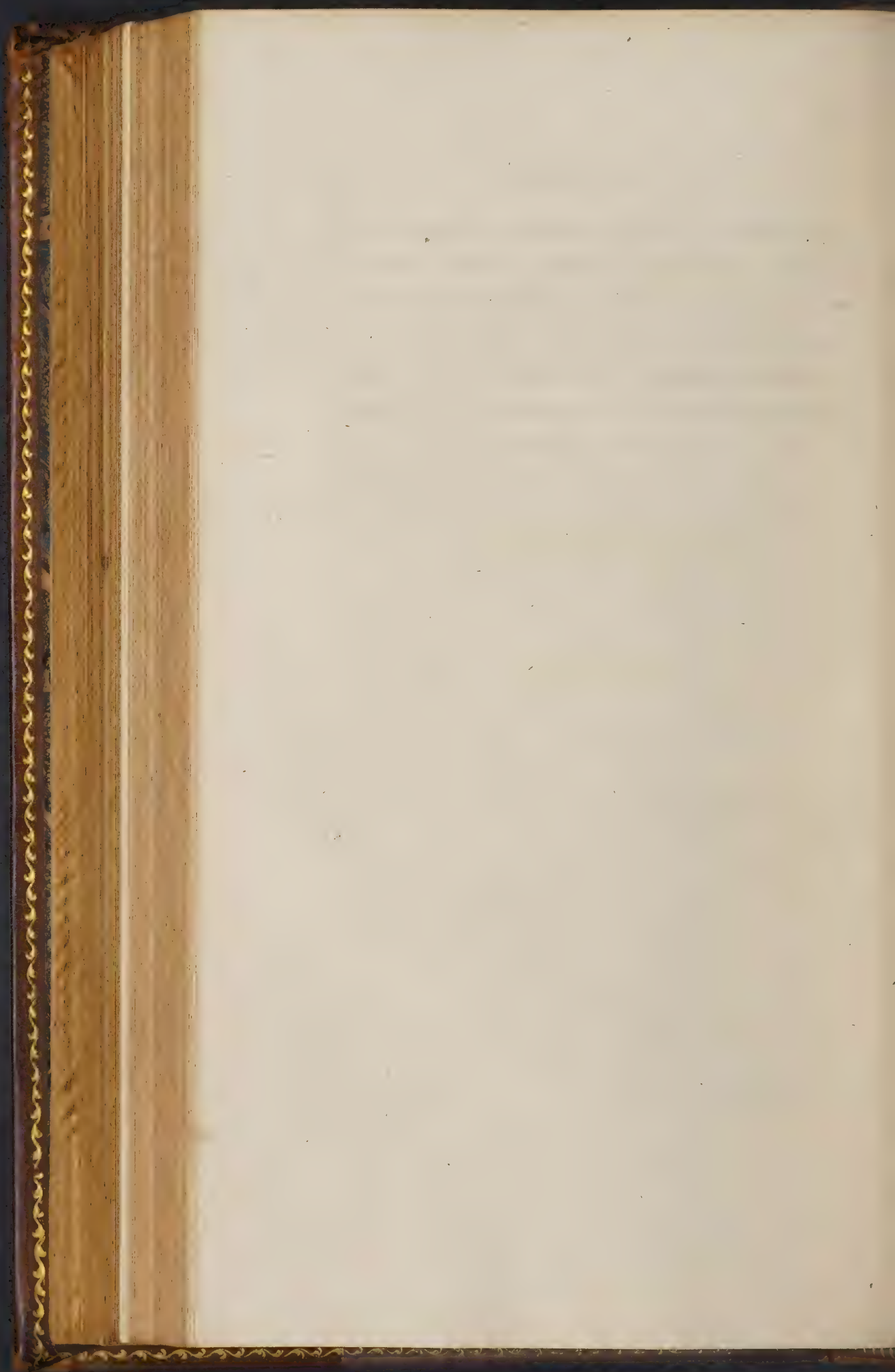
Swelling in his rage, he strode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his shield, on his own secret hill.

Stern hunter of shaggy boars ! no feeble maid is laid before thee. No boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring stream. Here is spread the couch of the mighty, from which they rise to deeds of death ! Hunter of shaggy boars, awaken not the terrible !

Starno came murmuring on, Fingal arose in arms. "Who art thou, son of night ?" Silent he threw the spear. They mixed their gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam arose. It was then Fingal beheld the king. He rolled a while his silent eyes. He thought of other days, when the white-bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. He loosed the thongs from

his hands. "Son of Annir," he said, "retire. Retire to Gormal of shells; a beam that was set returns. I remember thy white-bosomed daughter; dreadful king away! Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!

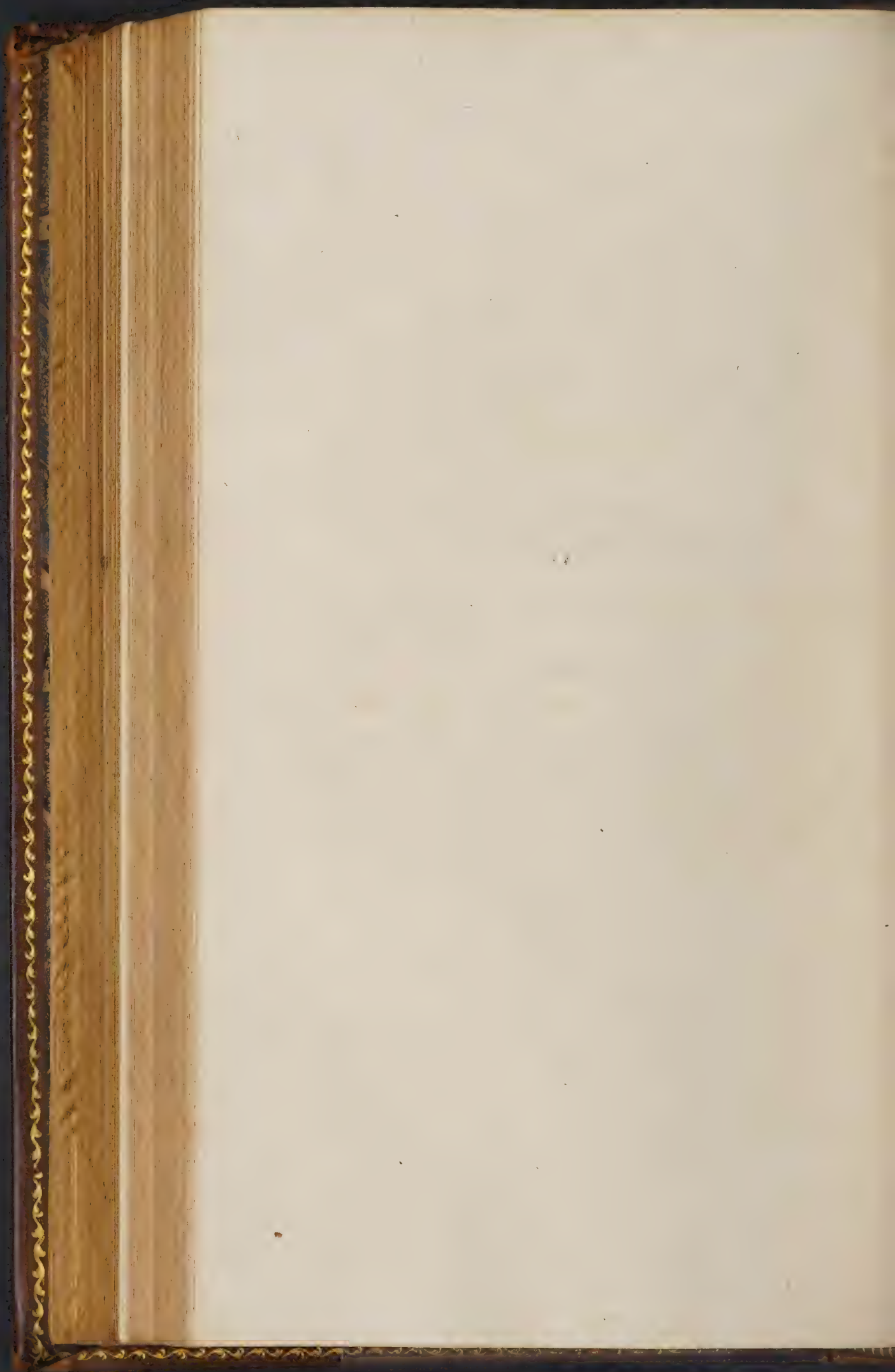
A tale of the times of old!



OINA-MORUL:

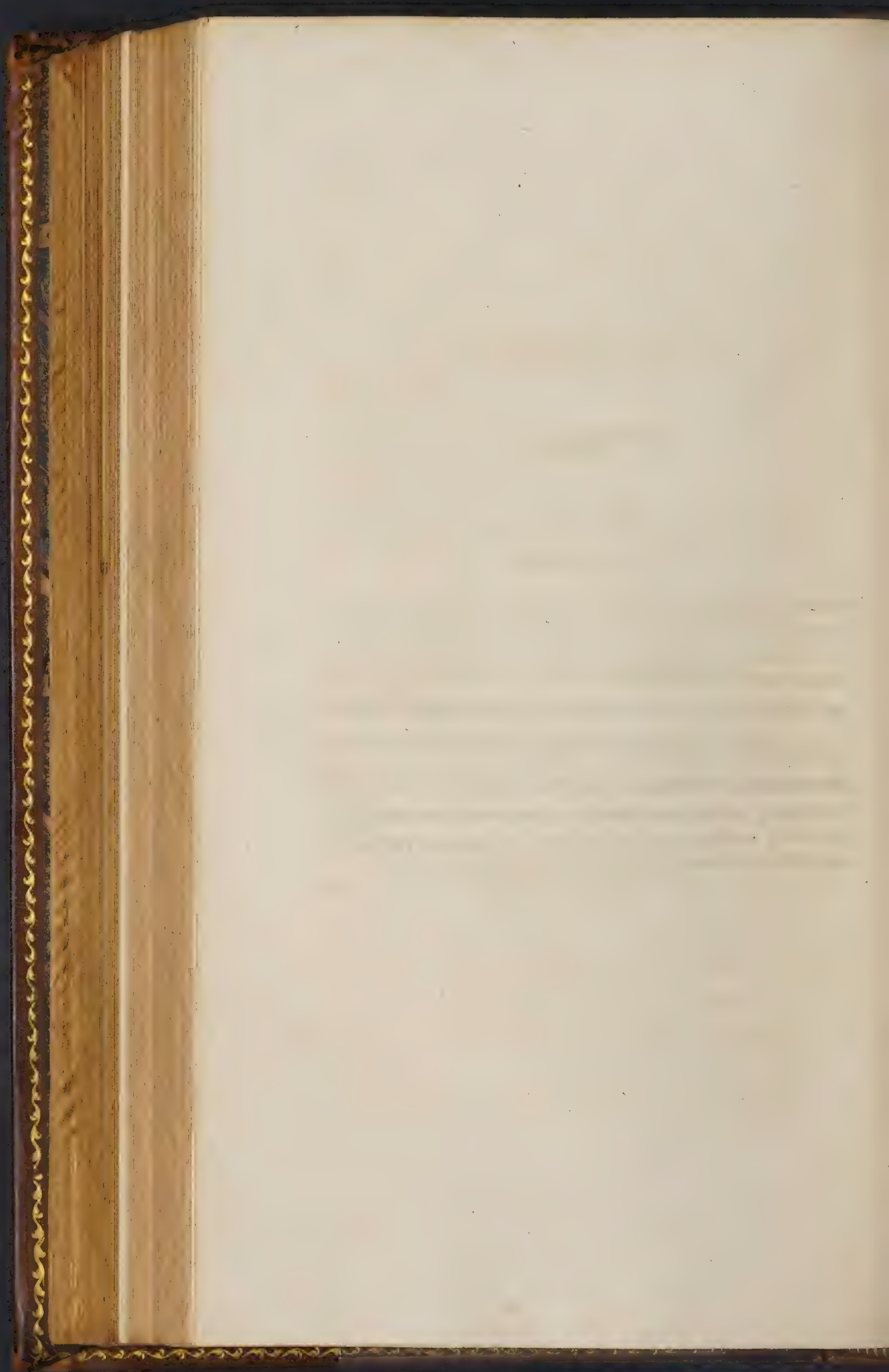
A POEM.

VOL. II.



ARGUMENT.

AFTER an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage), Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian ; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings. MACPHERSON.



OINA-MORUL :

A POEM.

As flies the inconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill¹ ; so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night ! When bards are removed to their place ; when harps are hung in Selma's hall ; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul ! It is the voice of years that are gone² ! they roll before me, with all their deeds ! I seize the

¹ *As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon's grassy hills.* Thomson's *Autumn* ; so repeatedly imitated.

The clouds *fly* different, and the *sudden sun*,
By *fits* effulgent, gilds th' illumin'd field.

² *It is the voice of years that are gone.* *Night Thoughts*, i.
It is the *knell* of my *departed* hours ;
Where are they ? with the *years* beyond the flood.

tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away.

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin³, on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met, at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails; I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is

³ Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave.* MACPHERSON.

the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought ; I denied the maid ; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuärfed ; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king ?”

“I come not,” I said, “to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise ; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.”

“Descendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky ! Many have rejoiced at my feast ; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds ; but no white sails were seen. But steel ⁴ resounds in my hall ; and not

⁴ A certain old bard poetically compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. “Those that pay court to him, says he, are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke give the fire a great appearance at a distance,

the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes ; dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles ! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams ⁵. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuärfed ; for

but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which fed the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all its winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief when his power declines." MACPHERSON.

⁵ *Her eyes were two stars—The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams.*] Perhaps an expansion of MILTON's *L'Allegro*, l. 79.

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles !

“ Son of Fingal,” begun Mal-orchol, “ not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings !”

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle’s beard ; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass.⁶ It was the maid of Fuarfed wild ! she raised the nightly song ; she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds. “ Who looks,” she said, “ from his rock, on ocean’s closing mist ? His long locks, like the raven’s wing, are wandering on

⁶ *Like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle’s beard ; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass.*] THOMSON’S *Summer*.

A fresher gale——

Sweeping with *shadowy* gust the fields of corn——

Wide o’er the *thistly lawn* as swells the breeze,

A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats.

the blast. Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe⁷. Retire, soft singer by night; Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of Fuarfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war.

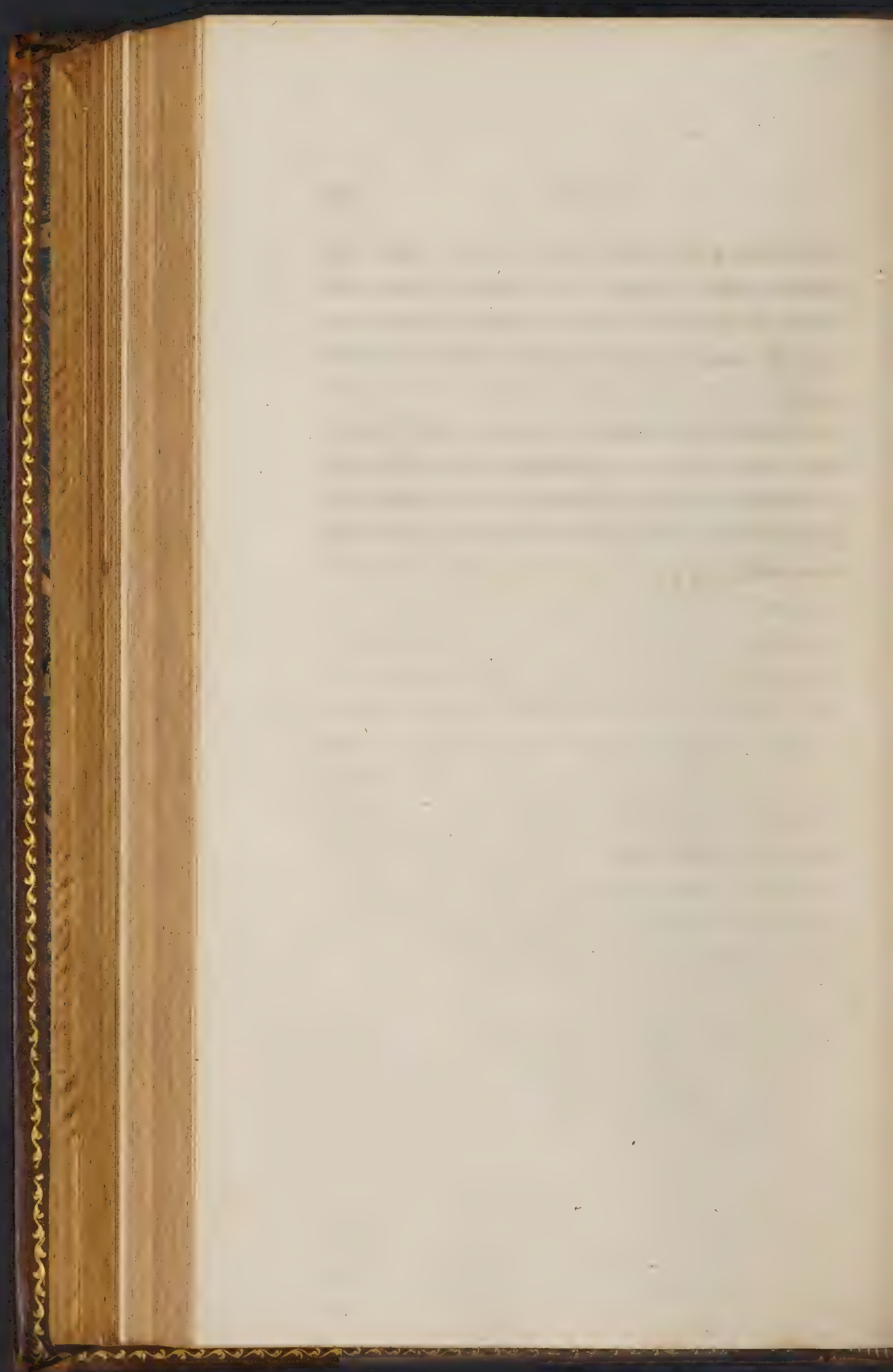
⁷ *Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe.*] Temora, ii. ²⁴. From POPE, 1 *Epist. Hor.* lib. i.

A voice there is that whispers in my ear,

'Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear.

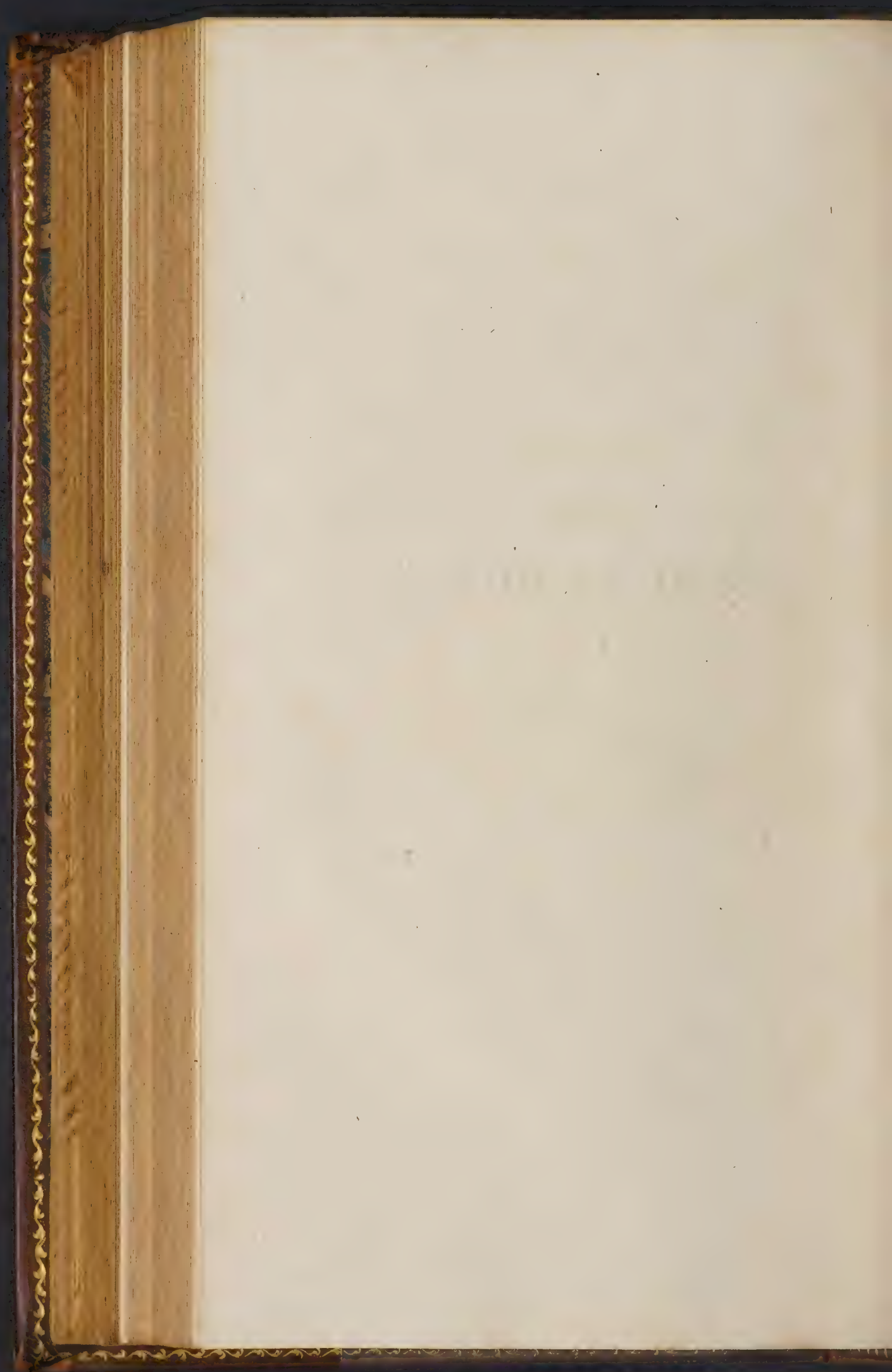
Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!



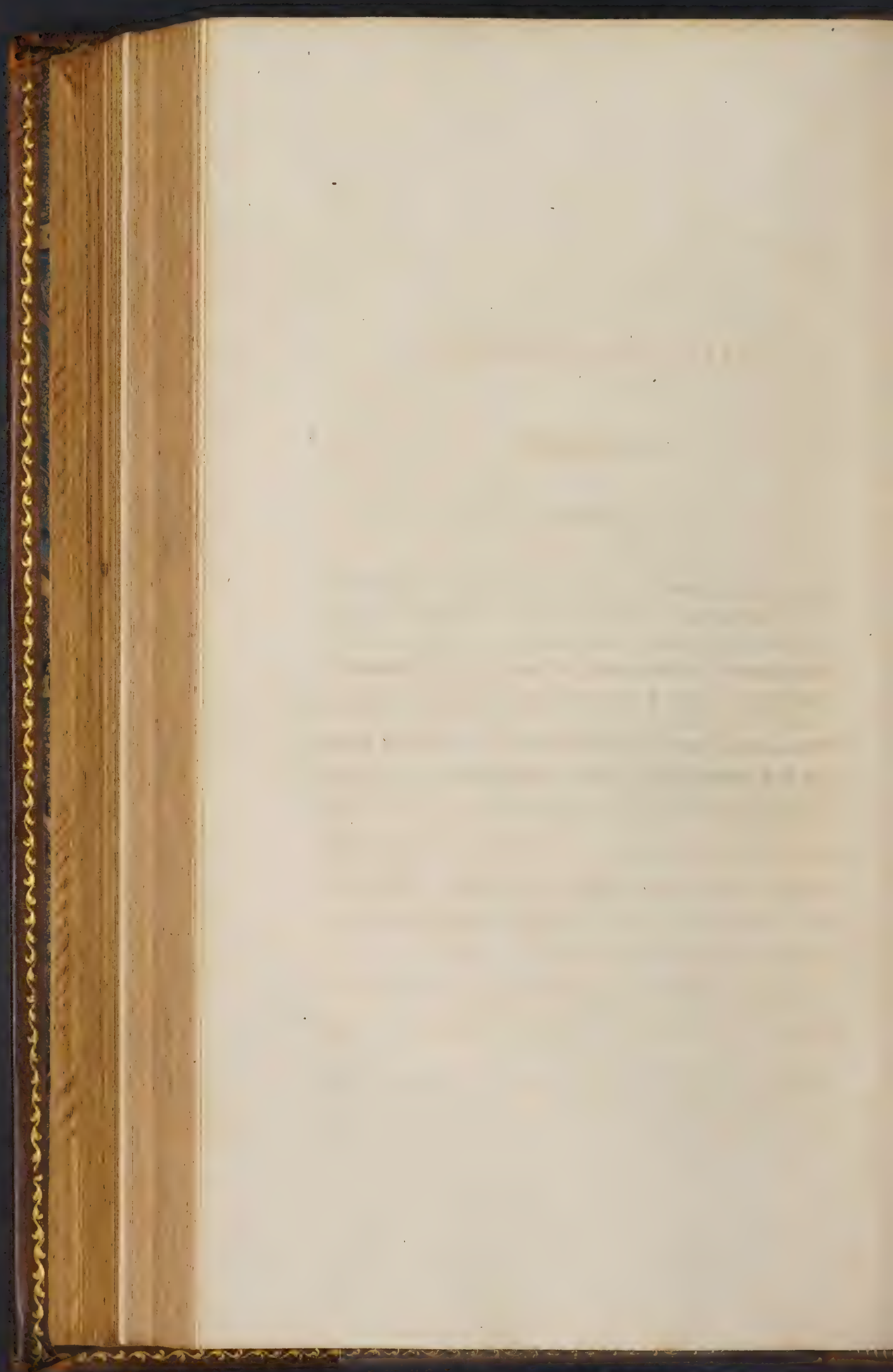
COLNA-DONA:

A POEM.



ARGUMENT.

FINGAL dispatches Ossian and Toscar, the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting party, brings their loves to a happy issue. MACPHERSON.



COLNA-DONA:

A POEM.

COL-AMON¹ of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona of the streams, Toscar of grassy Lutha,

¹ Colna-dona signifies *the love of heroes*. Col-amon, *narrow river*. Car-ul, *dark-eyed*. MACPHERSON.

and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown; from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone, after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him, by thy side:

thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams²; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war: the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone; and the aged shall reply, "This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years!"

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches before him.

² *Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him by thy side; thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams.*] Another variation of Milton's belated peasant. *Par. Lost*, i. 780:

Like that pigmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or *dreams* he sees, while *overhead* the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.

"Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war: the darkened *moon looks from heaven* on the troubled field."

“Sons of the mighty,” he said, “ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma’s streamy vale! I pursued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of ocean’s wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha’s winding waters. He fled, along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue-eyes of Erin, Ros-crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac’s race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!”

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero’s race. “When battle,” said the king, “shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will say, and lay aside the shield?”

Night came down. In her long locks moved
 the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp
 arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona.
 Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of
 heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a
 beam to the dark-heaving ocean : when it bursts
 from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a
 wave. * * * * *

* * * * *

With morning we awaked the woods ; and
 hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell
 by their wonted streams. We returned through
 Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came
 forward, with a shield and pointless spear.
 "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying
 beam ? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round
 bright Colna-dona of harps ?"

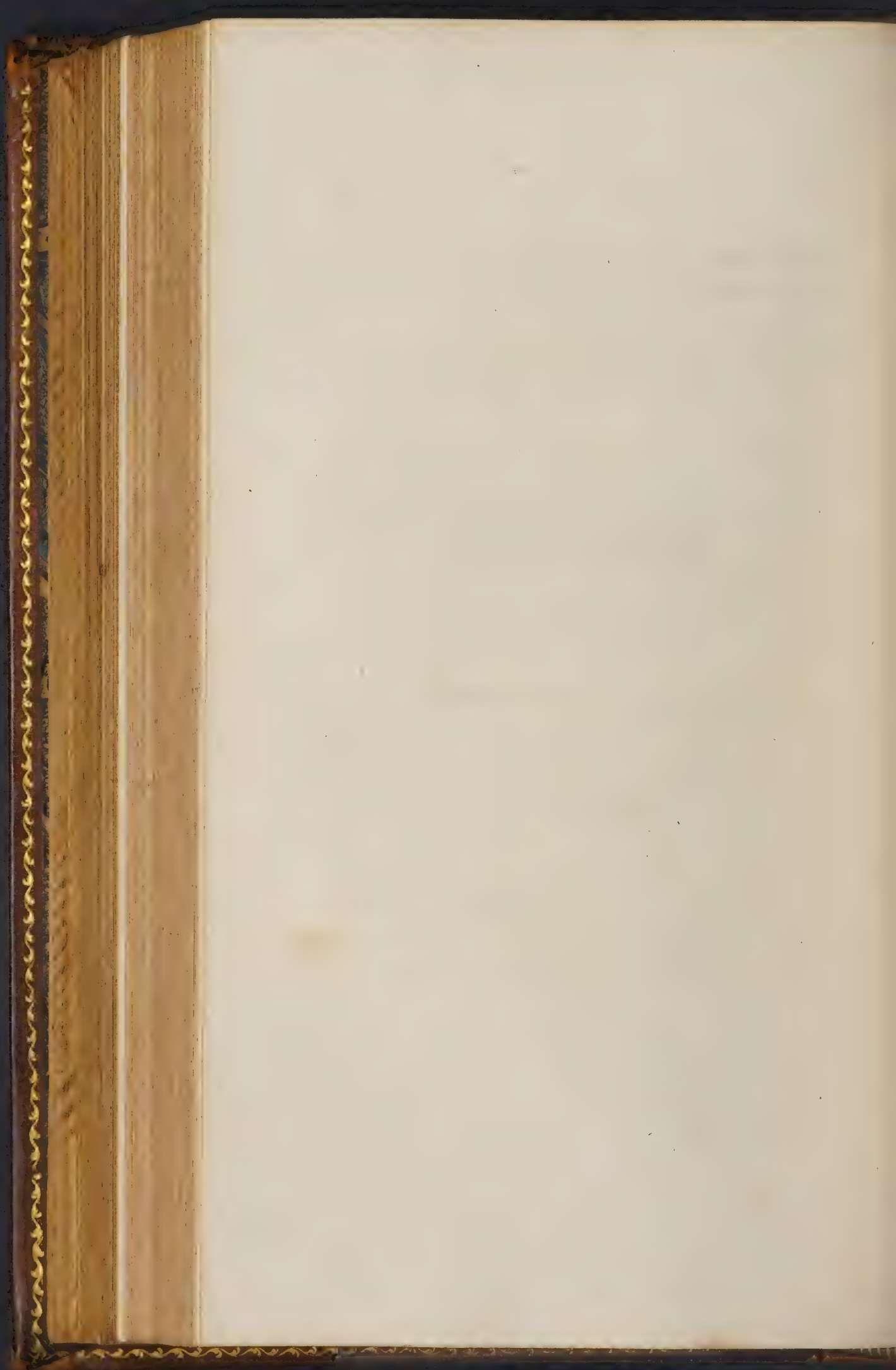
"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth,
 "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt ; but her
 course is now in deserts, with the son of the
 king ; he that seized with love her soul as it
 wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales,"
 said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's
 course ? He must fall, give thou that bossy
 shield !" In wrath he took the shield. Fair be-

hind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves³. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king ! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose !

³ *Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves.*] Trembling on swift-rolling waves. 1st edit. Fingal, iv. From *Par. Lost*, vii. 437.

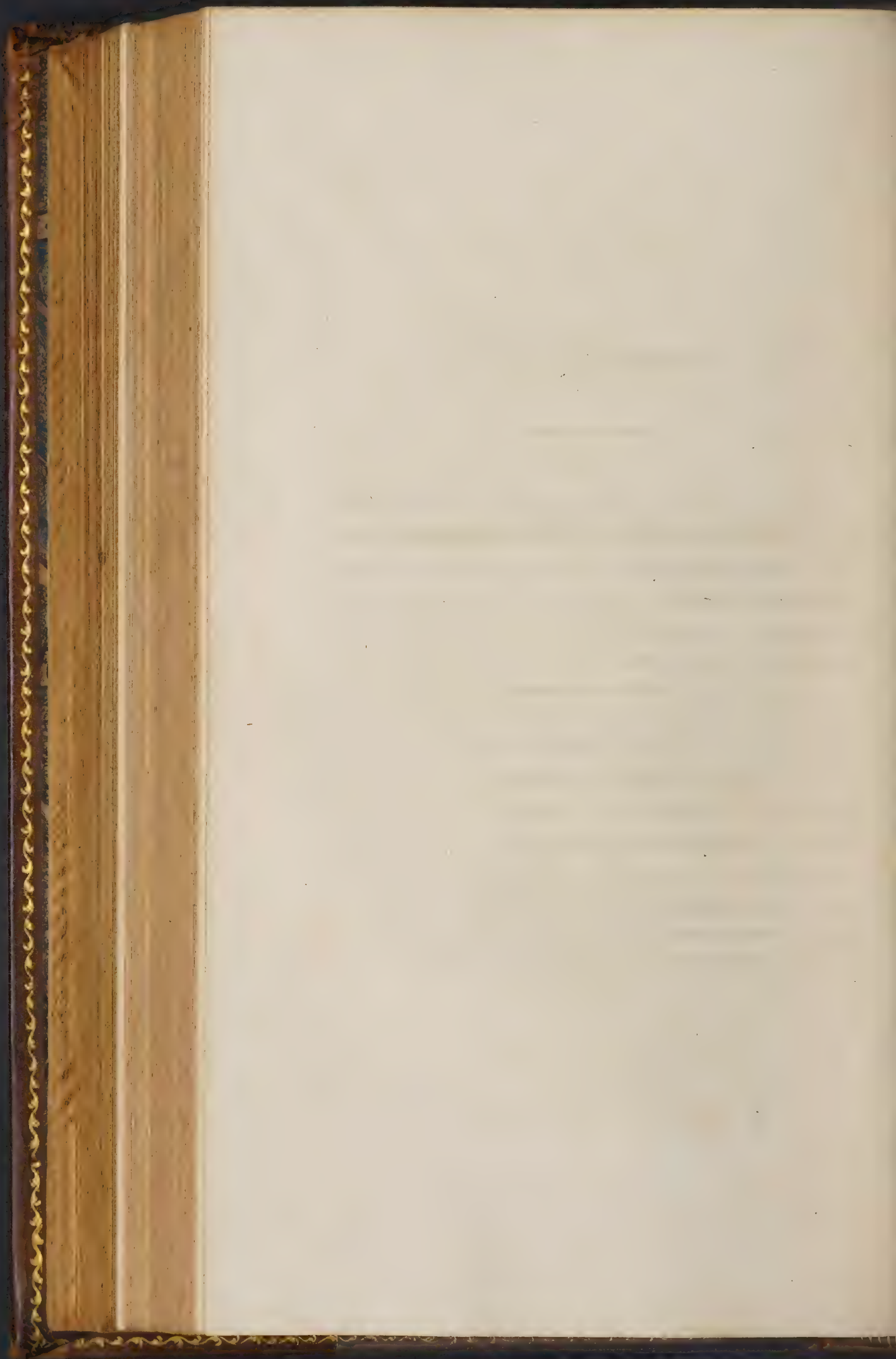
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bath'd
Their downy *breast* ; the swan, with arched neck,
Between her *white* wings *mantling proudly*, rows
Her state with oary feet.

A
SPECIMEN
OF THE
ORIGINAL OF TEMORA.
BOOK VII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

It is thought proper to give a specimen of the original Gaelic, for the satisfaction of those who doubt the authenticity of Ossian's poems. The Seventh Book of TEMORA is fixed on for that purpose, not from any other superior merit, than the variety of its versification. To print any part of the former collection was unnecessary, as a copy of the originals lay, for many months, in the bookseller's hands, for the inspection of the curious. Though the erroneous orthography of the bards is departed from, in many instances, in the following specimen, yet several quiescent consonants are retained, to shew the derivation of the words. This circumstance may give an uncouth appearance to the language, in the eyes of those who are strangers to its harmony. They ought, however, to consider, that a language is put to the severest test, when it is stripped of its own proper characters; especially when the power of one of them requires, sometimes, a combination of two or three Roman letters to express it. MACPHERSON.



A

SPECIMEN

OF THE

ORIGINAL OF TEMORA.

BOOK VII.

O LINNA doir-choile na Leigo,
Air uair, eri' ceo taobh-ghórm nan tón;
Nuair dhunas dorsa na h'oicha
Air iulluir-shuil greina nan speur.
Tomhail, mo Lara nan sruth,
Thaomas du'-nial, as doricha cruaim:
Mar ghlas-scia', roi taoma nan nial,
Snamh seachad, ta Gellach na h'oicha.
Le so edi' taisin o-shean
An dlu'-ghleus, a measc na gaoith,
'S iad leamnach, o osna gu osna,
Air du'-aghai' oicha nan sian.
An taobh oitaig, gu palin nan seoid,
Taomas iad ceäch nan speur,
Gorm-thalla do thannais nach béo,
Gu ám eri' fón marbh-rán nan teud.

Ta torman, a machair nan crán
 Se Conar ri Erin at' án,
 A taoma' ceo-tanaís gu dlu'
 Air Faolan aig Lubhair nan sru'
 Muladach, suigha fo bhrón,
 Dh'aom an tais an cheach an loin.
 Thaom osna, essin an fein,
 Ach phil an cruth aluin, gu dián
 Phil é le chrom-shealla mál
 Le cheo-leatain, mar shuibhal nan sian.

'S doilleir so !

Ata na sloigh na nsuain, san ám,
 An truscan cear na h'oicha :
 Dh' ilsich teina an ri, gu ard,
 Dh' aom é na aonar, air scia'.
 Thuit codál, mo shuillin a ghaischich,
 Thanic guth Fhaolan, na chluais.

An codal so, don' fhear-phosda aig Clatho ?
 Am bail coní do m' athair, an suain ?
 Am bail cuina, 's mi 'ntruscan nan nial ?
 'S mi m' aonar an ám na h'oicha ?

Cur son ta ú, a m' aslin fein ?
 Thubhart Fion-ghael, 's é'g eri grad.
 An dith-chuin, d'omse, mo mhac,
 Na schiubhal teina air Rethlan nan laoi ch ?
 Ni marsin, air anam an ri,
 Thig gníomh seoid aluin na ncruai'-bheum.
 Ni ndeallan iadse, a theichas an dubhra
 Na h'oicha, 'snach fhág a lorg.
 'S cuina liom Faolan na shuain :
 'Ta m'anam aig eri' borb.

Ghluais an ri, le sleagh, gu grad,
 Bhuaile nscia' as fuaimnach cop,
 An scia' a dh' aom sa n'oicha ard,
 Bal-mosgla' do cháth nan lóit.
 Air aomagh du' nan sliabh,
 Air gaoith, theich treud nan tais :
 O ghleanan cear nan ioma lúp,
 'Mhosguil guth a bhais.

Bhuail é 'n scia, an darra cuairt,
 Ghluais coga, an aslin an t'shluaigh :
 Bhith comh-sri nan lán glas—
 A dcalra' air anam nan seoid,
 Ciean-fheona a truita' gu cath,
 Slua' a teicha,—gníomh bu chruai',
 Leth-dhoilleir, an deallan na stalin.

Nuair dh' erich, an darra fuaim,
 Léum feigh, o chós nan cárn
 Chluinte a screadan scé', sa n' fhasich—
 Gach Ean, air osna fein.
 Leth-erich siol Albin nam buaigh
 Thog iad suas gach sleagh, bu ghlas :
 Ach phíl sachir, air an l' shluaigh,
 Se bh' án scia' Mhorbhein na mfras.
 Phíl codal, air suilin na mfear :
 Bu dorchá, tróm a nglean.

Ni mo chodal, duitse é, sa nuair,
 Nion shuil-ghórm Chonmor na mbuaigh,—
 Chuala Suil-mballa an fhuaim
 Dh' erich i, sa n' oicha, le cruaim :
 Ta ceum gu ri Atha na ncolg :
 Ni mosguil cunart anam borb.
 Tróm a shési,—a suilin sios.
 Ta 'nspeur an losga nan reul.

Chualas lé sciath na ncòp.
 Ghluais;—ghrad shés an Oi:—
 Dh' erich a gu'—ach dh' aom é sios.—
 Chuinic is é, na stalin chruai,
 A dealra ri losga nan reul :
 Chuinic is é, na leatan thróm.
 Aig eri ri osna nan speur.
 Thionta i ceamná, le fiamh,
 Curson dhuigimse Ri Erin na m Bólg,
 Ni n' aslin do chodal u-fein,
 A nion Inis-uina na ncólg.

Gu garg a mhosgul an torman ;
 On' oi thuit a cean-bhért sios :
 Ta mforum, air carric nan sruth.

Plaosga, o aslin na h'oicha,
 Ghluais Cathmor fa chrán fein.
 Chuinic é n' Oi bu tla,
 Air carric Lubhair nan sliabh :
 Dearg reul, a sealla sios,—
 Measc siubhal a tróm chíabh.

Cia 'ta roi Oicha gu Cathmor
 An cear-amsair aslin fein ?
 Am bail fios duit, air sri na ncruai-bheum ?
 Cia ussa, mhic dubhra nan speur ?
 Na shés u, am fion as an Ri,
 Do chaol-thannais, on n' am e-shean ;
 Na nguth u, o neoil nam fras,
 Le cunairt Erin na ncolg sean ?

Ni mfear siubhail dubora mi-fhein,
 Ni nguth mi, o neol, na cruaim :
 Ach ta m' fhocul, le cunairt na h' Erin.
 An cualas duit coppan no fuaim ?
 Ni ntais é, Ri Atha nan sruth,
 A thaomas an fhuaim air oicha.

Taomagh an seod a ghuth fein,
 'S fon clarsich, do Cathmor an fhuaim,
 Ta aitis, mhic dubhra nan speur,
 Losga air m' anam, gun ghruaim.
 Se ceoil chiean-fheona na ncruai-bheum,
 A m' oicha, air asri' nan siän,
 Nuair lasas anam nan són ;
 A chlän an cruadal do miän.
 Ta siol-meata a nconi, na mfiamh,
 A ngleanan na n' osna tlá,
 Far an aom ceo-maidin, ri sliabh,
 O ghorm-shuibhal sruthan na mblár.

Ni meata, chean-uia nan són,
 An seans'ra', on thuit mi-fein,
 Bu choni doigh dubhra nan tón,
 An tir fhadda siol cholgach na mbeum.
 Ach ni nsolas do m' anam tlá
 Fuaim mhál a bhais on raoin,

Thig essin nach geil gu bráth ;
Mosguil bard focuil a scaoin.—

Mar charric, 's sruthan ri taobh,
'M fasich na mfaoin bhean,
Shes Cathmor, cean-feona nach maoin,—
An deoir——

Mar oitag, air anam le brón,
Thanic guth caoin na h'oi,
Mosgla cuina talamh nan bean
A caomh-choni aig sruthan na nglean ;
Roi n' ám an d' thanic é gu borb
Gu cabhar Chonmor na nclog fiar.

A nion coigrich nan lán,
(Thionta i ceán on d' shón)
'S fadda fa, m' shuil, an cruai,
Cran fathal Inis-uina nan tón.
Ta m' anam, do thubhairt mi-fein,
An truscan nan sian cear,
Car son a lassa an dealra so-fhein,
Gus am píl mi, an sí', on d' shliabh ?
Na ghlas m' aighaí', na t' fhionas, a lamh-gheal,
'S tu togmhail do m' eagal an Rí ?
'S am cunairt, annir nan tróm chiabh,
Am do m' anam, mór-thalla na sri !
Attas e, tomhail mar sruth,
A taomagh air Cael na ncruaí-bheum.

An taobh carric chosach, air Lona,
Mo chaochan, nan sruthan cróm,
Glas, a nciabh na h' aose,
'Ta Claon-mhal, Rí clarsich nam fón.
O s'cion ta cran-darrach na mfuaim,
Agus siubhal nan rua-bhoc sliom,
'Ta forum na sri' na chluais
'S é 'g àomagh a nsmuina nach tiom :
An sin bith do thalla, Shul-mhalla,
Gus an ilsich forum na mbeum :
Gus am píl mi, an lassa na cruai',
O thruscan dubhra na bein :

On cheäch do thrussas o Lona
Ma choni mo ruin fein.

Thuit cath-soluis air anam na h'oi,
Las i suas, fa' choir an Ri:
Thionta i a h' aighai ri Cathmor,
A 'ciabh-bhóg ans' na h' osna a sri?

Reupar iulluir nan speür ard,
O mhòr-sruth gaoith na ndlean;
Nuair chi' é na ruai-bhuic, fa' choir,
Clan elid na mfaoin bhean,
Mu ntionta Cathmor na ncruai-bheum,
On d' srí mu n' erich dan.—

Faicimse u, ghasgaich na ngeur lan,
O thruscan an dubhra dú',
Nuair thogas ceo mu m' choni fein,
Air Lona na n' ioma srú?
Nuair s' fadda, o m' shuil, u sheoid!
Puail coppán na mfuaim ard.
Pillé solas, do m' anam, 's é nceö
'S mi aig aoma air carric liom fein:
Ach mo thuit u—mar ri coigrich ata mí!
Thigga' do ghuth ò neoil,
Gu oi Inis-uina, 's i fan.

Og-gheug Lumoin an fheur,
Com dh' aoma tu, 'nstrachda nan sian?
'S tric thionta Cathmor ó nbhlar
Du'-thaomagh air aighai' nan sliabh.
Mar mhellain, do m' fein, ta sleagh nan lóit,
'S iad prunagh air cós nan sciath;
Dh' erim, mo sholluis, on d' shrí;
Mar thein-oicha, o thaoma nan niäl
Na píls a dheo-ghreina, on ghlean
Nuair dhluthichas forum na ncolg:
Eagal teacha do nabhad o m'lamh,
Mar theich iad, o shiean' sra' na m Bólg.

Chualas le Sonmór air Cluanar,
Thuit fa Chormac na ngeúr lan,
Tri lo dhòrch an Ri,
Mu n' fhear, a gh'aom an sri na glean.

Chuinac min-bhean, an sòn a nceo.
 Phrosnich sud d' i siubhal gu sliabh,
 Thog i bogha, fos n' iosal,
 Gu dol marri laoch nan sciath.
 Do n' ainir luigh dubhra air Atha,
 Nuair shuilagh a ngaisgach gu gniomh.

O cheud sruthan aonach na h'oicho,
 Thaom siol Alnecma sios.
 Chualas scia' chasmachd an Ri,
 Mhosguil a n' anam gu sri'
 Bha' an siubhal, a mforum nan lan,
 Gu Ullin, talamh na ncran.
 Bhuail Sónmór, air uari', an sciath
 Cean-feona na mborb thriath.
 Na ndeabh, lean Sul-allin
 Air aoma na mfras,
 Bu sholus ís, air aonach,
 Nuair thaom iad air gleanta glas:
 Ta ceamna flathail air lóm,
 Nuair thog iad, ri aghai nan tóm.
 B' eagal d' i sealla an Ri—
 Dh' fhag i, 'n Atha na mfrí'.

Nuair dh' erich forum na mbeum,
 Agus thaom iad, sa cheille, sa chath,
 Loisg Sonmor, mar theina nan speur,
 Thanic Sul-aluin na mflath.
 A folt scaoilta, sa n' osna,
 A h'anam aig osparu mon' Ri.
 Dh' aom é an t'shri' mu rún nan laoich,
 Theich nabhad fa' dhubhra nan speur
 Luigh Cluanar gun fhuil,
 Gun fhuil, air tigh caoil gun leus.—

Ni n' d' erich fearg Shon-mhor nan lán,
 Bha' lo gu dorch, 's gu mál:
 Ghluais Sul-allin mu gorm-sru' fein,
 A suil an reachda nan deuir.
 Bu lionmhar a sealla, gu caoin
 Air gaisgach sabhach nach faoin.
 Ach thionta i a suillin tla,

O shealla, an laoch thuatal.
 Mhosgul blair, mar fhorum nan nial,
 Ghluais doran o' anam mór,
 Chunas a ceamna, le aitis,
 'Sa lamh-gheal air clarsich na mfón.

Na chruai a ghluais an Rì, gun dail,
 Bhuail é 'n sciath chosach árd;
 Gu árd, air darach nan sian,
 Aig Lubhair na n' ioma sruth.
 Seachd coppain a bh', air an scé,
 Seachd focuil an Rì' do shluagh;
 A thaomagh air osna nan speur,
 Air finachá mór na m Bólg.

Air gach copan ta reül do n'oicha;
 Cean-mathon nan ros gun scleo',
 Caol-derna, o neoil aig eri',
 Ul-oicho an truscan do cheö.

'Ta Caon-cathlin, air carric, a dealra
 Reül-dura' ar gorm-thón on iar:
 Leth-chellagh solus an uisce.
 Ta Ber-thein, las-shuil nan sliabh,
 Sealla sios, 'o choille sa n'aonach;
 Air mál shiubhal, sélgair 's é triäl,
 Roi ghleanan, an dubhra bhraonach,
 Le faogh rua-bhuic nan leum árd.

Tomhail, a miän na scé,
 'Ta lassa Ton-theina, gun neoil,
 An rinnac a sheal, roi n'oicha,
 Air Lear-thon a chuain mhoir;
 Lear-thon, cean-feona na m Bolg
 A nceud-fhear a shuib-hail air gaoith.

Leathain scaoile seoil bhan an Rì.
 Gu Inis-fail nan ioma sru?
 Thaom oicha air aighai' a chuain,
 Agus ceäch nan truscan du'.
 Bha' gaoith a caochla dlu' sa nspeur.
 Leum loingheas, o thon gu tón;
 Nuair dh' erich Ton-theina nan stuagh
 Caon-shealla, o bhrista' nan nial,

B' aitis do Ìearthon tein-uil na mbuaigh,
A dealra air domhan nan sian.

Fa' sleagh Chathmor na ncolg sean
Dhuisge an guth, a dhuisga Baird.
Thaom iad du', o thaobh nan sliabh,
Le clarsich ghrin 's gach lamh.
Le aitis mór, shés rompa an Rì,
Mar f hear-siubhal, ri teas la 'nglean.
Nuair chluinas é, fadda sa nréth,
Caoin thorman sruthan na mbean :
Sruthan a bhristas sa n' fhasich,
O charric thaobh-ghlas nan rua-bhoc.

Cur son chluinim guth ard an Rì—
N' ám codal, a n' oicha nan fras ?
Am facas tanais nach beo,
Measc t'aslin aig aoma glas ?
Air neoil am bail an aitach fuar,
Feagha' fón Fhonair na mfleagh ?
'S lionmhar an siubhal air réth,
Far an tog an siol an t' shleagh.
Na n' erich, ar cronan air thús,
Mu n' f hear, nach tog on t' shlea' gu brath ;
Fear choscairt, air glean nan sloigh,
O Mhoma nan ioma bad ?

Ni dith-chuin do m' dorchas na mblár
Chiean-fheona na mbard, o thús,
Togar cloch do aig Lubhair na ncárn,
Ait-coni dh' Fholdath 'sdo chliu.
Ach taom m' anam, air ám nan laoich,
Air na bliaghna', so n d' erich iad suas,
Air tón Inis-uina na ncolg.
Ni n' aitis, do Chathmor a bhain,
Cuina Lumon inis uina na nsloi ?
Lumon talamh na nsruth,
Caon-choni na mbán-bhroilach Oi.

Lumon na sruth !
'Ta u dealra, air m' anam fein,
'Ta do ghrian, air do thaobh,
Air carric na ncràn bu tróm.

Tat' elid chear
 Do dhearg bar-mhor, a measc na mbad
 A faicin air sliabh.
 An colg-chu, a siubhal grad.
 Mál air an réth
 Ta ceamna nan Oi:
 Oi lamh-gheal nan teud
 'S na bogha cróm, sa mhoi;
 Togmhail an gorm-shuil tlà,
 On leatain bhar-bhui, air sliabh na mflath.
 Nì bail ceamna Lear-thon sa bhein,
 Cean Inis na ngeug uina.
 Ta è togmhail du-dharach air tón,
 A ncamis Chluba, nan ioma stua',
 An du-dharach, bhuain é o Lumon,
 Gu siubhal air aighai a chuain.
 Thionta Oi an suillin tlá,
 On Ri, mo ntuitagh é sios.
 Nì mfacas leò riamh an long,
 Cear mharcach a chuain mhoir.
 Ghlaoi' anois, an Ri a ghaoith,
 Measc ceo na marra glais.
 Dh' erich Inis-fail gu gorm:
 Thuit, gu dian, oicha na mfrais.
 Bhuail eagal Clan-Bholga gu lua'
 Ghlan neoil, o Thon-theina nan stua'
 A ncamis Chulbin dh' atich an long
 Far am fregra' coille do thón.
 Bu chopach an sin an sru'
 O charric Duth-umha na ncós,
 'San dealra tannais nach beo
 Le ncruith caochlach fein.
 Thanic aslin gu Lear-thon nan long,
 Seachd Samla do nlina nach beo,
 Chualas a nguth brista, tróm:
 Chunās an siol an ceò.
 Chunas siol Atha na ncolg——
 'San clán cìean-ùja' na m Bolg.
 Thaom iad a mfeachda' fein,

Mar cheach a terna on bhein,
Nuair shiubhlas é glas, fa' osna,
Air Atha nan ioma dos.

Thog Lear-thon talla Shamla,
Ri caoin fhón clarsich nan teud.
Dh' aom eilid Erin, o cheamna
Aig aisra' glas nan sruth.
Nin dith-chuin do Lumon uina,
Na Flathal, gheal-lamhach na mbua'gh
'S í combaid, air marcach nan tón
O Thulach nan eilid ruagh.

Lumon na sruth
Ta ú dealra' air m' anam fein !
Mhosguil gath soluis on ear,
Dh' erich árd-chiean cheäich na bein.
Chunas air cladach na ngleanan
A ncróm chaochan ghlas-sruthach fein.
Chualas sciath Chathmor na ncolg,
Mhosguil siol Erin na m Bolg.
Mar mhuir dhomhail, nuair ghluisas gu geur
Fuaim aitti, air aghai' nan speur :
Taoma tuin, o thaobh gu taobh,
Aig aomagh a nglas chiean bao ;
Gun eolas, air siubhal a chuain.

Trom is mál, gu Lon na sruth
Ghluais Suil-mhalla nan rosc tlá ;
Ghluais as thionta n' Oi le bron :
A gorm-shuil fa shilla blá.
Nuair thanic i gu carric chruai'
Du chromagh air gleanan an Lon
Sheal i, o bristagh a ceil,
Air Rì Atha——dh' aom i sios.

Puail teud, a mhic Alpain na mfón,
Ambail solas a nclarsich na nieöl ?
Taom air Ossian, agus Ossun gu tróm,
Ta anam a snamh a nceö.

Chualas u, Bhaird, a m' oicha
Ach siubhla fón edrom uam fein !

'S aitis caoin thurra do dh' Ossian

A mbliaghna chear na h'aoise.

Dhreun uaina thulloch nan tais

A thaomas do chean air gaoith oicha,

Ni bail t' fhorum na mchluais fein :

Na faital tannais, na d' gheug ghlais.

'S lionmhar ceamna na marbh bu treun

Air osna, dubh-aisra' na bein,

Nuair ghluais a ghellach, an ear,

Mar ghlas-scia, du shiubhal nan speur.

Ullin, a Charri, a Raono

Guith amsair a dh' aom o-shean :

Cluinim siobh an dorchadas Shelma

Agus mosglibhse anam nan dán !

Ni ncluinim siobh shiol na mfon,

Cia an talla do neoil, 'mbail ar suain

Na tribuail siobh, clarsach nach trôm,

An truscan ceo-madin 's cruaim.

Far an erich, gu fuaimar a ghrian

O stuaigh na ncean glas ?

MALVINA'S DREAM.

See CROMA, Vol. I. p. 527.

'S e guth anaim mo ruin a tha 'nn,
O! 's ainmach gu aislin Mhalmhin' thu,
Fosgluibh-se talla nan speur,
Aithra Oscair nan cruaidh-bheum;
Fosgluibh-se doirsa nan nial,
Tha ceumma Mhalmhine go dian.
Chualam guth a' m' aislin fein,
Tha fathrum mo chleibh go ard.
C' uime thanic an Ossag a' m' dheigh
O dhubh-shiubhal na linne od thall?

Bha do sgiath fhuimnach ann gallan an aonaich,
Shiubhall aislin Mhalmhine go dian
Ach chunic is a run ag aomadh,
'S a cheo-earradh ag aomadh m' a chliabh:
Bha dearsa na greine air thaobh ris,
Co boiscgal ri or nan daimh.

'S e guth anaim mo ruin a tha 'nn,
O! 's ainmach gu m' aislin fein thu.
'S comhnuidh dhuit anam Mhalmhine,
Mhic Ossain is treine lamh.
Dh'eirich m' osna marri dearsa o near,
Thaom mo dheoir measg shioladh na h oiche.
Bu ghallan Aluin a' t fhianuis mi Oscair,
Le m' uile gheuga uaine ma m' thimchìol?
Ach thanic do bhas-sa mar Ossaig

O 'n fhasach, us dhaom mi sios.

Thanic earrach le sioladh nan speur,
 Cho d'eirich duill' uaine dhamh fein;
 Chunic oigha me samhach 's an talla,
 Agus bhuail iad clairsach nan fonn.
 Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhan Mhalmhine;
 Chunic oigh me 's mo thuiradh gu trom.
 C' uime am bheil thu co tuirsach, a' m' f' hianuis,
 Chaomh Ainnir-og Luath-ath nan sruth.
 An ro e sgiamhach mar dhearsa na greine?
 Am bu cho tlachdor a' shiubhal 's a chruth?
 'S taitnach t fhonn an cluais Ossain,
 Nighain Luath-ath nan sruth diari.

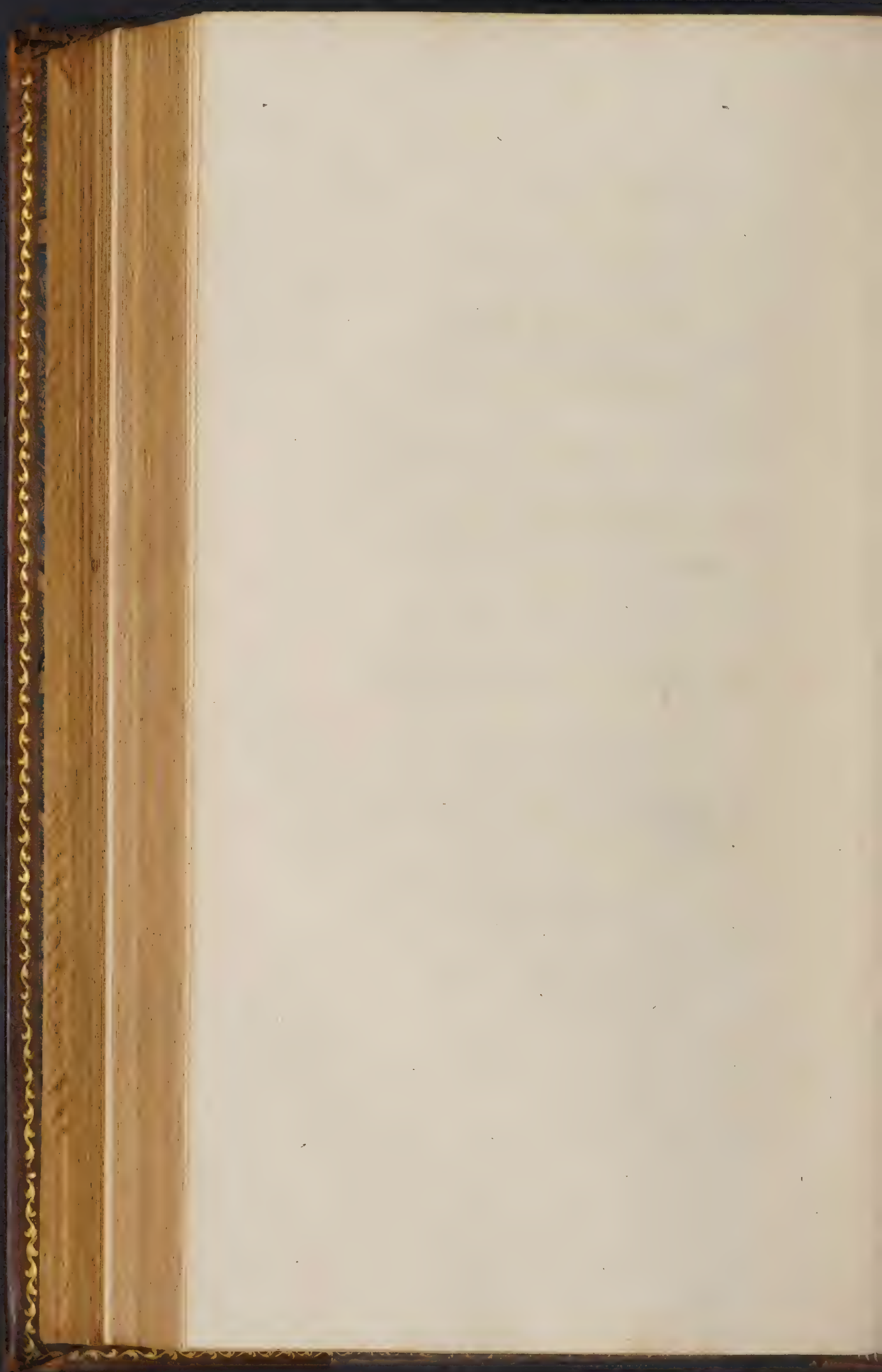
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,
 Am measg t aislin air aomadh nan sliabh,
 Nuair thuit codal air do shuilan soirbh,
 Aig cuan mor-shruth nan ioma fuaim,
 Nuair phil thu flathal o 'n t seilg,
 'S grian la thu ag sgaolta na bein.—
 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:
 'S glan faital do chiuil fein.
 'S caoin faital nam fonn o Mhalmhine!
 Ach claonidh iad anam gu deoir;
 Tha solas ann Tuiradh le sioth,
 Nuair dh'aomas cliabh tuirse gu bron;
 Ach claodhib fad-thuirse siol dorthuin,
 Fhlath nighain Oscair nan cruaidh-bheum:
 'S ainmach an la gan nial
 Thuitas iad, mar chuisag, fo 'n ghrian,
 Nuair sheallas i sios 'n a soilse,
 Andeigh do'n dubh cheathach siubhal do'n bheinn,
 'S a throm-chean fo shioladh na h oiche.

FRAGMENTS
OF
ANCIENT POETRY,
COLLECTED IN THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,
AND TRANSLATED FROM
THE GALIC OR ERSE LANGUAGE.

Vos quoque qui fortes animas, belloque peremtas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina *Bardi*.

LUCAN.

First published in June 1760.

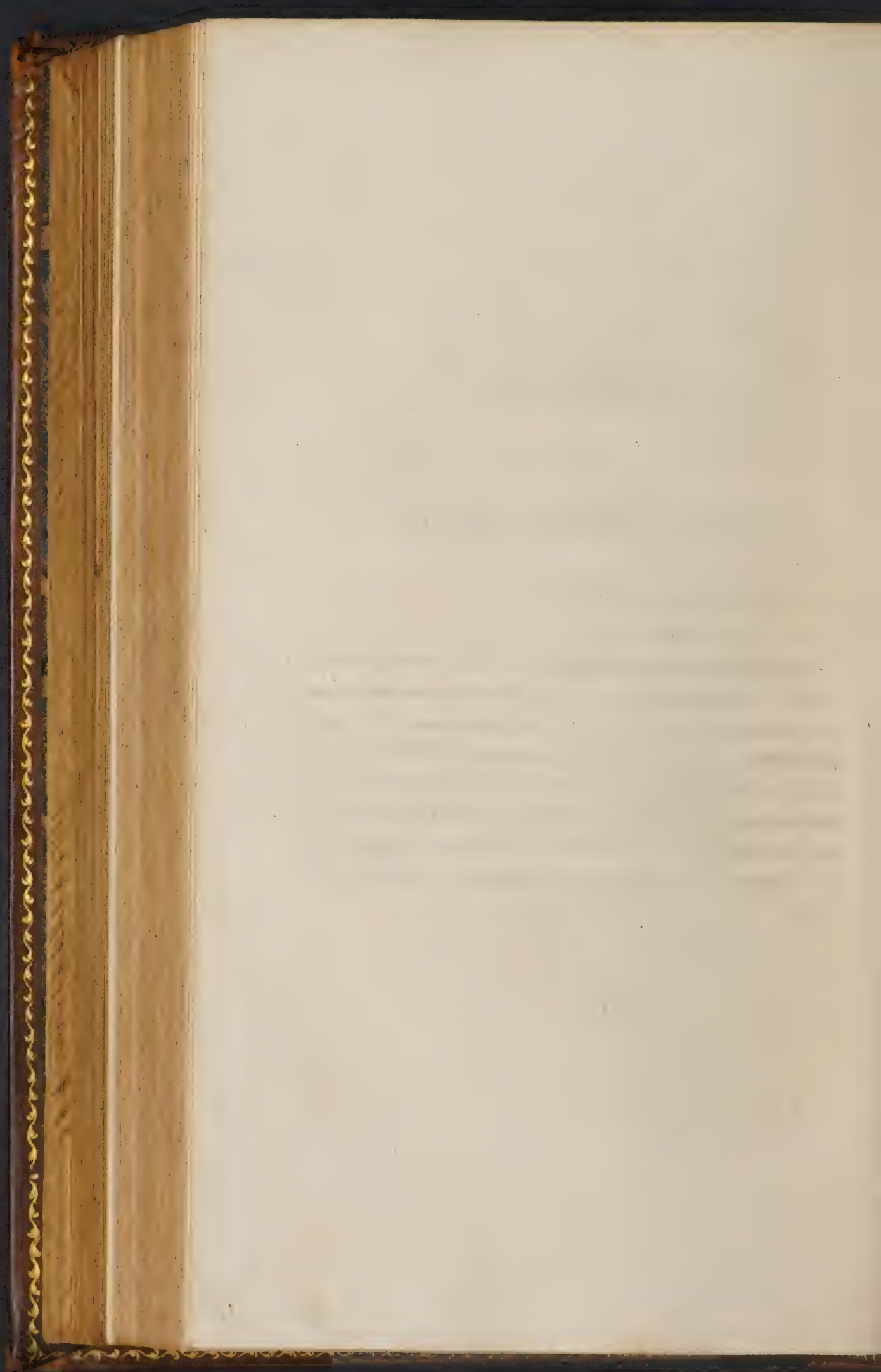


ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO

THE SECOND EDITION, EDIN. 1760.

In this edition some passages will be found altered from the former. The alterations are drawn from more complete copies the translator had obtained of the originals, since the former publication. One entire poem is also added, which stands No. XIII. in this edition. It may be proper to inform the public, that measures are now taken for making a more full collection of the remaining works of the ancient Scottish bards; in particular, for recovering and translating the heroic poem mentioned in the preface.



PREFACE,

(Written by Dr BLAIR, from MACPHERSON'S information.)

THE public may depend on the following fragments as genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry. The date of their composition cannot be exactly ascertained. Tradition, in the country where they were written, refers them to an era of the most remote antiquity: and this tradition is supported by the spirit and strain of the poems themselves; which abound with those ideas, and paint those manners, that belong to the most early state of society. The diction too, in the original, is very obsolete; and differs widely from the style of such poems as have been written in the same language two or three centuries ago. They were certainly composed before the establishment of clanship in the northern part of Scotland, which is itself very ancient; for had clans been then formed and known, they must have made a considerable figure in the work of a Highland bard; whereas there is not the least mention of them

in these poems. It is remarkable that there are found in them no allusions to the Christian religion or worship; indeed, few traces of religion of any kind. One circumstance seems to prove them to be coeval with the very infancy of Christianity in Scotland. In a fragment of the same poems, which the translator has seen, a Culdee or monk is represented as desirous to take down in writing from the mouth of Ossian, who is the principal personage in several of the following fragments, his warlike achievements and those of his family. But Ossian treats the monk and his religion with disdain, telling him, that the deeds of such great men were subjects too high to be recorded by him, or by any of his religion: A full proof that Christianity was not as yet established in the country.

Though the poems now published appear as detached pieces in this collection, there is ground to believe that most of them were originally episodes of a greater work which related to the wars of Fingal. Concerning this hero innumerable traditions remain, to this day, in the Highlands of Scotland. The story of Ossian, his son, is so generally known, that to describe one in whom the race of a family ends, it has passed into a proverb; "Ossian the last of the heroes."

There can be no doubt that these poems are to be ascribed to the bards; a race of men well known to have continued throughout many ages in Ireland and the north of Scotland. Every chief or great man had

in his family a bard or poet, whose office it was to record, in verse, the illustrious actions of that family. By the succession of these bards, such poems were handed down from race to race; some in manuscript, but more by oral tradition. And tradition, in a country so free from intermixture with foreigners, and among a people so strongly attached to the memory of their ancestors, has preserved many of them in a great measure incorrupted to this day.

They are not set to music, nor sung. The versification in the original is simple; and to such as understand the language, very smooth and beautiful. Rhyme is seldom used: but the cadence, and the length of the line varied, so as to suit the sense. The translation is extremely literal. Even the arrangement of the words in the original has been imitated; to which must be imputed some inversions in the style, that otherwise would not have been chosen.

Of the poetical merit of these fragments nothing shall here be said. Let the public judge, and pronounce. It is believed, that, by a careful inquiry, many more remains of ancient genius, no less valuable than those now given to the world, might be found in the same country where these have been collected. In particular, there is reason to hope, that one work of considerable length, and which deserves to be styled an heroic poem, might be recovered and translated, if encouragement were given to such an undertaking.

The subject is, an invasion of Ireland by Swarthan king of Lochlyn; which is the name of Denmark in the Erse language. Cuchulaid, the general or chief of the Irish tribes, upon intelligence of the invasion, assembles his forces; councils are held; and battles fought. But after several unsuccessful engagements, the Irish are forced to submit. At length, Fingal king of Scotland, called in this poem, "The Desert of the hills," arrives with his ships to assist Cuchulaid. He expels the Danes from the country; and returns home victorious. This poem is held to be of greater antiquity than any of the rest that are preserved: And the author speaks of himself as present in the expedition of Fingal. The three last poems in the collection are fragments which the translator obtained of this epic poem; and though very imperfect, they were judged not unworthy of being inserted. If the whole were recovered, it might serve to throw considerable light upon the Scottish and Irish antiquities.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

SHILRIC, VINVELA.

VINVELA.

My love is a son of the hill¹. He pursues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him; his bow-string sounds in the wind. Whether by the fount of the rock, or by the stream of the mountain thou liest; when the rushes are nodding with the wind, and the mist is flying over thee, let me approach my love unperceived, and see him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno; thou wert returning tall from the chace; the fairest among thy friends.

SHILRIC.

What voice is that I hear? that voice like the summer wind. I sit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela, afar I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair-moving by the stream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the western wave.

¹ This and the next Fragment are introduced, as a dramatic interlude, in *Carric-thura*, vol. i. p. 418. The additions inserted in the second edition of the Fragments, are distinguished by italics.

VINVELA.

Then thou art gone, O Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are seen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the rustling tree. The hunter is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric.

SHILRIC.

If fall I must in the field, raise high my grave, Vinvela. Grey stones, and heaped-up earth, shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "Some warrior rests here," he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

Yes!—I will remember thee—indeed my Shilric will fall. What shall I do, my love! when thou art gone for ever? Through these hills I will go at noon: I will go through the silent heath. There I will see the place of thy rest, returning from the chace. Indeed, my Shilric will fall; but I will remember him.

II.

I sit by the mossy fountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen; no whistling cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day: but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love, a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy bosom heaving

on the sight; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mist of the hill had concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house.

But is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer storm, *comest thou, lovely maid, over rocks, over mountains to me?*—She speaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool. Hark!

Returnest thou safe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!

Yes, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more: their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill? why on the heath, alone?

Alone I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

She fleets, she sails away; as grey mist before the wind!—and, wilt thou not stay, my love? Stay and behold my tears! fair thou appearest, my love! fair thou wast, when alive!

By the mossy fountain I will sit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, converse, O my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blast of the mountain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around.

III.

EVENING is grey on the hills. The north wind resounds through the woods. White clouds rise on the sky: the *thin-*

*wavering*² snow descends. The river howls afar, along its winding course. Sad, by a hollow rock, the grey-haired Caryl sat. Dry fern waves over his head; his seat is in an aged birch. Clear to the roaring winds he lifts his voice of woe.

Tossed on the wavy ocean is He, the hope of the isles; Malcolm, the support of the poor; foe to the proud in arms! Why hast thou left us behind? why live we to mourn thy fate? We might have heard, with thee, the voice of the deep; have seen the oozy rock.

Sad on the sea-beat shore thy spouse looketh for thy return. The time of thy promise is come; the night is gathering around. But no white sail is on the sea; no voice but the blustering winds. Low is the soul of the war! Wet are the locks of youth! By the foot of some rock thou liest; washed by the waves as they come. Why, ye winds, did ye bear him on the desert rock? Why, ye waves, did ye roll over him?

But, Oh! what voice is that? Who rides on that meteor of fire? Green are his airy limbs. It is he! it is the ghost of Malcolm! Rest, lovely soul, rest on the rock; and let me hear thy voice. He is gone, like a dream of the night. I see him through the trees. Daughter of Reynold! he is gone. Thy spouse shall return no more. No more shall his hounds come from the hill, forerunners of their master. No more from the distant rock shall his voice greet thine ear. Silent is he in the deep, unhappy daughter of Reynold!

I will sit by the stream of the plain. Ye rocks! hang over my head. Hear my voice, ye trees! as ye bend on the shaggy hill. My voice shall preserve the praise of him, the hope of the isles.

² *Thin wavering.*] "*Trembling snow.*" *First edit.*

IV.

CONNAL, CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

WHO cometh from the hill, like a cloud tinged with the beam of the west? Whose voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of Carryl? It is my love in the light of steel; but sad is his darkened brow. Live the mighty race of Fingal? or what disturbs my Connal?

CONNAL.

They live. I saw them return from the chace, like a stream of light. The sun was on their shields: *Like a ridge of fire*³ they descended the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth; the war, my love, is near. To-morrow the enormous Dargo comes to try the force of our race. The race of Fingal he defies; the race of battle and wounds.

CRIMORA.

Connal, I saw his sails like grey mist on the sable wave. They *slowly* came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo!

CONNAL.

Bring me thy father's shield; the iron shield of Rinval; that shield like the full moon when it is darkened in the sky.

CRIMORA.

That shield I bring, O Connal; but it did not defend my father. By the spear of Gauror he fell. Thou mayst fall, O Connal!

³ *Like a ridge of fire.*] "*In a line* they descended the hill." *First edit.* This and the next Fragment are also inserted as interludes in *Car-ric-thura*, vol. i. p. 429.

CONNAL.

Fall indeed I may: But raise my tomb, Crimora. Some stones, a mound of earth, shall keep my memory. Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and beat thy breast of sighs. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light; more pleasant than the gale of the hill; yet I will not stay. Raise my tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

Then give me those arms of light; that sword, and that spear of steel. I shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my lovely Connal. Farewell, ye rocks of Ardven! ye deer! and ye streams of the hill! We shall return no more. Our tombs are distant far.

V.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead. At times are seen here the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath. *Appear in thy armour of light, thou ghost of the mighty Connal! Shine, near thy tomb, Crimora! like a moon-beam from a cloud.*

Who can search the source of thy race, O Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who shall supply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword, a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, when thou confoundedst the field. Warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on, like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much-beloved. She drew the string on Dargo; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid! He bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth here incloseth the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows between the stones of their tomb; I sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass; and their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

VI.

SON of the noble Fingal, Oscian, prince of men⁴! what tears run down the cheeks of age? what shades thy mighty soul?

⁴ This Fragment, from the *Maid's Tragedy*, is converted into the Maid of Craca in *Fingal*, vol. i. p. 109.

Memory, son of Alpin, memory wounds the aged. Of former times are my thoughts; my thoughts are of the noble Fingal. The race of the king return into my mind, and wound me with remembrance.

One day, returned from the sport of the mountains, from pursuing the sons of the hill, we covered this heath with our youth. Fingal the mighty was here, and Oscan, my son, great in war. Fair on our sight from the sea, at once, a virgin came. Her breast was like the snow of one night. Her cheek like the bud of the rose. Mild was her blue-rolling eye: but sorrow was big in her heart.

Fingal renowned in war! she cries, sons of the king, preserve me! Speak secure, replies the king, daughter of beauty, speak: our ear is open to all: our swords redress the injured. I fly from Ullin, she cries; from Ullin, famous in war. I fly from the embrace of him who would debase my blood. Cremor, the friend of men, was my father; Cremor the prince of Inverne.

Fingal's younger sons arose; Carryl expert in the bow; Fillan beloved of the fair; and Fergus first in the race. Who from the farthest Lochlyn? who to the seas of Molochasquir? who dares hurt the maid whom the sons of Fingal guard? Daughter of beauty, rest secure; rest in peace, thou fairest of women.

Far in the blue distance of the deep, some spot appeared like the back of the ridge-wave. But soon the ship increased on our sight. The hand of Ullin drew her to land. The mountains trembled as he moved. The hills shook at his steps. Dire rattled his armour around him. Death and destruction were in his eyes. His stature like the oak of Morven. He moved in the lightning of steel.

Our warriors fell before him, like the field before the reapers. Fingal's three sons he bound. He plunged his sword into the fair one's breast. She fell as a wreath of snow before the sun in spring. Her bosom heaved in death; her soul came forth in blood.

Oscur my son came down; the mighty in battle descended. His armour rattled as thunder; and the lightning of his eyes was terrible. There, was the clashing of swords; there, was the voice of steel. They struck and they thrust; they digged for death with their swords. But death was distant far, and delayed to come. The sun began to decline; and the cowerd thought of home. Then Oscur's keen steel found the heart of Ullin. He fell like a mountain oak covered over with glistening frost: He shone like a rock on the plain. Here the daughter of beauty lieth; and here the bravest of men. Here one day ended the fair and the valiant. Here rest the pursuer and the pursued.

Son of Alpin! the woes of the aged are many: their tears are for the past. This raised my sorrow, warrior; memory awaked my grief. Oscur my son was brave; but Oscur is now no more. Thou hast heard my grief, O son of Alpin; forgive the tears of the aged.

VII.

WHY openest⁵ thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscur fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mourn-

⁵ This Fragment was the first specimen of Celtic poetry produced by Macpherson. But it differs so widely from the Irish ballad of the *Death of Oscar*, upon which the *Temora* is founded, that it was afterwards appropriated to another Oscar, the son of Caruth, by such an *easy transition*, as amounts to an avowal of the whole imposture. *Vol. i. Preface. Vol. ii. p. 46.*

ful death of the head of the people! Prince of the warriors, Oscan, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannidder. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors, Oscan, my son! shall I see thee no more!

Dermid and Oscan were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was a match for Oscan but Dermid? and who for Dermid, but Oscan?

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo before invincible. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower: her breath, the gale of spring: her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her, and loved; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each must possess her or die. But her soul was fixed on Oscan; my son was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of Oscan, said Dermid, I love; O Oscan, I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this bosom, Oscan; relieve me, my friend, with thy sword.

My sword, son of Morn, shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to slay me, O Oscan, son of Oscan? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscan slay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy sword; son of Morny, wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the silvery stream, and curdled round the mossy stones. Dermid the graceful fell; fell, and smiled in death.

And fallest thou, son of Morny, fallest thou by Oscur's hand! Dermid invincible in war, thus do I see thee fall!—He went, and returned to the maid whom he loved; returned, but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, son of Oscian? what shades thy mighty soul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the shield of Gormur the brave, whom in battle I slew. I have wasted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of Oscian, the skill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her arrow flew and pierced his breast⁶.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed thy bow of yew! I fall resolved on death: and who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay me? Lay me in the earth, my fair one, lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscur! I have the blood, the soul of the mighty Dargo.

⁶ Nothing was held by the ancient Highlanders more essential to their glory, than to die by the hand of some person worthy or renowned. This was the occasion of Oscur's contriving to be slain by his mistress, now that he was weary of life. In those early times, suicide was utterly unknown among that people, and no traces of it are found in the old poetry. Whence the translator suspects the account that follows of the daughter of Dargo killing herself, to be the interpolation of some later bard. MACPHER-

Well pleased I can meet death. My sorrow I can end thus.—
She pierced her white bosom with steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence is over all the hills.

VIII.

By the side of a rock on the hill, beneath the aged tree, old Oscian sat on the moss; the last of the race of Fingal. Sightless are his aged eyes; his beard is waving in the wind. Dull through the leafless trees he heard the voice of the north. Sorrow revived in his soul: he began and lamented the dead.

How hast thou fallen like an oak, with all thy branches round thee! Where is Fingal the king? where is Oscur my son? where are all my race? Alas! in the earth they lie. I feel their tombs with my hands. I hear the river below murmuring hoarsely over the stones. What dost thou, O river, to me? Thou bringest back the memory of the past.

The race of Fingal stood on thy banks, like a wood in a fertile soil. Keen were their spears of steel. Hardy was he who dared to encounter their rage. Fillan the great was there. Thou Oscur wert there, my son! Fingal himself was there, strong in the grey locks of years. Full rose his sinewy limbs; and wide his shoulders spread. The unhappy met his arm, when the pride of his wrath arose.

The son of Mornay came; Gaul, the tallest of men. He stood

on the hill like an oak ! his voice was like the streams of the hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, the son of the mighty Corval ? Fingal is not strong to save ; he is no support for the people. I am strong as a storm in the ocean ; as a whirlwind on the hill. Yield, son of Corval ; Fingal, yield to me. *He came like a rock from the hill, resounding in his arms.*

Oscur stood forth to meet him ; my son would meet the foe. But Fingal came in his strength, and smiled at the vaunter's boast. They threw their arms round each other ; they struggled on the plain. The earth is ploughed with their heels. Their bones crack as a boat on the ocean, when it leaps from wave to wave. Long did they toil ; with night, they fell on the sounding plain ; as two oaks, with their branches mingled, fall crashing from the hill. The tall son of Morny is bound ; the aged overcame.

Fair with her locks of gold, her smooth neck, and her breasts of snow ; fair, as the spirits of the hill when at silent noon they glide along the heath ; fair, as the rainbow of heaven ; came Minvane the maid. Fingal ! she softly saith, loose me my brother Gaul. Loose me the hope of my race, the terror of all but Fingal. Can I, replies the king, can I deny the lovely daughter of the hill ? Take thy brother, O Minvane, thou fairer than the snow of the north !

Such, Fingal ! were thy words ; but thy words I hear no more. Sightless I sit by thy tomb. I hear the wind in the wood ; but no more I hear my friends, The cry of the hunter is over. The voice of war is ceased.

IX.

THOU askest, fair daughter of the isles ! whose memory is preserved in these tombs ? The memory of Ronnan the bold, and Connan the chief of men ; and of her, the fairest of maids, Rivine the lovely and the good. The wing of time is laden with care. Every moment hath woes of its own. Why seek we our grief from afar ! or give our tears to those of other times ? But thou commandest, and I obey, O fair daughter of the isles !

Conar was mighty in war. Caul was the friend of strangers. His gates were open to all ; midnight darkened not on his barred door. Both lived upon the sons of the mountains. Their bow was the support of the poor.

Connan was the image of Conar's soul. Caul was renewed in Ronnan his son. Rivine the daughter of Conar was the love of Ronnan ; her brother Connan was his friend. She was fair as the harvest moon setting in the seas of Molochasquir. Her soul was settled on Ronnan ; the youth was the dream of her nights.

Rivine, my love ! says Ronnan, I go to my king in Norway⁷. A year and a day shall bring me back. Wilt thou be true to Ronnan ?

Ronnan ! a year and a day I will spend in sorrow. Ronnan, behave like a man, and my soul shall exult in thy valour. Connan my friend, says Ronnan, wilt thou preserve Rivine thy sister ? Durstan is in love with the maid ; and soon shall the sea bring the stranger to our coast.

⁷ Supposed to be Fergus II. This Fragment is reckoned not altogether so ancient as most of the rest. MACPHERSON.

Ronnan, I will defend: Do thou securely go. He went. He returned on his day. But Durstan returned before him.

Give me thy daughter, Conar, says Durstan; or fear and feel my power.

He who dares attempt my sister, says Connan, must meet this edge of steel. Unerring in battle is my arm: my sword, as the lightning of heaven.

Ronnan the warrior came; and much he threatened Durstan.

But, saith Euran the servant of gold, Ronnan! by the gate of the north shall Durstan this night carry thy fair one away. Accursed, answers Ronnan, be this arm if death meet him not there.

Connan! saith Euran, this night shall the stranger carry thy sister away. My sword shall meet him, replies Connan, and he shall lie low on earth.

The friends met by night, and they fought. Blood and sweat ran down their limbs as water on the mossy rock. Connan falls; and cries, O Durstan, be favourable to Rivine! And is it my friend, cries Ronnan, I have slain? O Connan! I knew thee not.

He went, and he fought with Durstan. Day began to rise on the combat, when fainting they fell, and expired. Rivine came out with the morn; and, O what detains my Ronnan! She saw him lying pale in his blood; and her brother lying pale by his side. What could she say? what could she do? her complaints were many and vain. She opened this grave for the warriors; and fell into it herself, before it was closed; like the sun snatched away in a storm.

Thou has heard this tale of grief, O fair daughter of the isles! Rivine was fair as thyself: shed on her grave a tear.

X.

It is night³; and I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds; stars of the night, appear! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love.

Why delayeth my Shalgar, why the son of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou promisedst with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Shalgar gone? With thee I would fly my father; with thee, my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Shalgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Shalgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Shalgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Alas! no answer.

Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

³ This and the two following Fragments are introduced in the *Songs of Selma*, vol. i. p. 454.

But who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me O my friends! they answer not. My soul is tormented with fears. Ah! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Shalgar? why, O Shalgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! *what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands; he was terrible in fight.* Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay!

Oh! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the mountain of winds, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, and I will not be afraid. Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find you? *No feeble voice is on the wind: no answer half-drowned in the storms of the hill.*

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but close it not till I come. My life flieth away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is upon the heath; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; for pleasant were they both to me.

XI.

SAD! I am sad indeed; nor small my cause of woe! Kirmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Connar the valiant lives; and Annir, the fairest of maids. The

boughs of thy family flourish, O Kirmor ! but Armyn is the last of his race. *Dark is thy bed, O Daura ! and deep thy sleep in the tomb. When shalt thou awake with thy songs ? with all thy voice of music ?*

Rise, winds of autumn, rise ; blow upon the dark heath ! streams of the mountains, roar ! howl, ye tempests, in the top of the oak ! walk through broken clouds, O moon ! show by intervals thy pale face ; bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell ; when Arindel the mighty fell ; when Daura the lovely failed ; when all my children died.

Daura, my daughter ! thou wert fair ; fair as the moon on the hills of Jura ; white as the driven snow ; sweet as the breathing gale. *Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field : thy look was like mist on the wave ; thy shield, a red cloud in a storm.* Armor, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love ; he was not long denied ; fair was the hope of their friends.

Earch, son of Odgal, repined ; for his brother was slain by Armor. He came disguised like the son of the sea : Fair was his skiff on the wave ; white his locks of age ; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armyn ! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side ; red shines the fruit afar. There Armor waiteth for Daura. I came to fetch his love. Come, fair daughter of Armyn !

She went ; and she called on Armor. Nought answered but the son of the rock. Armor, my love ! my love ! why tormentest thou me with fear ? hear, son of Ardnart, hear : it is Daura who calleth thee ! Earch the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindel ! Armyn ! none to relieve your Daura !

Her voice came over the sea. Arindel, my son, descended from the hill ; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side ; his bow was in his hand ; five dark grey dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Earch on the shore ;

he seized, and bound him to an oak. Thick fly the thongs of the hide around his limbs ; he loads the wind with his groans.

Arindel ascends the surgy deep in his boat, to bring Daura to the land. Armor came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sung ; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindel, my son ! for Earch the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopt at once ; he panted on the rock, and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood !

The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armor plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill comes over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries ; nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. *I saw her by the faint beam of the moon.* Loud was the wind ; and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired. *And left thee, Armyn, alone : gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.*

When the storms of the mountain come ; when the north lifts the waves on high ; I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often, by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity ? They do not regard their father.

XII.

RYNO, ALPIN.

RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are over : calm 'is^a the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of the song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of the song, why alone on the silent hill ? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood ; as a wave on the lonely shore ?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno ! are for the dead ; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill ; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar ; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more ; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on the hill ; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as a storm of December. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain ; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm ; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou returnedst from war, how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now ; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only

mémorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

XIII. ²

RAISE high the stones; collect the earth: preserve the name of Fear-comhraic. Blow, winds, from all your hills; sigh on the grave of Muirnin.

The dark rock hangs, with all its wood, above the calm dwelling of the heroes.

The sea, with its foam-headed billow, murmurs at their side.

² Not inserted in the first edition of the Fragments.

Why sigh the woods, why roar the waves ! They have no cause to mourn.

But thou hast cause, O Diorma ! thou maid of the breast of snow ! Spread thou thy hair to the wind ; send thy sighs on the blasts of the hills.

They vanished like two beams of light, which fly from the heath in a storm : They sunk like two stars in a cloud when the winds of north arise.

For thee weep the maids, Fear-comhraic, along the echoing hills. For thee the women weep, O Muirnin ! chief of the wars of Erin. I see thee not, Fear-comhraic, on the hill ; I see not Muirnin in the storms of ocean. Raise, raise the song, relate the tale. Descend ye years of other times.

Diorma was the daughter of Connaid, the chief of a thousand shields.

Diorma was among the maids, as the white flower among the heath.

Her breast was like a white cloud in heaven. Her bosom like the top of a wave in a storm. Her hair was like smoke in the sun : her eye like the star of morn. Not fairer looks the moon from between two clouds, than the face of Diorma from between her locks.

A thousand heroes loved the maid ; the maid loved none but Fear-comhraic. He loved the maid ; and well he might ; fair among women was the daughter of Connaid. She was the light of his soul in danger ; the strength of his arm in battle.

Who shall deny me the maid, said Fear-comhraic, who, the fairest of women, Diorma ? Hard must be his helm of steel, and strong his shield of iron.

I deny her, said Muirnin, son of the chief of generous shells. My sword is keen, my spear is strong ; the valiant yield to Muirnin.

Come, then, thou son of Cormac, O mighty Muirnin, come ! leave the hill of Erin, come on the foamy wave. Let thy ship, like a cloud, come over the storms of ocean.

He came along the sea : his sails were like grey mist on the heath : long was his spear of ash ; his shield like the bloody moon.—Aodan, son of Armclach, came ; the youth of the gloomy brow.

Rise, Fear-comhraic, rise thou love of the soft Diorma ! fight, or yield the maid, son of the great Comhfeadan !

He rose like a cloud on the hill, when the winds of autumn blow.

Tall art thou, said Fear-comhraic, son of mighty Cormac ; fair are thy cheeks of youth, and strong thy arm of war. Prepare the feast, and slay the deer ; send round the shell of joy : Three days we feast together ; we fight on the fourth, son of Cormac.

Why should I sheath my sword, son of the noble Comhfeadan ? Yield to me, son of battle, and raise my fame in Erin.

Raise thou my tomb, O Muirnin ! If Fear-comhraic fall by thy steel, place my bright sword by my side, in the tomb of the lonely hill.

We fight by the noise of the stream, Muirnin ! wield thy steel.

Swords sound on helmets, sound on shields ; brass clashes, clatters, rings. Sparkles buzz ; shivers fly ; death bounds from mail to mail. As leaps a stone from rock to rock ; so blow succeeds to blow. Their eyes dart fire ; their nostrils blow : they leap, they thrust, they wound.

Slowly, slowly falls the blade of Muirnin, son of war. He sinks ; his armour rings ; he cries, Fear-comhraic, I die !

And falls the bravest of men, the chief of Innisfhallin ! Stretch wide the sail ; ascend the wave, and bring the youth to Erin. Deep on the hills of Erin is the sigh of maids. For thee, my foe, I mourn : thou art the grief of Fear-comhraic.

Rise ye winds of the sounding hill ; sigh over the fall of Muirnin ! Weep, Diorma, for the hero ; weep, maid of the arms of snow ; appear like the sun in rain ; move in tears along the shore !

Aodan saw the fall of Muirnin, and drew the sounding bow :
The grey-winged arrow flew, and pierced the breast of Fear-
comhraic. Aodan, said Fear-comhraic, where was the sword
of war ? where was the spear of thy strength, when thus thou
hast slain Fear-comhraic ? Raise, gloomy youth, raise thou our
tombs ! I will rest with the chief of Innisfhallin.

Who is that on the hill, like a sun-beam in a storm ? Who
is that with the heaving breasts, which are like two wreaths of
snow ? Thy blue eyes roll in tears, thou daughter of mighty
Connaid ! Thy hair flies round thy temples, as the mist on the
rocks of Ardven. Thy robe flows on the heath, daughter of
grief, Diorma ! He is fallen on the hill like a stream of light
in a cloud. No more shall he hear thy voice like the sound of
the string of music. The strength of the war is gone ; the cheek
of youth is pale.

XIV.¹⁰

CUCHULAIÐ sat by the wall ; by the tree of the rustling
leaf¹⁰. His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield
lay by him on the grass. Whilst he thought on the mighty
Carbre, whom he slew in battle, the scout of the ocean came,
Moran, the son of Fithil.

Rise, Cuchulaid, rise ! I see the ships of Garve. Many are
the foe, Cuchulaid ; many the sons of Lochlyn.

Moran ! thou ever tremblest ; thy fears increase the foe.

¹⁰ This is the opening of the epic poem mentioned in the Preface. The
two following fragments are parts of some episodes of the same work.
MACPHERSON. See *Fingal*, vol. i. p. 7.

¹¹ The aspen, or poplar tree. MACPHERSON.

They are the ships of the desert of hills arrived to assist Cuchulaid.

I saw their chief, says Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that fir; his shield like the rising moon. He sat upon a rock on the shore, as a grey cloud upon the hill. Many, mighty man! I said, many are our heroes; Garve, well art thou named ¹², many are the sons of our king.

He answered like a wave on the rock; who is like me here? The valiant live not with me; they go to the earth from my hand. The king of the desert of hills alone can fight with Garve. Once we wrestled on the hill. Our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place, and rivulets changed their course. Three days we strove together; heroes stood at a distance, and feared. On the fourth, the king saith that I fell; but Garve saith, he stood. Let Cuchulaid yield to him that is strong as a storm.

No. I will never yield to man. Cuchulaid will conquer or die. Go, Moran, take my spear; strike the shield of Caithbait which hangs before the gate. It never rings in peace. My heroes shall hear on the hill.——

XV.

DUCHOMMAR, MORNA.

DUCHOMMAR.

Morna ¹³ thou fairest of women, daughter of Cormac-Carbre! why in the circle of stones, in the cave of the rock, alone! The

¹² Garve signifies a man of great size. MACPHERSON.

¹³ The signification of the names in this fragment are: *Dubchomar*, &

stream murmureth hoarsely. The blast groaneth in the aged tree. The lake is troubled before thee. Dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like snow on the heath. Thy hair like a thin cloud of gold on the top of Cromleach. Thy breasts like two smooth rocks on the hill, which is seen from the stream of Brannuin. Thy arms, as two white pillars in the hall of Fingal.

MORNA.

Whence the son of Mugruch, Duchommar, the most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows of terror. Red thy rolling eyes. Does Garve appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchommar?

DUCHOMMAR.

From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the flying deer. Three have I slain with my bow; three with my panting dogs. Daughter of Cormac-Carbre, I love thee as my soul. I have slain a deer for thee. High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind.

MORNA.

Gloomy son of Mugruch, Duchommar! I love thee not: hard is thy heart of rock; dark thy terrible brow. But Cadmor, the son of Tarman, thou art the sun of Morna! thou art like a sun-beam on the hill, in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Tarman, lovely on the hill of the chace? Here the daughter of Cormac-Carbre waiteth the coming of Cadmor.

DUCHOMMAR.

And long shall Morna wait. His blood is on this sword. I met him by the mossy stone, by the oak of the noisy stream. He fought; but I slew him; his blood is on my sword. High

black well-shaped man; *Murne*, or *Morna*, a woman beloved by all; *Cormac-Carbre*, an unequalled and rough warrior; *Cromleach*, a crooked hill; *Mugruch*, a surly gloomy man; *Tarman*, thunder; *Moinie*, soft in temper and person. MACPHERSON. See *Fingal*, vol. i. p. 25.

on the hill I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-Carbre. But love thou the son of Muirchú; his arm is strong as a storm.

MORNA.

And is the son of Tarman fallen; the youth with the breast of snow! the first in the chase of the hill; the foe of the sons of the ocean! Duchommar, thou art gloomy indeed; cruel is thy arm to me. But give me that sword, son of Muirchú; I love the blood of Cadmór!

[He gives her the sword, with which she instantly stabs him.]

DUCHOMMAR.

Daughter of Cormac-Carbre, thou hast pierced Duchommar! the sword is cold in my breast; thou hast killed the son of Muirchú. Give me to Moinie the maid; for much she loved Duchommar. My tomb she will raise on the hill; the hunter shall see it, and praise me. But draw the sword from my side, Morna; I feel it cold.——

[Upon her coming near him, he stabs her. As she fell, she plucked a stone from the side of the cave, and placed it betwixt them, that his blood might not be mingled with her's.]

XVI.

WHERE is Gealachosa¹⁴ my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar? I left her in the hall of the plain, when I fought with the hairy Ulfadha. Return soon, she said, O Lamderg!

¹⁴ The signification of the names in this fragment are: *Gealachossack*, white-legged; *Tuathal-Teachtmhar*, the surly, but fortunate man; *Lambhdéarg*, bloody-hand; *Ulfadha*, long-beard; *Firchios*, the conqueror of men. MACPHERSON. See *Fingal*, v. Vol. I. p. 166.

for here I wait in sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs ; her cheek was wet with tears. But she cometh not to meet Lamderg ; or sooth his soul after battle. Silent is the hall of joy ; I hear not the voice of the singer. Brann does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his master. Where is Gealchossa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar ?

Lamderg ! says Firchios, son of Aydon, Gealchossa may be on the hill ; she and her chosen maids pursuing the flying deer.

Firchios ! no noise I hear. No sound in the wood of the hill. No deer fly in my sight ; no panting dog pursueth. I see not Gealchossa my love ; fair as the full moon setting on the hills of Cromleach. Go, Firchios ! go to Allad ¹⁵, the grey-haired son of the rock. He liveth in the circle of stones ; he may tell of Gealchossa.

Allad ! saith Firchios, thou who dwellest in the rock ; thou who tremblest alone ; what saw thine eyes of age ?

I saw, answered Allad the old, Ullin the son of Carbre : He came like a cloud from the hill ; he hummed a surly song as he came, like a storm in leafless wood. He entered the hall of the plain. Lamderg, he cried, most dreadful of men ! fight, or yield to Ullin. Lamderg, replied Gealchossa, Lamderg is not here : he fights the hairy Ulfadha ; mighty man, he is not here. But Lamderg never yields ; he will fight the son of Carbre. Lovely art thou, O daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar ! said Ullin. I carry thee to the house of Carbre ; the valiant shall have Gealchossa. Three days, from the top of Cromleach, will I call Lamderg to fight. The fourth, you belong to Ullin, if Lamderg die, or fly my sword.

Allad ! peace to thy dreams !----sound the horn, Firchios ! Ullin may hear, and meet me on the top of Cromleach.

Lamderg rushed on like a storm. On his spear he leaped over rivers. Few were his strides up the hill. The rocks fly

¹⁵ Allad is plainly a druid consulted on this occasion. MACPHERSON.

back from his heels; loud crashing they bound to the plain.
His armour, his buckler rung. He hummed a surly song, like
the noise of the falling stream. Dark as a cloud he stood above;
his arms, like meteors, shone. From the summit of the hill he
rolled a rock. Ullin heard in the hall of Carbre.——

THE SIX BARDS,

A FRAGMENT.

THE following descriptive poem, (though very old) is of much later date than the foregoing Fragments ¹.

Five bards, who are the guests of a chief, (himself an excellent poet) go severally out to make their observations on the night, and return each with an extemporary description of it, to which the chief adds one of his own. The time is supposed to be in October, the harvest month in the Highlands; when the face of nature is as various, and its changes as sudden, as they are here represented. *Select Letters between Shenstone and others; published by Hull, 1778. vol. ii. p. 172.*

¹ The Six Bards was transmitted, with other Fragments, to Gray and Shenstone, as if literally translated, verse for verse, from an Earse original. It was afterwards published in the same form with the rest of Ossian; and the two copies are now reprinted upon opposite pages, that the variations of imagery observed by Mason may be better contrasted, and the principles of measured prose more distinctly ascertained. The translator has produced it as "A poem a thousand years later than Ossian; but the authors seem to have observed his manner, and to have adopted some of his expressions;" or in other words, the poem is descriptive of a later period of society, but the author is the same. Gray considered it as "inferior in kind to the other Fragments, because it was merely descriptive,

NOTE ON CROMA,

Vol. i. p. 547.

THOSE extempore compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards. The pieces extant of that kind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the authors seem to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this: Five bards, passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards ascribe to it, in their descriptions. MACPHERSON.

but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination." In my opinion it is far superior, as it is purely descriptive, (in which Macpherson certainly excelled) without any insipid fable, and with less of that false pathos and affected sublimity which render Ossian such strange bombast. But Macpherson's *Night-piece*, an imitation of Parnel's *Night-piece on Death*, was apparently the original form of the Six Bards. When he abandoned rhyme for heroic prose, his unpublished verses would be turned into episodes, or into those prominent addresses full of blank verse, which are prefixed or attached to the lesser poems, without connection; and in this manner I conceive that the *Night-piece* was enlarged and converted into the intended interlude of the Six Bards in Croma. See *Vol. i. p. 547.*

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark,
 The clouds rest on the hills ;
 No star with *twinkling* beam,
 No moon looks from the skies ².
 I hear the blast in the wood,
 But distant *and dull* I hear it.
 The stream of the valley murmurs,
Low is its murmur *too*.
 From the tree at the grave of the dead,
 The *lonely screech-owl groans* ³.
 I see a dim form on the plain,
 'Tis a ghost ! it fades, it flies ;
 Some *dead* shall pass this way ⁴.
 From the *lowly* hut of the hill

² No star with *twinkling* beam ;
 No moon looks from the skies.] An imitation explained by the *Night-piece*.

And not a moon to light my way.
 No friendly star with golden eye
 Looks from the cieling of the sky.
 From POPE'S *Thebais* of Statius, i. 520. ; *infra*, 7.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
 When clouds conceal Bootes' golden wain ;
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers o'er the deeps.
 In the second copy, " No star with green-trembling beam ; no moon looks from the sky."

³ The lonely screech-owl groans.] In modern poetry, BLAIR'S *Grave*, and GRAY'S inimitable *Elegy*, had rendered the screech-owl a familiar image ; but our translator, the very demon of poetry, seems to have discovered the original in Virgil. *Æn.* iv. 462.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with *green-trembling* beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant *far*. The stream of the valley murmurs; *but* its murmur is *sullen and sad*. From the tree at the grave of the dead the *long howling owl is heard*. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it fades, it flies. Some *funeral* shall pass this way: *the meteor marks the path*.

*Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces.*

Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The *solitary* screech-owl strains her throat;
And on a chimney's top, or *turret's* height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.

DRYDEN.

Imitated by Gray.

Save where from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The *moping owl* does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, *solitary* reign.

In the copy subjoined to Croma, "The *lonely* screech-owl groans," (*Solaque culminibus*, &c.) was altered to "The *long-howling owl is heard*," from the original, "Hourly 'tis *heard*," *et longas in fletum ducere voces*; and Gray, who derived his ivy-mantled tower from the *turret's* height; "the *moping owl complains*," from "*Solaque culminibus—bubo sæpe queri*;" and "her *solitary* reign," from "The *solitary* screech-owl," had some reason to exclaim, "In short, this man is the very demon of poetry, or he has lighted upon a treasure hid for ages." GRAY'S *Works*, iv. 59. n. 12mo.

* Some dead shall pass this way.] The additional image in the second version, "The *meteor marks the path*," is from THOMSON'S *Autumn*.

The *meteor* sits and *shews* the narrow path.

The distant dog is howling ;
 The stag lies *by* the mountain-well,
 The hind is at his side ;
 She hears the wind in his horns,
 She starts, but lies again.
 The roe is in the cleft of the rock :
 The heath-cock's head beneath his wing.
 No beast, no bird is abroad,
 But the owl, and the howling fox ;
 She on *the* leafless tree,
 He *on the* cloudy hill ⁵.
 Dark, panting, trembling, sad,
 The traveller has lost his way ⁶ ;
 Through shrubs, through thorns he goes,
Beside the gurgling rills ;
 He fears the rock and the *pool*,
 He fears the ghost of *the* night ⁷.
 The old tree groans to the blast ;
 The falling branch resounds ⁸.
 The wind drives the *clung* thorn
 Along the *sighing* grass ⁹ ;
 He shakes amid the night.
 Dark, dusky, howling is night,

⁵ *She on the leafless tree,*

He on the cloudy hill.] The owl and the howling dog were already abroad ; but the howling fox is a beautiful repetition, from *Windsor Forest*, (*Carthon*²¹) and the progressive improvement of the imagery is observable. "She on a leafless tree ; he *in* a cloud on the hill."

⁶ Dark, panting, trembling, *sad*,

The traveller *has lost his way.*] THOMSON'S *Winter*.

Lone on the midnight steep, and *all* aghast,
 The *dark*, wayfaring stranger breathless toils.

⁷ He fears the rock and the pool,

He fears the ghost of *the* night.] POPE'S *Thebais* of Statius, 524. ; *supra*, 2.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the hill. The stag lies on the mountain moss: the hind is at his side. She hears the wind in his *branchy* horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree; he *in a cloud* on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the *fen*. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds. The wind drives the *withered burs*, clung together, along the grass. *It is the light tread of a ghost!* He trembles amidst the night.

Dark, dusky, howling, is the night, cloudy, windy, and full

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, &c.
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunders roar, and lightning round him flies.

⁸ The old tree groans to the blast;
The falling branch resounds.] Antennæque gemant. HOR. *Highlander*, ii. 112.

The tapering firs, the elms, the aged oaks,—
Groan as they fall, and tremble in the field.

Id. iii. 129.

Thus on some night when sable tempests roar,
The watchman, wearying of his lonely hour,
Hears some rent branch to squeak 'twixt every blast,
But in each ruder gust the creak is lost.

⁹ The wind drives the clung thorn
Along the sighing grass.] In the second version, "The *withered burs*, clung together, along the grass:" from POPE'S *Odyssey*, v. 417. a frequent imitation. See *Cath-loda*, i. 2.

As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast,
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast.
Together clung, it rolls around the field.

Cloudy, windy, and full of ghosts;
The dead are abroad; my friends
Receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

THE wind is up *on the mountain*;
The shower *of the hill* descends.
Woods *groan*, and windows clap ¹⁰;
The growing river roars ¹¹:
The traveller attempts the ford,
He falls, he shrieks, he dies ¹².
The storm drives the horse from the hill,
The goat *and* the lowing cow;
They tremble as drives the shower,
And look for the shade of the stall ¹³.
The hunter starts from sleep in his lone hut,

¹⁰ The wind is up *on the mountain*;—

Woods groan *and* windows clap.] BLAIR'S *Grave*.

The wind is up, hark! how it howls! Methinks

Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.

Doors creak, and *windows clap*.

Here, "The wind is up *on the mountain*," is a substitute for "The spirit of the mountain shrieks;" which was suppressed in the copies transmitted to Gray and Shenstone, as a dangerous imitation of HOME'S *Douglas*. See *Dar-thula* ²⁷.

Red came the river down, and loud and oft

The angry spirit of the waters shrieked.

¹¹ The growing river roars.] From that and THOMSON'S *Autumn*.

Red from the hills innumerable streams

Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks

The river lift.

¹² The traveller attempts the ford,

He falls, he shrieks, he dies.] THOMSON'S *Autumn*: *supra*, ³.

of ghosts! The dead are abroad! my friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. *The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark! that shriek!* he dies! The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the shower, *beside the mouldering bank.*

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the

Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he *sinks absorpt*,
Rider and horse amid the miry gulph.

—————At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The *meteor* sits, and *shews* the narrow path,
That, winding, leads through pits of death; or else
Instructs him how to *take* the dangerous ford.

But the *better genius of the night*, and the meteor that *shews* the narrow path through pits of death, were already converted into the *ghosts of the night*, and the meteor that *marked* the path of the (traveller's) funeral. And the improvement in the second version, "*Hark! that shriek!* he dies!" is from the passage of BLAIR's *Grave*, quoted above.

Hark! how it howls! Methinks

Till now I never heard a sound so dreary.

¹³ The storm drives *the horse from the hill*,—

They tremble as drives the shower,

And look for the shade of the stall.] POPE'S *Imitations of Hor. i.*

Epist. i.

As drives the storm, at any door I knock:

And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

And wakes the fire decay'd ¹⁴;
 His wet dogs smoke around him:
 He stops the chink with heath ¹⁵.
 Loud roar two mountain streams,
 Which meet beside his booth.
 Sad on the side of the hill
 The wandering shepherd sits.
 The tree resounds above him.
 The stream roars down the rock.
 He waits the rising moon
 To lead him to his home.
 Ghosts ride on the storm to-night ¹⁶.
 Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind ¹⁷,
 Their songs are of other worlds ¹⁸.

¹⁴ *And wakes the fire decayed.*] "*Et sopitos suscitāt ignes.*" *Æn.*
 v. 743.

As holy zeal inspires,
 He rakes hot embers and renews the fires.

DRYDEN.

¹⁵ *He stops the chinks with heath.*] In MACPHERSON'S *Cave*.
 Some village maid with apron full
 Brings fuel to the homely flame;
 I see the smoky columns roll,
 And through the chinky hut the beam.

¹⁶ *Ghosts ride on the storm to-night.*] From a modern idea in the *Night-piece*.

And ghastly horror rides the air.

¹⁷ *Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind.*] MACPHERSON'S
Hunter.

While a soft voice invades my trembling ear—
 'Twixt every blast is heard the pleasant sound;
 Then in the howling hurricane is drowned.

¹⁸ *Their songs are of other worlds.*] *Par. Lost*, viii. 175.
 Dream not of other worlds.

And again, v. 568.

How last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal.

fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He *fills* the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the *squalls* of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

Imitated in the *Verses on an Officer killed before Quebec*.

Unfold the secrets of your world to me,

Tell what thou art, and what I soon shall be.

"The oddest thing is, that every one of them (the five bards and the chieftain) sees ghosts, more or less. The idea that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them, describing a storm of wind and rain, says,

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night.

Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind.

Their songs are of other worlds.

Did you never observe, (*while rocking winds are piping loud*) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a *shrill* and plaintive note, like the swell of an *Æolian* harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his *Winter*." GRAY'S *Works*, iv. 60.

The imitation of Milton seems to have startled Gray. The passage in THOMSON'S *Winter*, to which Macpherson has in fact given a different turn, has already been quoted.

Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,

Long groans are heard, *shrill* sounds, and distant sighs,

That uttered by the demon of the night,

Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

But it is amusing to observe the enthusiasm with which the *Fragments* were received by one of our best poets, to whom the internal evidence (a tissue of imitations) appeared so strong, that "he was resolved," he says, "to believe them genuine, in spite of the Devil and the Kirk of Scotland." *Id.* 59.

The rain is past. The dry winds blow.
 Streams roar, and windows clap;
 Cold drops fall from the roof.
 I see the starry sky.—
 But the shower gathers again ¹⁹.
 Dark, dark is the western sky!
 Night is stormy, dismal, dark;
 Receive me, my friends, from the night.

THIRD BARD.

THE winds still sound between the hills,
 And *groan* on the *riven* rocks:
 The firs fall from their place *on high*.
 The turfy hut is torn ²⁰.
 The clouds divided fly o'er the sky,
 And shew the burning stars ²¹.
 The meteor (token of death)
 Flies sparkling through the gloom.
 It rests on the hills, *it burns*.---I see the fern,
 The dark rock, and fallen oak.
What dead is that in his shroud,
 Beneath the tree by the stream?
 The waves dark tumble on the lake,
 And lash the rocky sides.
 The boat is brimful in the cove;

¹⁹ The rain is past. The dry winds blow.—

Cold drops fall from the roof.—

But the shower gathers again.] *Il Penseroso*, 120.

While rocking winds are piping loud;

Or ushered with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill;

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers again. *The west is gloomy and dark.* Night is stormy and dismal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

THE wind still sounds between the hills; and *whistles through* the grass of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning stars. The meteor, token of death! flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I see the *withered* fern, the dark *browed* rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shroud beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky sides.

*Ending on the rustling leaves;
With minute drops from off the eaves.*

Gray had very nearly detected the nature of the internal evidence.

²⁰ *The firs fall from their place on high.*

The turfy hut is torn.] THOMSON'S Winter.

*Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honours yet remain;
Dashed down and scattered by the tearing winds
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatched, or lonely roof
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.*

²¹ *The clouds divided fly o'er the sky,*

*And shew the burning stars.] The same passage continued.
Huge uproar lords it wide; the clouds commixed
With stars, swift gliding, sweep along the sky.*

The oars on the rocky tide.
 Sad sits a maid *beneath* a rock,
 And eyes the rolling stream ²² :
 Her lover promised to come.
 She saw his boat, when it was light, on the lake.
 Is this his broken boat on the shore ?
 Are these his groans on the wind ²³ ?
 Hark ! the hail rattles around,
 The flakes of snow descend.
 The tops of the hills are white.
 The stormy winds abate.
 Various is night and cold ;
 Receive me, my friends, from the night.

FOURTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm and fair ;
 Blue, starry, and settled is night.
 The winds, with the clouds, are gone ;
 They descend behind the hill.
 The moon is up on the mountains ;
 Trees glisten ; streams shine on the rocks.
 Bright rolls the settling lake ²⁴ ;

²² *Sad sits a maid beneath a rock,
 And eyes the rolling stream.*] The same imagery, the lake, the boat,
 the oars, and the two lovers, is employed in the *Cave*, from which this pas-
 sage differs chiefly in the catastrophe.

*Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
 On grassy bank two lovers lean,
 Bend on each other amorous looks,
 And seem to laugh, and kiss between.*

The boat is brimful in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide.
A maid sits sad *beside* the rock, and eyes the rolling stream.
Her lover promised to come. She saw his boat, when *yet* it
was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore?
Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends.
The tops of the hills are white. The stormy winds abate. Va-
rious is the night, and cold; receive me, my friends, from
night.

FOURTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled is night. The
winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill.
The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glisten; streams shine

The *wind* is *rustling* in the oak,

They seem to hear the *tread of feet*;

They start, they rise, look round the rock,

Again they smile, again they meet.

"The wind rustling in the oak, and the tread of feet." "The *wind* drives
the withered burs, clung together along the sighing grass. *It is the light
tread of a ghost.*" Supra, 9.

²³ *Is that his broken boat on the shore?*

Are these his groans on the wind?] In the *Songs of Selma*, "He loads
the wind with his groans.—The boat is broken in twain." But the turn
of the conclusion, leaving the death of the lovers to conjecture, is pecu-
liarly modern: As in AKENSIDE'S *Ode on the Winter Solstice*.

At morn their father went abroad,

The moon is sunk, and deep the road,

She sighs and wonders at his stay.

²⁴ *Bright rolls the settling lake.*] In PARNELL'S *Night-piece*.

The *lake* is smooth and clear beneath,

Where once again the spangled shew

Descend to meet our eyes below

Bright the stream of the vale.
 I see the trees overturned ;
 The shocks of corn on the plain.
 The wakeful *peasant* rebuilds the *sheaves*,
Or drives the beasts of the hills away ²⁵.
 Calm, settled, and fair is night.

Who comes from the place of the dead ²⁶ ?
 That form in the robe of snow ;
 These white arms, that hair of gold !
 The daughter of the chief of the people ²⁷ ;
 She that lately fell !
 Come, let us view thee, maid ;
 Thou that wert the desire of heroes !
 The blast drives the phantom away ;
 White, and without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist
 Over the narrow vale :
 Grey on the hill it ascends,
 And joins itself to the sky.

Night is settled and calm,
 Blue, starry, bright with the moon.
 Receive me not, my friends,
 For lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm, but dreary ;
 The moon in a cloud in the west.

But the preceding description in the text, of a calm, serene, moonlight night, is as superior to Parnell's as it is inferior to Homer's, from which the images are chiefly taken.

²⁵ *The wakeful peasant rebuilds the sheaves,
 And drives the beasts of the hills away.*] In the improved version,

on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake ; bright the stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned ; the shocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful *hind* rebuilds the *shocks*, and *whistles on the distant field*.

Calm, settled, fair is night ! Who comes from the place of the dead ? That form with the robe of snow ; white arms, and dark-brown hair ! It is the daughter of the chief of the people : she that lately fell ! Come, let us view thee, O maid ! thou that hast been the *delight* of heroes ! The blast drives the phantom away ; white, without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, *slowly*, over the narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

NIGHT is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the

“The wakeful *hind* rebuilds the *shocks*, and *whistles in the distant field*,” in conformity with the original in THOMSON’S *Autumn*.

Behind the master walks, *builds up the shocks*.

And in MILTON’S *L’Allegro*.

While the *ploughman* near at hand

Whistles o’er the furrowed land.

But as imitation is seldom consistent, the wakeful *hind* could neither have been heard on the *distant field*, nor be supposed to whistle with unconcern at the disasters of a stormy night which had unroofed the cottage, and overturned, not only the shocks of corn, but the very trees themselves.

²⁵ *Who comes from the place of the dead.*] PARNELL’S *Night-piece*.

The left presents a *place of graves*,

Whose wall the silent water laves.

²⁷ *The daughter of the chief of the people.*] He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people. Job, xii. 24.

Slow moves that feeble beam
 Along the shady hill.
 The distant wave is heard ;
 The stream dull murmurs on the rock.
 The cock is heard from the booth.
 More than half the night is passed.
 The housewife, groping in the gloom,
 Rekindles the settled fire ²⁸.
 The hunter thinks it day,
 And calls his nimble dogs :
 He ascends the hill,
 And whistles the road away :
 A blast removes the cloud ;
 He sees the starry plough of the north ²⁹ :
 Much of the night is to pass.
 He nods by the mossy stone.
 Hark ! the whirlwind is in the wood ;
 Low murmurs on the plain.
 'Tis the army of the mighty dead ³⁰
 Returning from the air !

²⁸ More than half the night is passed.

The housewife, groping in the gloom,

Rekindles the settled fire.] An obvious, yet exquisite imitation of

Virgil. *Æn.* viii. 407.

*Inde, ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
 Curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum,
 Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minerva,
 Impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitât ignes, &c.*

Now when the night her middle race had rode,
 The time when early housewives leave the bed,
 When living embers on the hearth are spread.

DRYDEN.

The hunter had already "waked the fire decayed," *supra*, ¹⁴. (et sopitos suscitât ignes, rekindles the settled fire,) and "The housewife groping in the gloom," is a continuation of the former imitation of Job, "He taketh

west. Slow moves that *pale* beam along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard. The *torrent* murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is past. The housewife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his *bounding* dogs. He ascends the hill, and whistles on his way. A blast removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the *vale*! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth.—They *grobe in the dark* without light.” xii. 25. But the additional image of the cock heard from the booth, is peculiarly happy, as descriptive of a state of society a thousand years later than Ossian. It has escaped, as I believe, the observation of commentators, that the cock was unknown to Homer, who mentions geese as domesticated, and to the Jewish writers till after the Babylonish captivity, when the *jungle fowl* of the East Indies were probably first introduced into Asia Minor. The earliest notice of the bird is in the apocryphal book of Esdras, “I gathered you together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,” 2 Esdras, i. 30. which our Saviour has quoted in his pathetic apostrophe to Jerusalem, *Matthew*, xxiii. 27. but the church has uniformly rejected the book as not canonical.

²⁹ *He sees the starry plough of the north.*] POPE’S *Iliad*, xviii. 560.

The *starry* lights that heaven’s high convex crowned;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the *northern* team.

Odyssey, v. 347.

There *viewed* the Pleiads and the *northern* team;

from the wain converted into the starry plough of the north.

³⁰ *’Tis the army of the mighty dead.*] THOMSON’S *Winter*.

And hold high converse with the *mighty* dead.

But the mighty army of the dead returning from the air, while the moon rests behind the hill, is PARNELL’S *Night-piece* reversed.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,

The bursting earth unveils the shades,

All slow and wan, and wrapt in shrouds,

They *rise* in visionary crowds.

The moon rests behind the hill ;
 The beam is still on the lofty rock ;
 Long are the shades of the trees.
 But now 'tis dark over all.
 Night's dreary, silent, and dark !
 Receive me, my friends, from the night.

SIXTH BARD.

(THE CHIEF HIMSELF.)

Let clouds rest on the hill,
 Spirits fly, and travellers fear ;
 Let the winds of the wood arise,
 The sounding storm descend ;
 Roar streams, and windows clap,
 And green-winged meteors fly ;
 Rise the pale moon on the mountain,
 Or inclose her head in clouds ;
 Night is alike to me,
 Blue, gloomy, or stormy the sky.
 Night flies, *and her goblin crew*,
 When *morn* is poured on the hills ³¹.
 Light returns from the gloom ;
 But we return no more ³² !

³¹ Night *flies* and her goblin crew,
 When *morn* is poured on the hills.] A modern allusion, from GRAY'S
Progress of Poesy.

Night *and* all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky.
 And from COWLEY, as quoted by GRAY;

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark ; receive me, my friends, from night.

THE CHIEF.

LET clouds rest on the hills : spirits fly ; and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows *flap*, and green-winged meteors fly ! rise the pale moon *from behind her hills*, or inclose her head in clouds ! night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night flies *before the beam*, when it is poured on the hill. The *young day* returns from his *clouds*, but we return no more.

Or seen the *morning's* well-appointed star
Come marching up the *eastern hills* afar.

The passage seems to have dwelt upon Gray's mind, and to have suggested "*Comus and his midnight crew*," in his *Installation Ode* ; without exciting a suspicion of an imitation of his own poetry, in "*Night flies and her goblin crew*."

³² *Light returns from the gloom ;*

But we *return no more*.] From BLACKLOCK'S *Poems*, Edinburgh, 1754, p. 75.

For when the short-lived suns decline,
They but retire more bright to shine :
But we, when fleeting life is o'er,
And *light* and love can bless *no more*,
Are ravished from each dear delight,
To sleep one long eternal *night*.

Translated from CATULLUS, *Carm.* v. upon which the imitation is also constructed. "*Light returns from the gloom ; but we return no more*."

Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Where are our chiefs of old ?
 Where our kings of modern name ?
 The fields whereon they fought are silent ;
 Scarce their mossy tombs remain.
 We, *too*, shall be forgot ³³ ;
 This lofty house shall fall :
 Our sons shall *scarce* see its ruins on the grass ;
 And shall ask, Where *dwelt* our fathers ?
 Raise the song, strike the harp ;
 Send round the shell of joy ³⁴.
 Suspend a hundred tapers on high.
 Maids and youths begin the dance ³⁵.
 Some grey-lock'd bard be near,

The alterations, however, employed in the improved copy, to conceal the originals, are from THOMSON'S *Summer*. "Night flies *before* the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The *young day* returns from his clouds, but we return no more."

And from *before* the lustre of her face
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step
 Brown *Night* retires : *young day* pours in apace.

By such hints from translations, and such slight associations, as the night retiring and day returning, the author was conducted from imitation to imitation.

³³ *Where are our chiefs of old ?*

Where our kings of modern name ?——

We, too, shall be forgot.] The application is classical, and coincides, unintentionally perhaps, with Horace, in his imitation of the preceding quotation from Catullus. HOR. *Od.* iv. vii. 13.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ :

Nos ubi decidimus,

Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,

Pulvis et umbra sumus.

But the conclusion is truly original :—"Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers ?" Although the radical idea may be found in the *Night-piece*. *Supra Calthor and Colmal*, ¹¹.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of the battles are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall *also* be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall *not behold* the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some grey bard be near me; to tell the

The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
Some shepherd's future cot may raise;
While smiling round, his infant son
Admires the figures on the stone.

³⁴ Send round the shell of joy.] THOMSON'S *Autumn*.

Round the raised nations pour the cup of joy.

By one of those inconsistencies incident to imitation, the chief sends round the shell of joy, lights up his hall with an hundred tapers, *suspended* on high (*dependent* *lychni laquearibus aureis*), as in a modern ball room, and begins the dance in the morning, after cock-crowing, when the housewife and the hunter were already up, and when more than half the night was confessedly spent.

³⁵ Maids and youths begin the dance.] In the improved copy, "Youths and maids," as in the original. POPE'S *Iliad*, xviii. 601.

A figured dance succeeds;

A comely band

"Of youths and maidens bounding hand in hand."

"It is worth observing, that the Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the oriental nations; the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly." POPE'S *Note*, *ibid*.

Such minute imitations are important only as proofs of an active extensive imagination, quick in combinations, and of a strong and retentive memory, to which the Scriptures, and the greater part of classical and of modern poetry, were equally familiar. The accumulation of images in the Six Bards could have been accomplished only by a careful assemblage of what other poets have written upon the subject, and by a judicious selection of the most impressive ideas and expressions in each. The plan itself, of five bards and their chief delivering each a description of the night, is not unlike that of Isaac Hawkins Brown's imitation of six different poets in his *Pipe of Tobacco*.

And sing the deeds of other times ;
 Of kings renowned in *Albion*,
 Of chiefs we see no more ³⁶.

Thus pass the night,
 Till morn is grey in our hall :
 Then be the bow in hand,
 The dogs and youth of the chace.
 We ascend the hill with day,
 And rouse the *flying* deer.

³⁶ *Some grey-locked bard be near,
 And sing the deeds of other times ;
 Of kings renowned in Albion,*

Of chiefs we see no more.] And in the improved copy ; “ Let some grey bard be near me, to tell the deeds of other times,” &c. As in the *Night-piece*.

Here, hoar tradition tells, repose
 Two youths, the dread of *Albion's* foes,
 Of other times the grace and pride,
 Who saved their country when they died ;
 But rolling time has lost their name ;
 So faithless is the breath of fame.

FROM the original form of the Six Bards, as transmitted to Gray and Shenstone, we are now enabled to ascertain the principles upon which Macpherson's measured prose was constructed. Heroic prose had been frequently employed ; particularly in Harvey's *Meditations*, and in the translations of *Telemachus*, and of the *Death of Abel* ; but in these works, the period was loose and unlimited, and the diction was distinguished only by being more turgid than common prose. As the Six Bards, however, was written in hemistichs or versicles nicely balanced, with one clause beneath another like irregular verse, we discover their origin in Louth's explanation of the nature of Hebrew poetry, which Blair had recently introduced into his lectures. According to Louth's explanation, Hebrew poetry consists neither of numbers, nor of rhyme, nor of any regular or perceptible feet ; but of periods divided into two or more corresponding

deeds of other times ; of kings renowned in *our land*, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let night pass, until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chace. We shall ascend the hill with day ; and *awake* the deer.

clauses, of the same structure, and nearly of the same length ; the second clause containing generally a repetition, a contrast, or an amplification of the sentiment expressed in the first : and the result of these responses, or parallelisms, is a sententious harmony, or measured prose, which even our English translation of the Bible has preserved.

O sing unto the Lord a new song ;
Sing unto the Lord all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name ;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among all people ;
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised :
He is to be feared above all gods.
Honour and majesty are before him ;
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Psalm, xcvi.

In these verses, the second is uniformly an amplification of the first ; but in others the alternation of the clause is preserved without repetition.

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines, with the tender grapes, give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

It is evident, that the Six Bards has been written in the same form of corresponding clauses, of which Macpherson probably acquired the first information from Blair's lectures.

No star with green trembling beam ;
No moon looks from the sky ;
I hear the blast in the wood ;
But I hear it distant far,
The stream of the valley murmurs ;

But its murmur is sullen and sad.
 From the tree at the grave of the dead,
 The long-howling owl is heard.——
 No beast, no bird is abroad,
 But the owl and the howling fox :
 She on a leafless tree ;
 He in a cloud on the hill.

When the principles of measured prose were discovered, a species of composition, to which the author's ear had been early habituated by his Scriptural studies, was recommended by its facility, as a cheap and commodious disguise to conceal his imitations, and to relieve him from the constraint, not only of rhyme, to which he was never equal, but even of verse itself. Every sentence in Ossian is written in parallelisms, or corresponding clauses, by which the peculiar cadence, and the sententious brevity of the style are produced.

Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall :
 By the tree of the rustling sound.
 His spear leaned against a (mossy) rock.
 His shield lay on grass by his side.——
 Mourn ye sons of song,
 Mourn the death of the noble Sithallin.
 Let the sighs of Fionia rise
 On the lone plains of her lovely Ardan.
 They fell like two hinds of the desert,
 By the hands of the mighty Swaran ;
 When in the midst of thousands he roared,
 Like the shrill spirit of a storm.
 He sits dim on the clouds of the north,
 And enjoys the death of the mariner.——
 His sword was like the beam of heaven,
 When it pierces the sons of the vale ;
 When the people are blasted and fall,
 And all the hills are burning around.

The translation of Homer's Iliad, upon which Macpherson had probably exercised his pen before he attempted Ossian, is executed on the same principle of corresponding clauses. He informs us himself, that "he had measured the whole in his own ear ; and, to bring the eye of the reader to the assistance of his ear, where the pointing does not occasion a stop, the fall of the cadence (or corresponding clause) is frequently marked with a short line." *Pref.* 18 Thus :

"The wrath of the son of Peleus,—O goddess of song, unfold ! The

deadly wrath of Achilles. To Greece the source of many woes! Which peopled the regions of death,—with shades of heroes untimely slain : While pale they lay along the shore : Torn by beasts and birds of prey : But such was the will of Jove ! Begin the verse, from the source of rage, —between Achilles and the sovereign of men.” MACPHERSON’S *Homer*, i. 1.

Thus, as in the later editions of Ossian, each clause begins with a capital letter, to mark the alternation ; or, if the sense is necessarily protracted, the cadence, or return of the corresponding clause, is distinguished by a dash : and the whole was evidently composed, and intended when written, to be read in recitative ; as if printed thus :

The wrath of the son of Peleus,
O goddess of song, unfold.
The deadly wrath of Achilles :
To Greece the source of many woes !
Which peopled the regions of death,
With shades of heroes untimely slain.

And many flamed their fires on the field !
As when in heaven the pure beaming stars
Around the bright crescent appear ;
When not a breath stirs the gentle air,
The high capes rise distinct to the eye ;
The mountain cliffs, and gleaming groves ;
Wide opens blue heaven on the sight ;
Displaying all its host to the view. *Id.*

When Macpherson informs us, in a Dissertation prefixed to *Fingal* (1st edit.), that “the translation is extremely literal ; that the arrangement of words in the original is imitated, and the very inversions of style observed ;” we are at no loss to discover, that the Earse version, the pretended original, is written upon the same principle of parallelisms, or measured prose. In the same Dissertation, indeed, he assures us, that “The compositions of the bards were so admirably contrived to be handed down by tradition ; each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it ; that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest ; that the cadences followed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the natural turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost impossible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another ; an excellence peculiar to the Celtic tongue, and perhaps to be met with in no other language.” This marvellous stanza, peculiar to the Celtic, exempt from every

corruption incident to writing, and so well adapted to the purposes of tradition, can relate only to the alliteration common to Irish, Saxon, and Scandinavian poetry, by which alone the words of one verse can suggest those of another, by the similarity, or alliterative correspondence of sound. The Irish ballads ascribed to Ossian, are strictly alliterative; and the complicated rules of alliteration in Irish poetry, are so similar to those of the northern Scalds, that they were probably introduced on the conquest of Ireland by the Norwegians or Danes. The Battle of Garriock (anno 1411), the oldest Earse poem perhaps extant, is also alliterative; but the more recent poetry of the Highlands is in the common lyric measure of Scotch and English songs. It is observable, however, that the Earse version of Macpherson's Ossian is written neither in alliteration nor in rhyme; nor in stanzas, nor in any certain measure or return of feet; nor in lines of any determinate length; nor, in short, in numbers; but in measured prose, in which "the cadence and length of the line are varied so as to suit the sense." *Supra*, p. 382. Upon this subject, it is sufficient to appeal to the translator's own explanation of the fact: "That the lyric pieces, scattered through the poems of Ossian, are certainly very beautiful in the original; yet they must appear much to disadvantage, stripped of numbers and the harmony of rhyme. In the *recitative*, or narrative part of the poem, the original is rather a *measured sort of prose* than any *regular versification*; but it has all that variety of cadences which suit the different ideas and passions of the speakers." *Supra*, p. 77, note. According to this explanation, the addresses prefixed, or subjoined to the lesser poems, and interspersed through the larger, were written with greater care, in regular numbers, if not in rhyme; and the rest of the poems in a kind of recitative or measured prose; as if measured prose could have been preserved by tradition. The English version must have necessarily acquired some additional ease from the prosaic form in which it was written; but the Earse original consists of the same parallelisms, clause for clause, without any greater approximation towards verse, than such occasional contraction, or expansion of thought, as the mode of printing required.

O linna doir-choille na Leigo,
 Air uair eri' ceo taobh-ghorm nan ton;
 Nuair dhunas dorsa na h'oicha
 Air iulluir shuil greina nan speur:
 Tomhail, mo Lara nan sruth,
 Thaomas du'-nial as doricha cruaim:
 Mar ghlas-scia', roi taoma nan nial,
 Snamh seachad, ta Gellach na h'oicha.

From the wood-skirted waters of Lego
 Ascend, at times, grey-bosomed mists,
 When the gates of the west are closed
 On the sun's eagle eye.
 Wide over Lara's stream,
 Is poured the vapour dark and deep :
 The moon, like a dim shield,
 Is swimming through its folds.

In some of these lines the harmony is superior, in others, again, it is inferior, in English, as the expression is abridged ; but, in general, the measure, or recitative of the two versions (From the wood-skirted waters of Lego ; O linna doir choille na Leigo), is almost identical ; without any greater difference than such additional ease, or constraint, as is introduced into the different copies, or forms, of the Six Bards. The execution of the two versions by the same person, upon the same principle of parallelisms, and nearly, perhaps, at the same period, can alone account for the exact coincidence of each line in Earse, both in sense and cadence, with the corresponding clause of each sentence in the English original.

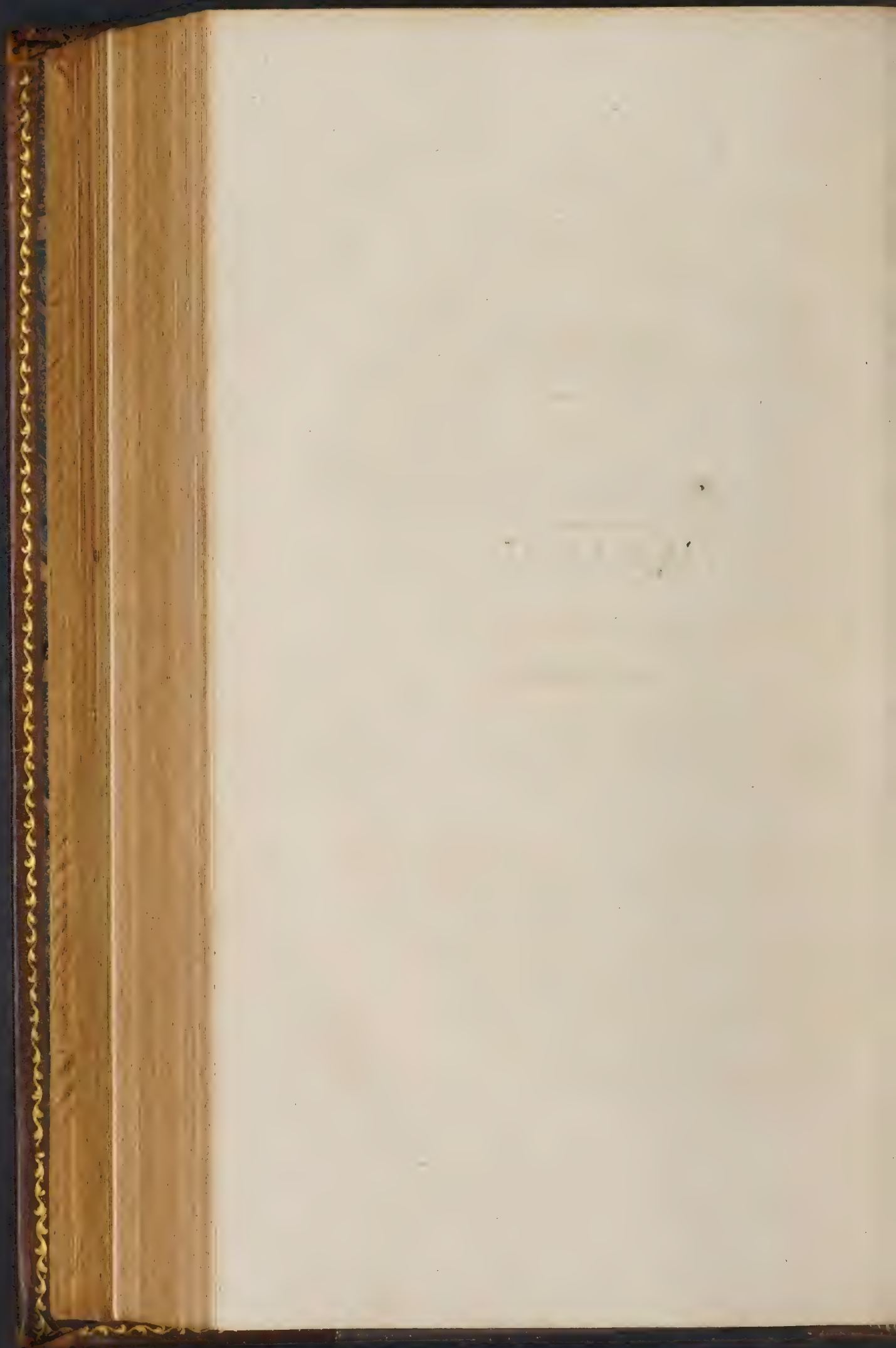
It was dark !
 The sleeping hosts were still ;
 In the (red) skirts of night.
 'S dolloir so !
 Ata na sloigh na nsuáin, san am
 An truscan cear na h'oicha.
 Lumon of the streams !
 Thou risest on Fonar's soul : (my soul)
 The sun is on thy side,
 On the rocks of thy bending trees.
 Lumon na sruth !
 'Ta u dealra, air m' anam fein :
 'Ta do ghrian, air do thaobh
 Air carric na ncran bu trom.
 Lumon of foamy streams !
 Thou risest on Fonar's soul.
 Lumon na sruth !
 Ta u dealra air m'anam fein.
 Ullin, Carril, and Ryno !
 Voices of the times of old,
 Let me hear you while yet it is dark,
 To please and awake my soul.

Ullin, a Charril, a Raono !
Guith a dh'aom o-shean,
Cluinim siobh an dorchadas Shelma
Agus mosglibhse anam nan dan !

In these specimens, the cadence and length of the line are exactly suited and adapted to the sense ; for which the reason is sufficiently obvious. Verse alone can sustain a regular cadence distinct from the sense ; but where there is no regular return of numbers, the sense and cadence, as in every prose composition, must always coincide. But it is not difficult to determine, whether these expressions, "It is dark ;" "Lumon of the streams ;" "Ullin, Carril, and Ryno," are translations of such fantastic lines, as "S' dolloir so ;" "Lumon na sruth ;" "Ullin, a Charril, a Raono ;" or whether the latter are not short clauses of sentences literally translated from the English original, and printed like verse.

D E A T H :

A POEM.



DEATH:

A POEM.

COME melancholy, soul-o'erwhelming power !
Woe's sable child ! sweet meditation come ;
Come, pensive gaited, from thy hermit cell,
Brood wide o'er life, and all its transient joys,
The noisy follies, and corroding strifes :
Shut the pleas'd ear from harmony and song ;
And from the heart ensnaring voice of fame.

5

¹ The two first poems, entitled DEATH, and the HUNTER, are printed from a manuscript in Macpherson's hand-writing, discovered in the Highlands many years ago, and most liberally communicated to me by the Rev. Mr Anderson, minister of Kingussie. They are published, not on account of their poetical merit, but as Macpherson's first rude essays in English poetry, and as historical evidence that he was a heroic poet from his earlier years. The manuscript is evidently the first rough draught of his compositions ; and contains memorandums concerning his school and house-keeping at Ruthven, in Badenoch, with a few dates, from which the Hunter appears to have been written towards the end of the year 1756. The poem upon Death is an earlier and worse composition ; but they are both marked with the same extravagance of sentiment and diction that prevails in Ossian ;

They come, they come ! I seem through fields to rove,
 Sacred to woe, where Sorrow, sable shade !
 Looks pensive to the uncomfortable ground. 10
 On the soft breezes die the doleful notes,
 And swell the-soul with doleful harmony.
 O life ! how many are thy sons ? how few
 Pursue the paths of happiness, though here
 The goddess reigns acceptable to all ? 15
 Enraptured in the solemn maze of thought,
 My soul is all attention ; Fancy reigns,
 And spreads before my view the flower-like race
 Of mortals ; folly, pride, and luxury,
 Enwrap them round, till Death, impartial, shall 20
 Deal the sure stroke, and seize the gasping prey.
 High from an iron car, the gloomy king
 Outstretches o'er the world his haggard eye.
 His jaws, wide parting, open to the fill
 Of sad oblivion—sable mantled shade ! 25
 At the dark chink the undistinguish'd throng
 Enter, of maids, gay youths, and tottering age.
 In gloomy pomp, array'd before their king,
 Fear, grisly Terror, shivering Dismay,
 And cloud-envelop'd Horror, gloomy stand. 30
 When far before, by sable Fate empowered,
 With wanton glee, and fool-insnaring grace,
 A soft deluding fair disarms the strong,
 And throws the brave into the jaws of death.

with the same imagery, and even with the same machinery, under another name. The progressive improvement of Macpherson's poetry may be traced from his poem upon Death, a juvenile imitation of Blair's Grave, to his more finished productions, the Night-piece and the Cave ; of which last, we may observe with Dr Blair, that "whatever genius could produce that poem, must be judged fully equal to any performance contained in Mr Macpherson's Ossian." *Appendix to BLAIR'S Dissertation.*

The sons of pride, her Happiness, but men
Call her Intemp'rance, daughter of this age,
Got on Prosperity, born on the banks
Of ill-used Liberty, and nursed up
By Plenty, Indolence, and Gallantry,
By Looks lascivious, by luxurious Ease. 40

Behind her comes Consumption—meagre ghost!
With slow, weak, languid pace, and self-devour'd;
Born drooping on a tedious flux of time,
With pain deep loaden, sluggish flowing down:
Then ulcers, swellings, apoplectic fits, 45
Convulsive trances, fever scorching hot,
The sage Physician—all a gloomy train!
Their general parent follow; while grim Death,
Wide-wasting Terror! shuts the dismal scene.

Already from the noise of life remov'd, 50
Does *Damon* seek the solitary shade,
Woe's gloomy haunts? does Contemplation please
The youthful soul, and love imbibing heart?
Ah, no! far other cares the soul invade,
Whelm the sad breast, and melt the tearful eyes. 55
Still sighing youth! how languid, pale, and wan,
Unsanguine, meagre, lifeless, loveless, sad?

Here, through the desolated streets, the crowds,
Half-naked, fly from home; and born in streams
The young *Doricles* left his joy behind, 60
The blooming *Daphne*! memory starts up
Of former love, and now defenceless charms.
He starts, he views, he flies; no dangers fright
But those of *Daphne*: her he shivering found,
Rock'd in the tottering hall; her azure eyes, 65
Like two fair fountains, watered the plain
Of roses on her cheek. He clasp'd her round,
And bore, through death, the lovely prize away.

Death, death might pity, could but death relent :
 The field appears, and joy begins to dawn ; 70
 When from a tottering roof a fragment falls,
 And crush'd the lovely Daphne in his arms !
 How did Doricles stand aghast ! How beat,
 With broken sighs, his sorrow-wounded breast !
 Still, still he grasps the dying innocent ; 75
 Yet sweet in death, and lovely in decay.
 Death once felt pity, stretched his sable hand,
 Shook the high tow'r, and sunk him with the blow.

Thus, when the younger bears the parent stork,
 On wearied pinions through the fluid air, 80
 Some greedy fowler wings the deathful shaft,
 And brings them lifeless, fluttering to the ground.

A horrid form, in hell's deep track enchained
 By the Almighty hand, till wickedness
 Broke the firm cords, and loos'd the grisly fiend, 85
 With sounding pinions, riding on the air,
 Death's sable sister, withering Pestilence,
 Clang'd her black wings o'er earth. The nations die :
 The rich, the poor, the feeble, and the great,
 Promiscuous throng : here, in the hall of state, 90
 The wither'd monarch drops the wand of power :
 There drops the easy-blasted plume of pride ;
 And wit, half-uttered, dies upon the tongue.
 The uplifted tool drops from the tradesman's hand :
 Himself out-stretched in death : his youthful spouse 95
 Cries, save us Heaven ! It was the last she said,
 And drop'd, disfigured, in the jaws of death.
 Breathless the mother lies, while on her breast
 The child hangs weeping : there the blooming youth
 Stumbles to death ; the father spreads his hands 100
 To save his son, and is enwrapt in fate.

Hence desolation spreads the awful wing
 O'er kingdoms ; thence shall rough brow'd Ruin reign

O'er the dispeopled earth, and Wealth and Power,
 Pomp, Pleasure, Pageantry, the sister train 105
 Of Vanity, become the slaves of Death.

² Drear solitude he loves ; while Memory,
 Official recorder ! brings to view
 The pleasing phantom of preterite joy :
 But Pain and Sorrow, sister twins, start up, 110
 And shew how weak, how feeble now ! how chang'd
 From what he was : Death takes the hint, and comes ;
 Ah ! now he nods ; eternal sleep o'erwhelms
 His eyes ; his breath, short-panting, scarcely heaves
 His breast. But, hark ! that sigh ! the soul is fled ; 115
 The mournful form sinks pale into the grave.
 Ah ! what avail these sable flowing locks,
 The air of pride ; the folly-moving tongue,
 That gaudy shell, and these deluding eyes,
 The graceful form, and fair ensnaring port ? 120
 In vain sweet Delia rends her flowing locks,
 Or heaves her breast, or melts her azure eyes ;
 In vain ! relentless Death is never mov'd.
 No more that youthful blood shall circling rise,
 And, love-creative, warm that pallid corse ; 125
 No more that wit will cheer the unthinking heart ;
 And that shut eye will roll its airs no more.
 Now sad remembrance calls to Delia's view,
 These plays, these concerts, nightly masquerades ;
 That love, that wit, these dear deluding smiles, 130
 Where Damon was, that cheer'd the raptur'd soul :
 But now no more ! these fleeting joys are fled.
 Fond memory mourns, crush'd by a load of woe.
 Is Damon gone, and Delia left behind ?
 Is Damon dead, and Delia feed on air ? 135

² This and the preceding passage concerning Damon, line 50 to 57, were apparently meant to have been united.

Dear hapless youth, thy Delia seems unkind,
 And hugs her life and you enwrap in fate.
 Come, sable Death ! thou ever gentle shade,
 Come, woe's kind soother, still the sting of grief,
 Enwrap the mournful mind, and triumph o'er, 140
 Or what is sweet on earth, or what can love,
 She said ; grew pale, the blooming roses dy'd
 On her wan cheek ; and now her shivering limbs
 Felt Death's chill hand. Involved in a cloud
 Of spicy breath, the soul, complaining, fled. 145

Thus, in the valley, a sweet-smelling flower
 Exults, the blooming daughter of the spring,
 Till, blasted with the breath of the north, it bows,
 Droops, withers, dies, press'd in the jaws of death ³.

O life-destroying, cannot beauty please, 150
 Imprint compassion on the rigid brow,
 And blunt the edge of fate ? Ah ! no ; in vain
 Rolls the soft eye, forth-darting all its love ;
 In vain shall tears bedew the rosy cheek,
 Or the world-firing snowy bosom heave : 155
 Pity, soft pity ! dreads thy awful reign,
 And far from thee melts on the field of life.
 O Temperance divine, neglected fair !
 O ever-loving mate of happiness,
 Sweet nurse of virtue, mother of long'd days, 160
 Why fled ? O mildness, from these iron times,
 Return, return, and save a sinking age ;
 Sinew the arm effeminate, repulse
 Death in thy absence, until Nature, tir'd,
 Shall stoop the hoary head, and wish for sleep. 165

Scarce from this doleful scene I turn my eye,
 When o'er the wounded mind new horrors rise.
 Disease, and pain, these sable scouts of death,
 For ever sting the unhappy race of men.

³ See Vol. I. p. 542.

Hark! hear that cry dolorous, tun'd by Woe, 170

That grates the ear! 'Tis sure the voice of Pain.

How doleful! that desponding wretch, outstretch'd

On torment's bed! He raves, he grins insane,

He grasps and tears in madness! Reason flies;

How fierce his looks! how loud he howls! But see

How life low ebbs, and strength itself gives way! 175

The silent shade prevails: How faint, how weak,

How low that voice that once battalions shook

With iron tone! how feeble is that arm

Robust, that often foil'd his country's foe! 180

But hear that groan! it seems the last farewell

Of life departing---All is calm, and he

Inhiant, slumbers in eternal rest.

So, should a shepherd find the lordly pride

Of beasts asleep, he latent gives the wound. 185

He starts, roars loud, and waves his angry mane;

Falls, wallows, roars, and in a groan expires.

O man! what is thy boast? A beauteous face?

That soon is blasted. Strength itself decays.

Strong is the foe, and all his allies strong. 190

Ev'n Nature's self and elements combine

With death, with force confederate. Hapless man!

How fallen, fallen from that high estate

Of innocence and love, thy prior boon:

When Pleasure stretched the untainted wing 195

O'er fields of bliss; where fair Content and Joy,

With Meditation and Serenity,

Led the eternal choir, and Virtue smil'd

To see her children sport; when, far removed,

Death pin'd in hell's deep bounds: But, oh the pow'r 200

Of vile ambition, virtue-hated fiend!

Heaven's changed to hell, and death to life preferr'd;

Hatred to love, and vice to innocence;

Content, and virtue, and serenity,

Are chang'd to folly, woe, and gloomy thought. 205
 Escap'd from hell once, Discord gnashed her teeth,
 And roll'd her glaring eyes : the nations quake,
 Affrighted peace the sinful earth foregoes,
 And truth is gone : Death recognised the sign,
 Smiles grimly, and begins to whet his shafts ; 210
 Then o'er Hiberian floods, with mighty noise,
 Self-balanced, through midheaven wings his way,
 Eager for war. The affrighted waves subside,
 And with retreating hosts invade the earth :
 Earth dreads, and shivers from her inmost womb ; 215
 Her mountains tremble, and her rough rocks fall
 Thundering along the ground ; while through the chink
 Flames subterraneous flash, smoke wraps the sky,
 Domes throw their stately towers to earth ; men groan,
 Torn in the jaws of death ; half-stiff'd cries 220
 Of suffocated infants, from the embrace
 Of cold maternal arms, invade the ear.
 Nor are these only foes to hapless man :
 Man, man himself is still his greatest foe !
 Man first brought death ; and man pursues the trade, 225
 And by themselves unhappy mortals die.
 War, man destroying, on an iron car,
 Death's eldest brother, scours along the world :
 Before, Contention brandishes her stings ;
 Fear, pallid shade ! and feet-compelling flight, 230
 Sit on his brow, and cloud-envelop'd Woe,
 With heavy steps, pursues the bloody king.
 Upborne on Death, and on the pride of kings,
 The frightful monster shakes the solid tow'rs
 Of state, and nations at one morsel churns. 235
 See, on that field two gloomy hostile bands
 Frown terribly, in awful silence mute ;
 While breathing winds sigh through the upright arms,
 And in each sigh a whispering sp'rit foretells

The coward's fate⁴. But, hark ! the clarion sounds. 240

Ah ! see each phalanx gloomily incedes ;
 They rush together ! Gleaming arms afar
 Reflect the light ; and dying groans, confus'd
 With iron clangour, wound the patient heart.
 See how they fall ! This in his manly breast 245
 Receives the spear, and, groaning, falls in death :
 Through Damon's body glides the deathful shaft,
 And sinks him lifeless to the spreading arms
 Of sighing friends ; here, through the parting skull,
 The shining blade descends ; he, roaring, falls, 250
 Shakes the firm earth, and spreads his trembling limbs.
 Blood forms a lake around him ; gasping life
 Heaves up the corse, and spurts the foaming blood.

Thus, when the fisher hauls the finny prize
 To land, and throws it gasping on the shore, 255
 The dying fish his quivering body heaves,
 Dashing the watry relicks of the tide.

See ! bright in arms, along the iron field
 The stately young Philanthes drives the foe ;
 No thirst of fame, no lion-hearted thought 260
 Prompts on the youth---nought but his country's love.
 Hear how they groan ! what deaths his conquering arm
 Pours down, impetuous, on the fright'ned foe !
 But, ah ! surrounded in the fierce embrace
 Of men, in vain he whirls the shining blade. 265
 Ah, mangled ! mangled ! See ! see how he falls !
 How his great soul, her loved associate rears
 Reluctant, window'd ; feeble for the weight
 Of foul mortality, the spirit flies.

⁴ While breathing winds sigh through the upright arms,
 And in each sigh a whispering sp'rit foretells

The coward's fate.] In Ossian, "A thousand ghosts are on the beam
 of his steel ; the ghosts of those who are to fall." I. p. 11.

Yet wing'd to life, she cries, Save, Heavens save ! 270
 Save ! save my country, was the last he said.

The young Lysander saw his brother fall,
 And sorrow spread a cloud around his eyes.
 Save, save Philanthes ! save, my brother save !
 Relent, O foe ! relent, and spare the youth ! 275

But, if soft pity melts not in your breasts,
 Turn, turn your shafts ; pierce, pierce Lysander ! pierce
 The unhappy brother ! this the boon I crave.
 He said ; he leap'd, he rushed, he sweeps along
 Amidst the embattled throng ; there, there he raves 280
 O'er hills of slain, till, overpower'd by fate,
 He breathless falls, and grasps Philanthes' corse.
 Not death itself could quench fraternal love.

So, when her whelps the furious lioness
 Views dying, roaring, 'midst the hunter throng, 285
 She furious rolls her angry eyes ; then leaps
 Undaunted, tearing ; but at length she falls
 By strokes redoubl'd, 'midst her gasping young.

What tuneful woe invades my raptured ear,
 Borne on the sighing breeze ? but when a blast 290
 Hoarse whistling howls, the moving accents die ⁵.
 'Tis fair Miranda for her Anthes sighs.

Anthes ! the pride of all Britannia's sons,
 T' assert his monarch's sinking rights, is borne
 On floating forts, the terror of his foes. 295

Ye blustering winds and hoarse resounding main,
 Ye storms, ye tempests, and death-winged bolts ⁶,
 Save, save the lovely youth, and pity me !
 Ye zephyrs bland, waft Anthes to the shore ;
 Restore him blooming to my longing arms ! 300
 Ah, no ! Britannia, with superior charms,

⁵ Vol. I. pp. 290, 469.

⁶ Id. 464.

Detains the youth. Ah ! Glory, Fame, and War,
 And hell-descended Discord, perish all,
 Sink in Oblivion's womb ! and let sweet Love
 Triumph, soft tyrant ! 'o'er the pleased world. 305

Now rosy Shame, call'd up by modesty
 And thoughts of worth, supports her tuneful voice,
 And paints the cheek with beauty's fairest bloom.

Now on the bosom of the sounding main
 Two fleets, with brazen prows, white billows plough ; 310
 The bending mast low struggles with the wind,
 And quivering billows lash the oaken sides.

They come ; the sternly-looking chiefs command :
 The battle joins, and cannon from each side
 From their wide entrails breath the burning bolts. 315

Loud thunders roar ; men groan ; the cordage crack ;
 The wounded vessels reel from shore to shore ;
 Old ocean trembles ; and fraternal shades
 To frighten'd Neptune seem a kind recess.

Jove calls his thunder, thinking that the sons 320

Of earth, again rebellious, strove to rise
 With rival bolts ; again he hears the noise ;
 Again he calls : again Olympus shook ;
 Heaven quakes ; seas belch ; the trembling earth concuss'd
 By circumambient ocean, cries of men, 325
 Torn in Death's jaws, incessant wound the air 7.

Now through the breaches pours the briny tide,
 And weighs to death the vessels and the men ;
 Some rear the head above the watery plain,
 And cry for help ; but, ah ! no help is near ; 330
 Then sink in night : another stems the tide
 With brawny arms, he seeks the distant shore ;
 Then wearied, breathless, droops the tardy limbs,

7 Cries of men,
 [Torn in death's jaws, incessant wound the air.] "Death raises all his
 voices around." Vol. I. p. 41.

And seeks for rest; e'en in the arms of death !

The young Alethes grasps a broken mast, 335
And steers, half hoping, to the friendly sand :
All night he steered, and with the dawning morn
The land emerges from a sea of clouds ⁸.

While sage Iphthima press'd the higher strand,
And looks attentive o'er the rolling flood ; 340

This way and that she cast her longing eyes,
If or a boat, or sea-dividing ship,
Brought news of her Alethes ; him she saw,
Half-naked, leaning on a foaming jaw ⁹.

Ah me ! my son, my Alethes, my dear, 345
Joy of my youth, dear object of my woe !

Come, come, my dear ! press, press my son to land !

What fate, what cruel fate, what more than death
Has laid my son incumbent on a wave ?

Here, here my hand ! Stretch, stretch, my son, thy arm ! 350

Thus she, outstretching o'er the foaming tide,

When a rough whirlwind sweeps along the main,

And plunged him headlong in the gulphy deeps :

Thrice he upraised his head ; and thrice he sunk
In death, and thrice the circling eddies bell'd : 355

The fourth up-springing, Mother, mother ! dear

Author of life, farewell ! A wave suppress

His voice, and sunk him to the mighty dead ¹⁰.

Thus water-fowl upon the sable flood,

Now here, now there, their floating bodies shew, 360

But then are lost amidst the sounding foam,

And empty billows dash the yellow sand.

O Discord ! gnashing fury, rav'nous fiend,

Hell's sharpest torment, nauseous qualm of life !

You bathe the poinard oft in Friendship's breast ! 365

Peace, Virtue, Friendship, Harmony, and Love,

⁸ Vol. I. p. 187.

⁹ Jaw—a wave.

¹⁰ Vol. I. p. 66.

Delightful train of graces ! shrink from thee ;
Vice, Envy, Villany, deceitful thoughts,
Blood-thirsty Cruelty, insatiate Pride,
War, woe of mothers and new-married maids ! 370
Attend thy shrine ; and thence long plighted leagues
And unity are broke ; thence streams of blood
Flow from the patriot's honest-thinking heart ;
And rapine, bloodshed, carnage, train of Death !
Resistless, restless, tear the unhappy world. 375
Fly, fly foul fiend ! and leave the mangled world,
Too long thy prey. Ah me ! shall hapless men
For ever, ever feel thy iron rod ?
Come Peace, come life-befriending, lovely fair !
A thousand graces 'tend thy placid reign : 380
Stretch the soft pinions o'er a happy world ;
Snatch the sharp weapon from the warrior's hand,
And chace the jarring monster down to hell.
Let Science raise on high her drooping head,
And Muses tune the soul-delightful lay. 385
In vain the poet glides in melting strains,
In vain attunes his soul to tuneful woe ;
Deaf is the jar of Discord, dim the eye
Of War, and Happiness far flies the earth.
Come Contemplation, then, my lovely fair ! 390
Solemnly walking, unaffected grace !
Absorpt from life, I join thy sable train,
And turn my aching eye from dismal war.
Hear how Palæmon, from his humble bed,
Palæmon ! whom twice fifty winters bend, 395
Pale, to the tomb ; Vice, with her iron hand,
Ne'er gloomed his days, that innocently flow'd,
With mind serene, and aspect all composed,
Breathes virtue in each word, and paves the way 400
To sweet felicity in heaven and earth :
While mournful, near, the consort of his love,

Droops the sad eye, and fair Lavinia's cheeks
 Lie, rosy, drown'd in tears ; paternal love
 Melts the young heart, and pours the briny tears.
 With mournful look, and with attentive ear, 405

Near to his father's bed, Acasto stands,
 And drinks large draughts of virtue. Now the soul
 Flutters, to meet the untainted minds above.
 Death, sable shade ! with silent awful step
 Approaches gentle, and o'erwhelms his eyes ; 410

He nods, and falls asleep, when on his tongue
 The word, half-uttered, dies. So, in the noon
 Of night, the crying babe the officious nurse
 Soothes with half-sleeping sounds ; when to repose
 The innocent is lull'd, the song shall die, 415
 Imperfect, on her sleep suspended tongue.

Solemnly slow, along the mournful plain,
 The melancholy croud support the corse
 Of young Philætes, snatched, in early bloom
 Of youth, from life, and all its fading joys. 420

Outstretched, in the sable-mantled dome,
 Sleep reason, virtue, beauty, sweetness, youth,
 All, all that man can boast, now withered lie.
 Behind, with trembling steps, the hoary age
 Of old Philanthes mourns ; a staff supports 425
 His tottering feet : he droops his silvered head ;
 And tears run trickling down his pallid cheeks.
 He now and then looks to the sable hearse,
 And all his soul's oppress'd with mighty woes,
 And from his faltering tongue these accents break. 430

Ah me ! my son, ah, comfort of my age !
 My only son, supporter of our house !
 Ah ! why, Philætes, have you left your sire,
 Struggling with age, and soul-corroding woe !
 Why sunk in death the sun that brightly shone 435
 On th' evening of my days ! Almighty power,

Thine is the world—whate'er Thou wilt is done :
Thine is the young, and he that bows with age ;
And whom Thou wilt thou call'st ! Why then repine ?
Death ne'er too soon enwraps the good : short life 440
Well spent is age, and not the hoary head.
Thus he. The sad attendance sigh'd ; but chief
The young Acanthes gave to mighty woe
His manly mind. Not blood, with all its streams,
Could form such ties as bound him to his friend ; 445
Their age, their thoughts, their words, their deeds, the same ;
To virtue form'd alike their youthful souls.

The sun descending to the western waves,
Shot parallel to earth his evening ray,
And lines the virid hills with fusile gold. 450
To sigh for lost Philætes, through the field
Acanthes strays, and views the pleasing scene,
Where oft he with his dear Philætes roam'd.
Deep sorrow veils, with pearly drops, his eye,
And from his heaving breast these accents break : 455
Sleep'st thou for ever, O, my darling friend,
My other self ! Has death for ever seal'd
The friendly eye, and bound the tuneful tongue ?
Ah me ! no parting word has blest thy friend ;
No token of our spotless friendship left ! 460
But I, alone, unfriended, sad, forlorn,
Shall mourn thy absence in this vale of tears.

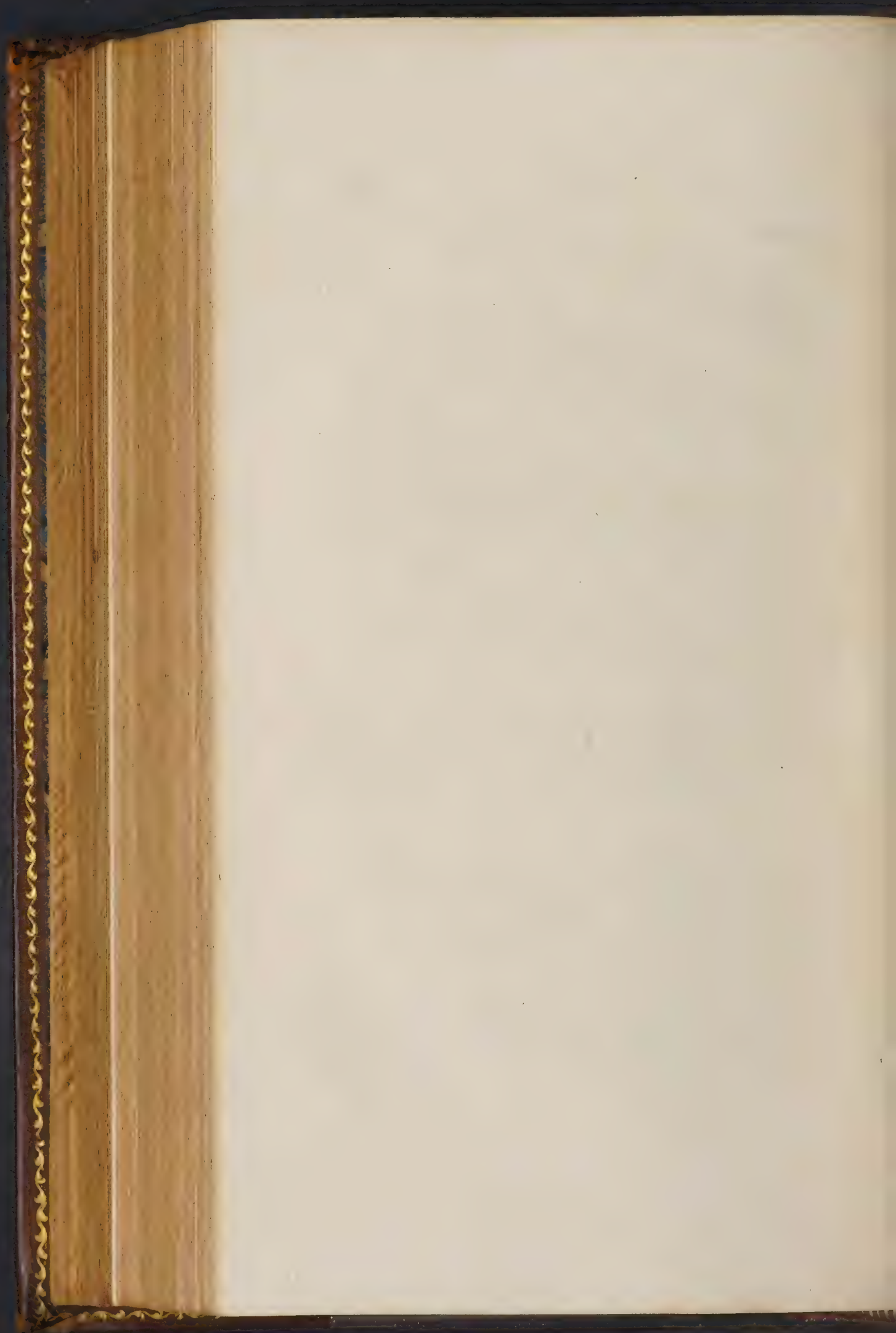
He said, when through the field Philætes step'd :
A heavenly beauty, and unfading youth,
Flush'd in his cheeks, and sparkled from his eyes ; 465
A snowy robe, in wreathy volumes, flow'd
Down from his shoulders, and his golden hair
Play'd in the murmuring breeze. Ambrosia sheds
Its pleasing vapours on the ambient air.
He came, he spoke, and smiled upon his friend, 470
And melody drops from his youthful tongue.

"THINE is the youth, and he that bows with age ;
 And whom Thou wilt, Thou call'st. Why then repine ?
 Death ne'er too soon enwraps the good ; short life
 Well spent is age, and not the hoary head. 475
 But, ah ! fond nature for Philætes mourns.
 Why name Philætes, now my greatest woe,
 Though once the comfort of my drooping mind !
 Dear hapless youth ! for thee my bosom sighs.
 And shall till Death enwrap me to his reign. 480
 Thus he. The sad attendance sigh'd ; but chief
 The young Andræmon gave to silent woe
 His manly mind : not blood, with all its streams,
 Could so attach Andræmon to his friend ;
 Their age, their thoughts, their actions, words the same, 485
 To virtue formed alike their youthful souls.
 Whether the sun sports in the fields of light,
 Or gloomy night her sable mantle throws
 O'er sleeping earth, still imaged to the mind
 Of young Andræmon is his darling friend. 490
 Still sighs the breast, still melts the tearful eye,
 Still flows the soul in elegies of woe.

" This is a second draught of the conclusion, from line 438 ; but, after all, the poem remains unfinished, and in many passages is hardly intelligible ; in others, the words must be pronounced as accented in Scotch. Bad as it is, however, it marks, when compared with the Cave or the Night-piece, the immense difference between the untutored genius of a rude mountaineer, who had passed a winter, perhaps, at the college of Aberdeen, and the enlarged and cultivated understanding of the same person, after having spent some years at Edinburgh in society and study. And this may illustrate the real difference between the supposed Ossian in a savage state, and a refined and enlightened poetical genius in a civilized age like the present.

The rocks, the plains, the woods, the pleasing scenes
Where he and young Philætes raptured, pray'd,
And talked of virtue, echo to his moan. 495
Sleep'st thou for ever, O my darling friend !
My other self ! has death for ever seal'd
The friendly eye, and bound Philætes' tongue ?
Ah me ! no parting look has blest thy friend,
No token of our spotless friendship left ; 500
From me removed, you breathed the spotless soul.
Now I, alone, unfriended, sad, forlorn,
Must mourn your absence in this vale of tears,
Till death, with sable hand, shall quench this pain,
And still the dire commotions of the breast. 505

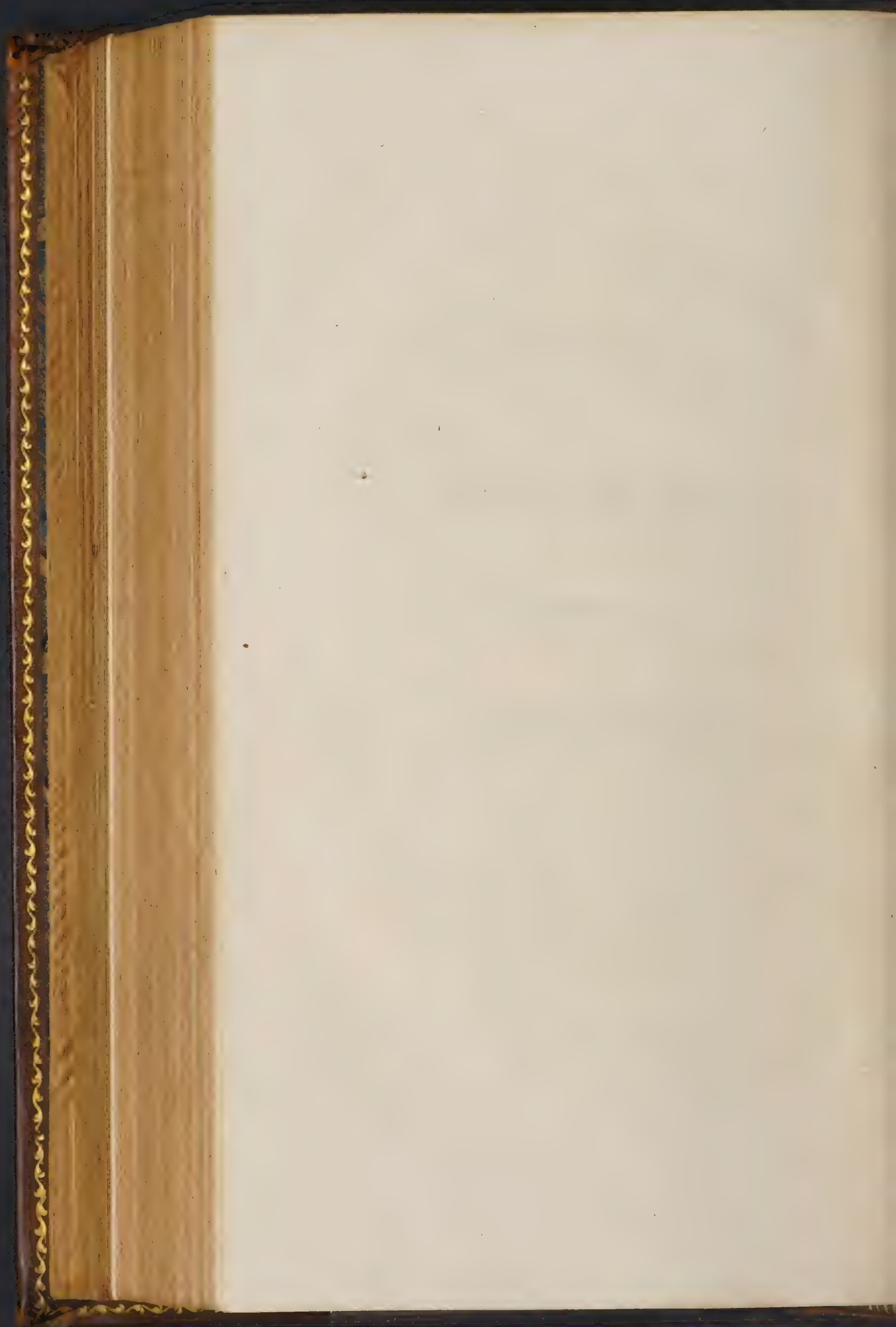
He said—'twas night, and solemn silence reign'd
Throughout the plain ; no voice, no sound is heard,
But now and then the breathing breezes sigh
Through the half-quivering leaves, and, far removed,
The sea rolls feeble murmurs to the shore ; 510
The birds hang, sleeping, on the bending sprigs,
And setting Luna gave a silver gleam,



THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

IN TEN CANTOS.



THE HUNTER:

A POEM¹.

CANTO I.

ONCE on a time, when Liberty was seen
To sport and revel on the northern plain,
Immortal fair ! and was supremely kind
On Scotia's hills to snuff the northern wind ;
There lived a youth, and DONALD was his name. 5
To chace the flying stag his highest aim ;
A gun, a plaid, a dog, his humble store ;
In these thrice happy, as he wants no more.

¹ This poem, which has no name in the MS., I have entitled the HUNTER, to distinguish it from the HIGHLANDER, of which, perhaps, it is the first rough and imperfect draught. Though rude, and in many passages quite ludicrous, it is curious, as the first epic production of the father of Ossian ; marked with his national and political prejudices, and with the wild and vivid imagery of his poetical prose. It is particularly observable, that his early genius for heroic poesy led him, even in the preceding poem upon Death, to the description of battles and single combats, and to a careful selection of the choicest similes, which appear as conspicuous, in the midst of an insipid narrative, as those projecting passages in an extemporary speech, of which a few well-turned periods had been previously composed.

The flesh of deer his food ; the heath his bed ;
 He slept contented in his tartan plaid. 10
 Sprightly as morn he rose with dawning light,
 And strode o'er hills until the approach of night ;
 Then bounding homeward, joyful burden bears
 Of heath-hens, woodcocks, or of fearful deers.
 Then Bessy gets upon the homely board 15
 What Donald's gun and oaten field afford.
 Blest in the chace, blest in his barren soil,
 And more than happy in his temperate toil,
 Our Donald lived ; but, oh ! how soon the light
 Of happiness is sunk in blackest night ! 20

It chanced the Fairie's king a daughter had,
 A beauteous, blooming, and a sportive maid.
 She took delight, upon the flowery lawn
 To frisk, transported, round a female fawn.
 The hunter aims the tube : the powder flies ; 25
 The fawn falls, roars, and shakes her limbs, and dies.
 The blooming Flavia saw her play-thing die ;
 Sighs rend her breast, and tears bedew her eye,
 Wrath, sorrow, rage, her tender fabric rock,
 And thus, indignant, she the silence broke : 30

" Ah me ! what frailties fairies' nature owe,
 The sport of every blast that likes to blow :
 One blast of Boreas, whistling o'er the hill,
 Shall drive the stoutest headlong half a mile ;
 The rain, the rattling hail, deep wounds impress, 35
 Which two warm summers scarcely can redress.
 Not only these, but man, our greatest foe,
 Vile, rough-spun creature, minister of woe !
 Scarce Flavia loves a deer upon the vale,
 E'er torn by dogs, or by the winged ball, 40
 Her darling falls. Ah me ! my little fawn,
 How oft with thee I sported on the lawn,
 But shall no more : but what thy Flavia grieves,
 Her abject strength no hopes of vengeance gives.

But stop ! what nature does not still impart, 45
May be amended by the wiles of art."

She spoke—The eddying whirlwind sweeps the skies :
Borne on a blast, the fleeting Flavia flies.

Clods, dust, and straws, in one confusion fly,
And trembling atoms mingle with the sky. 50

A hill ² there is, whose sloping sides of green
Are by the raptured eye at distance seen ;
Rocks intersperse the variegated space :
Here columns rise ; there smiles the virid grass ;
There timid deers, and shaggy goats abound ; 55

There tripping fairies dance the fleeting round ;
Within the king of fairies makes abode,
And waves o'er prostrate crowds his regal rod :
A sea-green throne his royal limbs support,
Full in the middle of the spacious court. 60

His furrowed front majestic he uprears ;
His waving locks are silvered o'er with years.
Upon the wall, supply the want of day,
Arranged lamps, that dart a glimmering ray.
Unhallowed viands on the table stand, 65

The unblest produce of the neighbouring land.
Old Murdock plow'd : an ox died in the yoke ;
And here his tumid limbs in cauldrons smoke.
The maid, the youth, the matron, and the sage,
The call of craving hunger all assuage : 70

While, clad in woe, the lovely Xanthè ³ comes,
And lightens with her charms the shady rooms.
All start—The monarch tumbles from his throne.
Why weeps my daughter ? why that tender moan ?
Why, why that sigh, my dear ? the parent cries, 75
What sorrow veils thy beauty-sparkling eyes ?

² Fingal's airy hall in Ossian, i. 558., where the machinery of fairies is converted into that of ghosts. *Id.* 95.

³ Altered from Flavia in the MS. as more poetical.

Parent and king, replies the faltering maid,
 The little fawn, my pretty fawn, is dead !
 Her Donald slew, and I am left alone ;
 A wretched princess, now my fawn is gone. 80
 Come, then, my parent, visionary king !
 Some vengeance due upon the murderer bring.
 Wing with revenge each ill-chastising art,
 Or hear the bursting of a daughter's heart.

The king commands ; the reverend senate meet, 85
 And first Euchenor rises from his seat.
 With graceful air, solemnly slow, he rose ;
 Down to his heel the light green mantle flows.
 He paused, then coughed ; the vaulted grotto rung,
 And from their seats the attentive peerage hung. 90
 Then thus : O thou, unlimited in sway !
 Whom all the fairy-phantom crowds obey,
 Whether they glide in undistinguish'd night,
 Or sport, self-balanced, in the fields of light ;
 Still cheerful, ready at thy great command, 95
 They skim o'er seas, or trip o'er desert land.
 'Tis mine the blooming Xanthe to console,
 That share thy banquet, and that quaff thy bowl.
 In vain shall myriads, hovering on the wing,
 Even though directed by their godlike king, 100
 Assault the hunter ; his firm limbs deride
 Embattled squadrons, ranged side by side.
 It is not ours to try by strength, but art,
 To foil the body, but to wound the heart.

Once on a time, when youth my bosom warm'd, 105
 By the Cerulean sky and zephyrs charm'd,
 I strayed through fields of air ; intent I view
 Fields, cities, trees, and men, a beavy'd crew.
 Content upon the green the peasant lives,
 While damn'd in courts of state the courtier grieves ; 110
 For power, for grandeur, pours the eternal pray'r,
 Wakes sleepless nights, and yawns whole days of care.

Should some foe-fairy glide through fields of light,
 And to the regal seat direct his flight,
 Take the black humour, boiling round the brain, 115
 Then, soft-transported, seek the northern plain ;
 Around the hunter the black humour shed,
 And fill, with vile ambition, all his head ;
 Then, damn'd to care, the deer-destroying man
 Shall rue the slaughter of the bounding fawn. 120
 The motion pleased ; applause from every side
 Pours on the senator its sounding tide.

Young Xanthe mov'd ; a robe of sprightly green,
 In amorous folds, to grasp her waste is seen ;
 A bongrace does her lovely forehead shade, 125
 Soft wave behind the honours of the head.
 A fan her hand, her feet bright sandals grace ;
 And beauty wanders in her blooming face.
 She mounts ; around her soft-wing'd zephyrs fly,
 Kiss her white limbs, and waft her through the sky. 130
 On downy tracts of air the fairy glides,
 And all the north hill shaded, backward slides.
 Thus on the main, when favouring zephyr sings
 Through the swift frigate's wide extended wings,
 Ports, rocks, and cities, seem to glide away, 135
 And the cloud-wounding hills themselves decay.

On rocks a city stands, high-tower'd, unwall'd,
 And from its scite the hill of Edin call'd,
 Once the proud seat of royalty and state,
 Of kings, of heroes, and of all that's great ; 140
 But these are flown, and Edin's only stores
 Are fops, and scriveners, and English'd whores.
 Here blooming Xanthe slopingly descends,
 And, softly lighting, all her journey ends.
 Invisible ; for Fergus' Scottish line, 145
 Disdain'd not yet on barren fields to reign.

The hours through half his journey drove the day.
 While slumbering yet the hiant Meno lay,

Fair Xanthe entered ; round his pillow shed
Sleep-deep'ning air, and fum'd his dizzy head. 150
He snored aloud ; the palace thundered round,
And repercussive walls repel the sound.
She took a knife, a deep incision made,
Then healed the wound, and with the humour fled.
Zephyr again resumed his lovely load, 155
And through the plains of ether with her trode.
Arrived, the vision round the hunter shed,
And filled with wild ambition all his head.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO II.

IN Donald's eye now fade the blissful scenes :
The rough brow'd rocks, the sloping hills and plains,
Delight no more; no chace, no winged fowl,
No goat, no cattle, cheer the troubled soul;
The hut is hateful, and the fields of corn 5
Contract their bounds, and promise no return.
All is one blank—O envy'd, envy'd state,
The hunter cries, of all the happy great !
While press'd in poverty's hard iron hand,
I force poor sustenance from barren land, 10
Remote from life, and curs'd by fate unkind,
To struggle on the hill with northern wind,
Secure, in stately halls, the feast they ply,
And swim through life in deluges of joy.
The hut, the heathy wild, the barren fold, 15
The rattling hail, the north-descended cold,
Is all my portion—all a swain can boast;
Still 'twixt vicissitude's rough billows toss'd.

O partial Heavens ! O Providence unkind !
Mine is the well-strung arm, the feeling mind ; 20
Yet scarce can wade through miseries of life,
Combat with care, with care in endless strife.
O why, ye Powers, not bless me with a mind
To all the blasts of poverty resigned,
Or bless me greatly with the affluent store, 25
Nor doom the hapless hunter to be poor ?
But why this moan ? Thus always to complain
Suits only women, worthless 'tis in men :
Why thus repine ! why thus for ever grieve !
I am but young, 'tis time enough to live ; 30
Youth, sprightly bloom ! the prize is still in view :
Rise, hunter, rise, and happiness pursue.
Thus on the hilly surface of the heath
The dog pursues the hare, and gasps for breath ;
Unfainting, eager, he devours the way, 35
Till in his jaws he churns the quivering prey.
Thus said, the mountaineer indignant rose ;
Around his limbs the spangled plaid he throws ;
About his waist the rough broad cincture flies ;
The plaid hangs plaited down his brawny thighs ; 40
Straight down his side the temper'd dagger hung ;
Athwart his thigh the sabre glides along ;
On his left breast he heaveth with his breath
The polished pistol, minister of death !
He snatched the tube, companion of his toil, 45
Secured from rust by foxes furry spoil :
Then bounding forward, he devours the way ;
The oaten fields, and low-roof'd hut decay ;
The hills slip backward, as the hunter strides
Along the sharp spik'd rocks and mountain's sides. 50
In sober majesty the silent night
Advanced from the east, and drove before the light ;
While yet the hunter rattled through the heath,
Moved the lithe limbs, and sigh'd with panting breath.

A hill there is, which forms a sable wall 55
Through all the north, and men it Grampus call.
Here lean-cheek'd Barrenness terrific strides ;
A tattered robe waves round her iron sides ;
Two baleful eyes roll in her iron face ;
Her meagre hand supports a pile of grass ; 60
Her bare white skull no decent covering shews ;
Eternal tempests rattle on her brows ;
Lank-sided Want, and pale-eyed Poverty,
And sharp-tooth'd Famine, still around her fly ;
Health-gotten Hunger, want-descended Pain, 65
Vein-numbing Cold—are all her gloomy train.
The hunter view'd ; a shiv'ring tremour ran
Through every vein, and vanquished all the man :
Extended wide he lay upon the heath,
And catch'd from zephyr to recruit his breath. 70
Refreshed he rose, and levels with his eye
The blue-tubed gun. Black deaths in lightning fly ;
A roe falls shrieking : her the hunter flead ;
The beast on heathy shrubs in order laid ;
Then struck the fire ; the living sparkles fly, 75
The flames ascend, and quiver in the sky.
The flesh, surrounded by the wasteful fire,
Buzz in the flames ; the flames in smoke expire.
And now the pangs of hunger drop their rage,
His thirst the gently-flowing brooks assuage. 80
Secure upon the bank his limbs he spread,
And peaceful slumbers hover round his head.
The night her sable car through half the plain
Of heaven drove, and spread her silent reign ;
Her twinkling eyes the gloomy goddess shrouds 85
With a dark veil of rain-condensed clouds ;
When, lo ! before the sleeping hunter's eyes
His father Malcolm's phantom seem'd to rise.
Thin are the snowy honours of his head ;
An half-worn shroud waves round the long since dead. 90

He slow advanced, his furrow'd visage shook,
 Then stretched his skinny hand, and thus he spoke :
 Why, why, my son ! O, why, my only joy !
 Why from his house does youthful Donald fly ?
 What wicked demon, enemy of rest, 95
 Has ruffled the smooth surface of your breast ?
 Return, return ! in vain you fly from Care,
 Sharp stings the gnawing monster every where,
 To shun him sailors vainly billows cleave ;
 He sits incumbent on each sable wave. 100
 In vain through rugged earth incessant roam ;
 Man is his prey, and everywhere his home.
 Him vile Ambition, in a foul embrace,
 Got on Corruption ; ghastly is his face,
 Red are his wakeful eyes ; around he stares, 105
 His form is rack'd with never ceasing fears.
 Face-wintering wrinkles on his cheeks he draws,
 And poison bubbles round his grinning jaws.
 He always looks, but never sees aright ;
 Imagined phantoms swim before his sight. 110
 The shade of Want remote, and Poverty,
 Are figured out by the unfaithful eye.
 He starves in plenty, troubled is in rest,
 And sleep ne'er floats upon his boiling breast.
 Unseen, but felt, oft in the halls of state 115
 He sits, and tinges all the pompous treat.
 And oft he hovers round the downy bed,
 Thundering despair around the statesman's head,
 While happy, on the wide extended plain,
 The shepherd scarcely owns his rigid reign. 120
 What though no grandeur spreads his homely boards,
 Confined to what sweet temperance affords :
 No pride, with gaudy mazes, ever swims
 Around his ample chest and brawny limbs ;
 Yet sweet Content anxiety beguiles, 125
 Triumphs o'er Care, and tempers life with smiles.

Thus, in the dark recesses of the grove,
 The shrouded birds tune elegies of love ;
 The walker listens to the tuneful lay,
 While unperceived the rough road steals away. 130

Thus said, he fades before the hunter's sight,
 And the pale form is wrapt in gloomy night ;
 Amidst the breeze the dying words are lost,
 And nought is heard but the shrill whistling blast.
 Aghast the hunter rose ; soft sleep is fled ; 135
 Upright stood all the honours of his head :
 He draws his sword, around a circle broke ;
 Then blest the place, and to himself thus spoke :

If in the wide expanses of the sky,
 On gloomy air departed spirits fly ¹, 140
 Sure this was he, for yet I seem to hear,
 As yet his accents hang upon the ear.
 The well-known voice, the child-instructing tongue,
 Could to no shade but to my sire belong.
 The same his visage, and his shape the same ; 145
 Thus sunk into the grave the ancient frame.
 But how be here? since fleeting spirits dwell,
 As parsons say, in heaven or in hell,
 Not wandering free, but still confined to space,
 To gulphs of sorrow, or to vales of peace, 150
 Unheedful, unconcerned for aught below,
 And blood created friendship cease to glow.
 For when the unharnessed soul is fled in breath,
 And the rough vessel sinks in gloomy death,
 Each earthly love, each blood-formed passion gone, 155
 The untainted soul shall love the soul alone.

¹ *If in the wide expanses of the sky,*

On gloomy air departed spirits fly.] "Ghosts fly on clouds, and ride on winds, said Connal, voice of wisdom. They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men." Vol. I. p. 63.

Cease, Donald cease, to be in endless pain
 For the wild fancy of thy dastard brain.
 'Tis cowardice that raised the grisly shade,
 Described grim Care, and not thy father dead. 160
 Thus oft the trembling, easy frightened hind,
 Hears shrill dogs yelping in each blast of wind;
 His frighten'd fancy empty terrors sees,
 Makes dogs of stones, and men of distant trees.
 The Hunter argued thus, devoid of rest, 165
 Thus rolled the passions in his troubled breast:
 While sprightly morn, in spangled beauties clad,
 Reared o'er the eastern hill her rosy head;
 Cool through the heath the matten breezes sigh,
 And wave the plaid on Donald's brawny thigh. 170
 Cheered with the blest return of sacred light,
 Eased of the gloomy terrors of the night,
 He stretched his limbs, and ceaseless metes the way,
 Till on the banks of clearly-flowing Tay
 The Hunter stood, where the rough bubbling flood 175
 Roars 'twixt two hills, through rocks and murmuring woods:
 Laid on the banks, the trees above him waved;
 His scrip provides what gnawing hunger craved.
 Refresh'd he rose, then plunged into the tide;
 The waves arose, and, bubbling, wash his sides; 180
 He gains the farther shore; then, with a bound,
 The Hunter rises: Showers descend around.
 Thus water-fowl their downy bodies lave
 In the bright bubbles of the silver wave;
 Then seek the shore², and clap the ruffled wing; 185
 Then through the air on well fledged pinions sing.
 Thus shook, thus fled the man, till setting day
 Darts parallel to earth his western ray.
 A place there is, where the cerulean main
 Glides up through earth, and forms an azure plain; 190

² Vol. I. p. 65.

The Hunter stood astonish'd, to survey
The roaring billows on the watry way,
How liquid mountains dash against the shore,
The rough rocks rumble, while the billows roar.
He stretched his limbs along the murmuring deep, 195
And the hoarse billows lull his soul to sleep.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO III.

WHILE thus the wanderer pressed his sandy bed,
And downy sleep sheds balm around his head,
Destructive Care on sable pinion flies,
And spreads his phantoms on the monarch's eyes.
Fierce foes the throne of regal Scotia threat; 5
The English thunder at the palace gate.
The monarch starts, the reverend senate calls;
The nobler peerage throng the royal halls.
The king arose, his graceful visage shook,
Then stretched his sceptre, and commanding spoke. 10
Ye chiefs, ye heroes, ye professed foes
Of hateful slavery and th' aspiring Rose,
If on the iron field, incased in arms,
Ye taught your foes that liberty had charms;
If, dauntless chiefs! ye bore of generous toil, 15
And met with death to save a barren soil;
Now, now, O! generous lend the timely aid,
And break the storm that threatens Scotia's head.

This to our mother we, her children, owe;
 Our country's enemy is still our foe. 20
 Bleak Desolation, on her lonely wings,
 The foe through all the south terrific brings:
 And now, nocturnal, on the yellow sand,
 In sable walls the embattled English stand
 In close array. To-morrow they prepare 25
 To hurl against our walls the stormy war.
 Rise, Caledonian chiefs! ye heroes, rise!
 Your bleeding country for your succour cries.
 Thus in the iron field a father falls,
 And grasping his dear son, incessant calls, 30
 Revenge, my son, revenge my death! he cries.
 The son obeys—revenges, or he dies.

The monarch said; the loyal chiefs obey,
 Their homage done, majestic strode away.
 His country's love each generous bosom warms; 35
 The streets resound with fight deciding arms.

* * * * *

Before the camp they rest, till sacred light †
 In flame the soul, and teach the hands to fight.
 Dark night, involved in gloomy clouds, now fled;
 The sun o'er ocean reared his beamy head: 40
 In dazzling light the foaming billows roll'd,
 The sloping hills are lined with fusil gold.
 On sable pinions, from the Hunter's eyes
 Lid-bending sleep, cloud-mantled, silent flies.
 On downy gales the restful power is laid, 45
 Oblivious vapours fume his drowsy head.
 His half-shut eye all in confusion sees
 His matted hair remurmur in the breeze:
 His loose-thrown robe hangs careless round his limbs,
 Or in the gale in wreathy volumes swims. 50

† Here, and in the next page, the two blanks are occasioned by part of a leaf in the MS. being torn away.

With downcast eyes, Oblivion, silent shade !
 In her dark bosom hugs his vapour'd head.

* * * * *

Refresh'd, the Highlander uprightly stood,
 And views afar the silver-gilded flood ;
 While in the port the loved sea-faring train 55
 Fit the tall bark to the rough murmuring main.
 He enters ; to the sea the ship advanced,
 Plow'd through the waves, and on the billows danced.
 Cut by the prow, the foam inlaced tides
 Quiver astern, and lash the oaken sides : 60
 The murmuring north-west, with refreshing gales,
 Hoarse whistles through the shrouds, and swells the sails.

Now on the eye the southern mountains grow,
 Lithæan towers advance, solemnly slow ;
 While trumpets, clarions, noble shouts of war, 65
 With mingled sounds, invade the Hunter's ear.
 A noble ardour, never known till then,
 Swells on the blood, and boils in every vein :
 He more majestic moves ; enlarged more,
 His soul accused the slow-coming shore. 70
 Arrived—he eager leaps upon the ground ;
 His rattling arms emit an iron sound.
 With mighty strides he sweeps along the sand,
 And bends his footsteps to the lesser band.

Thus in the lowly hut, the faithful hound, 75
 With tender twigs of yielding osier bound,
 When, far without, he hears the blasting horns,
 Leaps here and there, and in his bondage burns ;
 But once let loose, he snuffs the gelid wind,
 And leaves the winged blast to puff behind. 80

The youth arrived, when o'er the northern main
 The lovely form of Liberty is seen.
 A heavenly splendour, and unfading grace,
 Flashed from her eyes, and wandered in her face ;

Her lovely skin the varied beauty shews, 85
Of the white lilly, and the blushing rose.
Justice around her spreads her awful reign,
And Innocence, in white robes, neatly plain,
Smiles life away ; when sweet Fidelity,
With sister Modesty, completes the joy. 90
There Science stands, in endless pleasure clad,
Eternal laurels flourish on her head.
Each Muse, a lovely choir ! around her sings,
And gnawing Care there drops the pointless stings.
Oppression, ghastly shade ! her presence flies ; 95
The trembling tyrant veils his coward eyes,
When clad in wrath, and law-maintaining arms,
The goddess shines in more than mortal charms.
Majestically slow descends the fair ;
Her snow-white robe swims on the placid air, 100
And on the royal head conspicuous stood,
With courage keen, and dauntless fortitude.
She raised her voice ; the rocks re-echo round ;
The embattled English tremble at the sound.
Thrice call'd the power, and thrice the ocean rang, 105
And from the starting horse the riders hang :
When Courage, through the Scottish ranks confessed,
With his immortal steel incased each breast.
Each generous soul confess'd with ardent joy,
I'll save my country, or revenged die. 110
But more than all the youthful Hunter burns,
Joy swells his breast, and vengeance stings by turns.
Pain heaves his beating heart ; his form, improved,
Towers o'er the field, and as a god he moved.
Terror, commixed with soul-attractive grace, 115
Flashed from each feature of his manly face.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO IV.

AND now the war-inciting clarions sound,
And neighing coursers paw the trembling ground.
At once they move, majestically slow,
To pour their headlong force upon the foe ;
Then stop, and, awful, solemn silence reigns, 5
Along the sable walls, and frowning plains.
When, wrapt in all the majesty of state,
Adorned with all the honours of the great,
The king, resplendent on his regal car,
Shines awful in the iron front of war : 10
He stood, then stretched his sceptre ; all around
Hang in attention to the grateful sound.
Down to the dust he bends his reverend head,
And to the Almighty, supplicating, pray'd.
O great unknown—O all-creating mind, 15
In greatness lost, Almighty, unconfin'd
To space or time, whose mighty hand informs
The rattling tempests, and the sable storms,

Absorb'd in light, O vast infinitude !
 Incomprehensible, supremely good, 20
 Attend, O heavenly ! from thy glory hear,
 And to a dust-formed worm incline thine ear !
 String the firm arm, and teach the hand to fight ;
 Confound the proud, that trust in mortal might.
 All own thy sway, and at thy great command 25
 Success attends the weak and feeble hand.

Thus said, the devout monarch suppliant bowed,
 And muttering prayers ran along the crowd.
 In dazzling arms the chiefs terrific shine,
 Glide through the ranks, and form the lengthening line. 30
 While from the embattled foe a hero strode ;
 A coat of mail hangs from his shoulders broad ;
 On his high towering head terrific waved
 A crested helmet that the sabre braved.
 On his left hand he bears a spacious shield, 35
 Glittering with iron terrour o'er the field ;
 And in his right he waves the shining blade.
 He greatly stood—and thus provoking said :
 Ye Scots, ye nation full of fraud and guile !
 Ye mean descendants of a barren soil ! 40
 Let one advance (the bravest I demand),
 And fall a victim to my conquering hand ;
 Forget your fears, your wonted fears controul,
 Let fate enlarge the ever little soul.

He said ; and rage, in tickling poison, ran 45
 Through every soul, and stung each generous man.
 The Hunter heard ; rage sparkled from his eyes,
 And from his inmost soul the hero sighs ;
 Then thus indignant spoke :—Ah ! glory gone !
 Ah ! ancient virtue now for ever flown ! 50
 What blessed corner does the godhead rest ?
 No more you swell the generous Scottish breast,
 When thus, O Scotland ! Saxons dare deride
 Thy steel-clad warriors, ranged side by side——

I can no more—my panting vitals swell ; 55
 I'll give thee glory, or thy soul to hell !

Then towards the foe the youth indignant moved :
 Fear trembles, en'mies praise, and envy loved.
 He strides along the men-environed ground ;
 His rattling arms emit an iron sound : 60

The Saxon saw, advanced, nor looked behind,
 Fate hurried on, and courage steel'd his mind.
 Bright in effulgent arms the youths appeared ;
 Each o'er the plain a steely column reared :
 They rush together ; clashing arms afar 65
 Reflect the horrors of the dismal war.

Awful the blades wave gleaming in the sky,
 And from the crashing steel the sparkles fly.
 They fight, and, wearied, cease, and fight again ;
 Their feet bake dust with blood upon the plain. 70
 Death undetermined points to each his stings¹,
 And conquest flutters round on dubious wings.
 The hill-born youth reminds, with anxious care,
 What vaunts the foul-mouth'd Saxon breath'd on air ;
 His country's love the youthful hero warms, 75
 And vengeance strung his almost wearied arms.

Upraised aloft, the light reflexive blade
 Sings through the air, and cleaves the Saxon's head.
 The broken skull, and shivered helmet, strew'd
 The sandy plain, that reeks with human blood. 80
 He gasping falls, and shakes the thundering ground,
 And, dying, toss'd his quivering limbs around.

Thus falls an oak, that long majestic stood
 The tallest honours of the waving wood ;
 Deep hack'd by the shipwright's unerring hand, 85
 Groans, slow inclines, and, falling, shakes the land.

¹ Death, undetermined, points to each his stings,] "The arrow came, like the sting of death in a blast." Vol. I. p. 371. "It sends forth the dart of death." Vol. II. p. 45.

When on the field the Saxon lay supine,
The English tremble through each sable line.
Half-bending backward, much they wish to fly,
And terror sparkles from each troubled eye. 90
Confirmed with joy, the Scots advance the war ;
To save their country is their only care :
Fair liberty each youthful bosom warms,
And in the jaws of death they seek her arms.

Now from the levelled tubes loud thunders roar, 95
And lightning flashed along the awful shore.
They fall, and pitchy smoke enwraps them round ;
The bubbling blood floats on the fatal ground.
Shouts, dying groans, and noise of arms, invade
The dreaming portals of the startled head. 100

So, when contending blasts for empires strive,
Through the Cerulean vault the clouds they drive,
Till o'er some brow the gloomy shades engage,
And low'ring heaven trembles at their rage ;
Red lightnings flash, and rough voiced thunders shake, 105
Earth bends her mountains, and her vallies quake.

Now raging 'midst the foe, terrific shines
The hill-born youth, and breaks the hostile lines.
Around him nought is heard but dying groans,
The crashing steel, and noise of fractured bones. 110
Where'er he towers, the foe betake to flight,
Or death enwraps them in eternal night.
Arms, half-lopt limbs, and gasping men up-piled,
O'erspread confusion on the dismal field.

Diminished now, the vanquished English fly, 115
Force, valour, conduct, could no aid supply.
Fierce on the rear the hill-born hero hangs,
Lops the slow tail, and every hero bangs.
Henry returns—Henry, whose haughty line
Descends from Edward—Edward, half divine, 120
Who knew stern Mars in all his frightful forms !
Proud Gallia trembles as the hero storms :

Great in his blood, great in his manly mind,
 The godlike Harry stately stood behind.
 To cope with Donald is his only care, 125
 And dam the deluge of the rushing war.
 The youthful hero stood in arms incased,
 And thoughtful argued in his manly breast.

If carried on the headlong stream I fly,
 I'll fall inglorious, unrevenged die : 130

Or, even if safety should reward my flight,
 How many souls will be enwrapt in night !
 The Scots would glory to see how Henry fled,
 The blood of Edward, and the Saxon head.
 The people perish when the chieftain flies— 135

No ; Henry conquers, or revenged dies !
 Thus rashly said, the hero, bold and young,
 Swells in his arms, and stately strides along ;
 With easy steps, majestically slow,
 To brave the headlong fury of the foe. 140

Thus of his youthful might the courser proud,
 Stems the rough current of the headlong flood ;
 White his broad chest the bubbling liquid laves,
 Steadfast he moves amidst the raging waves.

Towards youthful Henry Donald furious strode ; 145
 He longs to revel in his English blood.

They meet, they fight, and rage each youth possessed ;
 Fierce vengeance fired, and anger gnawed each breast.
 Intent to conquer, both to fly forgot ;
 Each for his life, and both for glory fought. 150

Death, empty bugbear ! could no longer fright,
 Or ought restrain the youthful hand from fight.
 Now Henry silver skin with wounds inlaced,
 And crimson flood-gates in his manly breast :
 Adown his limbs the purple torrent flows : 155

By slow degrees his arm more feeble grows ;
 He parries faintly, and he strives with pain ;
 Then falls, o'erwhelmed, and shakes the dusty plain.

Low-ebbing life faint on his eye-ball swims,
And scarce he moves his death-suspended limbs. 160
O! would to Heaven that thus each Saxon lay;
Then late posterity would bless this day,
The Hunter cries: Nor should it be forgot,
That Steuart's sceptered, and that Donald fought.
But ah! how fading is a mighty name, 165
And but a moment sounds the trump of fame!
Forgot the conqueror and the vanquished die;
No little deeds claim immortality.
The Hunter spoke: and Henry thus replies;
(And scarcely lifts his death-congealed eyes) 170
It ill becomes a man to gasp for fame;
An empty phantom is a mighty name.
Boast now the conquering Caledonians may,
Since victory has crowned the toilsome day;
But Donald most may his own valour raise, 175
Since weeping matrons shall record his praise.
But comes the day this shall be dearly paid
(Prophetic Merlin thus in rapture said),
Long Saxons shall for Scottish liberty,
Enwrapt in death, far from your country lie. 180
The hill-descended shall retain the prize,
Until a race, deep-versed in policies,
Shall sprout from Saxon trunk, and schemes unfold,
To change their steely points to fusil gold;
Then shackled on his heath, the hill-born swain 185
Shall crawl along, and move his hard-bound limbs with pain.
Fair Liberty to them shall lose her charms,
And Scots shall tremble at the sight of arms.
Exalted in his soul, the hero said,
Then shut his lips, and slept among the dead. 190

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO V.

DEEP musing in his inmost soul retired,
Or damped with grief, or indignation fired,
The hunter stood, and all himself forgot,
Within the fancied field of solemn thought.
Be shackled, tremble at the sight of arms, 5
Shook all his youthful soul with dire alarms.
His soul-tormenting thoughts no pleasure find;
And all the hero trembled in his mind.
Or stung by grief, or fired with patriot rage,
O more than slaves—O sluggish poltroon age, 10
The Hunter cries; O should my life restored
Inform these limbs,—then should the avenging sword
Lop off the mean debasers of our blood,
And drive from earth the gold-deluded brood.
In vain the valiant Caledonian dies, 15
To conquer liberty, a noble prize
For his degenerate race, if yet a toy,
A glittering plaything, can your cares employ.

Vile empty shew, and no substantial good,
Not proof against the north, no fostering food. 20
Ah! then shall Liberty for ever fly
With downcast head, and tear-o'erflowing eye!
Methinks I see the lovely form decay;
While honour quenches each resplendent ray.

25

The hero tortured thus his manly mind,
While shouts triumphal swell upon the wind.
For lifeless now the English press'd the plains,
Or pined reluctant in coercive chains;
Now sprightly Victory, on her golden car,
Leads arms and trophies, and the spoils of war. 30
Joy sparkles from her eye, and from her tongue
A turbid stream of vaunting roars along;
Shouts, rough bravadoes, a loquacious train!
Her blustering handmaids, croud her noisy reign.
The assembled chiefs around the Hunter stood, 35
And withered elders to the hero bowed.
Amazed each chieftain views the great unknown;
Him dread of Saxons, and their bulwark own;
His manly port, and round-form'd limbs admire;
And whence the youth, inquisitive inquire. 40

40

Thus they; the monarch, with majestic mien,
Triumphant towers along the bloody plain.
And where the youth to whom my crown I owe?
The bold chastiser of the invading foe?
The monarch cries—where is the youth unknown, 45
The stedfast pillar of my regal throne?
Methinks I see him 'midst the day's alarms,
Hang on the foe, and raving in his arms;
Towering along the field with panting breath,
Hew down the man, and mark his steps with death. 50
The task be mine his valour to condone,
While grateful Scotia owns her warlike son.

50

Swift at the word the obsequious herald flies,
His message painted in his joyful eyes.

Then thus : O ! chief of men, your country's shield ; 55
 O ! valiant reaper in the iron field ;
 Come, bold physician of your country's groans,
 Thou best and greatest of her warlike sons ;
 Thee, thee, O chief, Fergusian Stewart calls
 To endless honour in his regal halls. 60

There, there, in honour's arms resign thy breath,
 Till age shall snatch thee to the shades of death.
 Nor shall the shade involve thy splendid fame,
 But distant ages shall resound thy name.

He ceased—Let him command, whose righteous sway 65
 These heroes own, 'tis Donald's to obey,
 The youth rejoins---too well my feats he pays ;
 And greater merit would deserve thy praise.
 He said, then towards the king he greatly moved ;
 Admired by heroes, and by heroes loved. 70

While thus majestic strode the youth along,
 To either side incline the warrior throng.
 With polished horns, and curling front upreared,
 Thus moves the bull amidst the lowing herd¹ ;
 Awed by their chief, the lowing field divide, 75
 And form a sable wall on either side ;
 While unconcerned he moves amidst the throng,
 And drags behind a length of tail along.

Arrived—O thou whose all-defending sway,
 The hero cries, and godlike chiefs obey ; 80
 Who deal'st thy blessings on our rocky shore,
 Thy enemies tremble when thy thunders roar.
 Let every rising day thy glories sing,
 And Caledonians bless their godlike king.
 Whene'er the foe assails my country's laws, 85
 My soul takes wing to side the generous cause ;
 No hope of gain incites, no fears control ;
 My love, my duty, hurry on my soul :

¹ Vol. i. p. 66. From the *Iliad*, ii. 480.

Unpuffed by honour, by thy gold unstored,
Thy foes shall gasp beneath this shining sword. 90
That empty toy shall ne'er command my will;
Let future ages God the shining ill.

The king admires the man, his deeds, his mind
Averse to ill, and placid, thus rejoined:
O more than valiant, honest, steady, brave, 95
Eternal honour shall the hero have,
Who saves his country, nor is basely sold
To sordid interest and the love of gold.
He said, then to his manly bosom prest
The hill-born youth, and grew upon his breast. 100
Such condescension fired the hero's mind;
The man removed, but left his soul behind.
Love, loyalty, esteem, his mind imprest,
Ran through his soul, and kindled in his breast.

The ranks condensed, slow to the town incede, 105
Foot rose with foot, and head advanced with head.
The polished arms reflect the setting day,
Wave o'er the men, and clank along the way.
Round hoarse-voiced drums, and crooked trumpets sound;
And echo trembles through the mountains round. 110
Now with the pomp Edina's turrets rung;
Soft maids, old matrons, from the windows hung.
A general shout salutes them from their toils,
And gloomy age is brightened into smiles.
Amidst the crowd the fond maternal eye 115
Seeks out her son, her young and only joy:
Sometimes she hopes, and then she trembling fears,
And down the furrowed cheeks descend the tears.
The soft enamoured maid is racked with pain,
She blushed to seek, and trembled for her swain. 120
Along the ranks slow moves the silvered sage,
A staff supports the senior's tottering age;
And keen inquires, O does my Allan breathe?
Or gasp'd my son beneath the arm of death?

By slow degrees retired the fading day; 125
 Advanced from east the night in sober gray:
 Triumphal bonfires on the darkness gain,
 And light internal chequered through the pane.
 Rocks, sky, and houses rend with noisy joy:
 And sparkling fireworks blaze along the sky. 130
 Thus some hybernal nights, when darkness veils
 The weeping sky, the fiery meteor sails
 Oblique along the gloom—and silent night
 Yields to the glories of the thwarting light².
 Assembled now within the palace halls, 135
 While lights resplendent glitter on the walls,
 To crown the joyful day, majestic sat
 The dauntless pillars of the rocky state.
 Joy, liberty, and dangers past, combine
 To mingle gladness with the joys of wine. 140
 With temperate draughts they cheer the tossed soul;
 And Gallia's nectar sparkles in the bowl.
 Each chief the Hunter's valour blazes forth,
 And greatness stoops to honour real worth.
 Each valiant Caledonian's health goes round; 145
 With every hero's name the vaulted halls resound.
 Exalted with such breast-inflaming joys,
 Let fair Egidia come, the monarch cries;
 For her, her sovereign, her, her father calls,
 To please his heroes in his regal halls. 150
 She and her nymphs shall form a sprightly choir
 To move harmonious to the charming lyre.
 The blooming nymphs shall form the graceful round,
 And trip obedient to the various sound.
 Swift as the word the blooming maids obey, 155
 The king commands, though blushes tempt to stay.
 The blooming bevy come with modest grace,
 Love-darting eyes, and rose-suffused face.

² Vol. I. p. 20, &c.

Attractive charms each lovely damsel wears,
In youth's fair bloom, and pride of vernal years : 160
Above the rest, with more majestic air
Egidia towers, and more divinely fair
Outshines the maids, as the bright queen of night³,
Amidst attendant stars, with silver-streaming light.
Adown her neck the golden ringlets flow ; 165
Her lovely cheeks with roseate colours glow :
In her mild face the modest graces rise,
And beauty sparkles from her heavenly eyes.
The lilies wander in her heaving breast ;
Her beauties self-admiring throngs confest. 170
A robe around her fragrant body swims,
But ill concealed her round-formed snowy limbs.
The fair advanced, the astonished peers admire,
And withered elders felt an inward fire.
Abashed, immoveable, the Hunter stood, 175
Unusual ardour bubbled through his blood ;
From head to foot the lovely maid surveys,
And on her beauties feeds his longing eyes.
From admiration love's unerring dart
Inflamed his soul, and tickled through his heart. 180

³ Vol. i. p. 92. See also p. 378.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO VI.

THE tuneful minstrel touch'd the sounding string,
And at the sound the virgins form a ring ;
And to his voice he first prelusive played,
When music's soul his moving hand obeyed,
How Kenneth, furious for his father slain, 5
Hews down the foe, and reaps the bloody plain,
When hostile bodies, Scoon, thy fields bestrowed,
And Tay empurpled ran with Pictish blood.
The peers take fire with the war-moving sound,
And vaulted halls rebellow the hoarse sound. 10
The minstrel changes to a softer strain,
The vows of virgins, and the lover's pain.
How Wallace fired with fair Hersclea's charms,
His country saved, then rushed into her arms :
How first reluctant, then with love opprest, 15
The fair one melts upon the lover's breast.
Obedient to the sound, the maids advance,
And form the mazes of the sprightly dance.

First slow-majestic swim the harmonious round ;
Then soft-inclining catch the changing sound. 20
Poise the small body, swing arms white and soft,
And with alternate tripping shake the loft.
In mournful melody now melts the strain ;
How the fair one, by cruel Heslrig slain,
Transfixed with steel, resigned her balmy breath, 25
And pallid, gasp'd in the iron jaws of death :
How tossing her white limbs the charmer died,
When blood flows round her in a crimson tide.
The lovely choir restrain the swelling joy,
And pearly drops hang in each tender eye. 30
The harmonious gestures sorrowful repress,
And sadness heaves the great o'erwhelmed breast.
Then, then, he sung the hero's shameful end,
Who thought no foe lurked in the insidious friend.
What cries, O Scotland ! filled thy studded plains ! 35
When thy great son thus struggled in thy chains.
The hill-born youth, fired with the moving strain,
All furious rose, concussed with generous pain.
He half-unsheathed his sword, and even though dead,
Wish'd in the traitor's head to sheath the blade. 40
He greatly towers along, nor can assuage
His manly fury, and his patriot rage.
The fair admire his shape, his port, his size,
The sprightly splendour of his manly eyes ;
The endearing features of his generous face ; 45
He stands majestic, and he walks with grace.
Adown his neck a flowing tide unfurls
Of golden hair, that waves in orient curls.
His party-coloured leg is decked with snow ;
And all the graces in the hero glow. 50
But more than all, his high-respected name,
His well-got honours, and unspotted fame,
Find easy access to a virgin's heart,
And venom add to Cupid's killing dart.

The fair Egidia views, and viewing loves ; 55
 Through all the man her eye incessant roves.
 By slow degrees she felt the flame increase ;
 Her soul denies it, but her eyes confess.
 High inbred thoughts oft turn the eye aside ;
 But love steps in, and steals a look from pride. 60
 Long, long, against the rushing tide she strove ;
 Then tumbled headlong down the stream of love.
 Thus watermen incessant ply the oar
 Up the rough stream, and round the billows roar :
 Then wearied throw the water vans aside, 65
 And unobserved descend along the tide.
 The pleasant tyrant all the fair oppressed,
 And lordly revelled in her snowy breast.
 Love heavy sits on every deep-fetched sigh,
 Love languid looks from either tender eye : 70
 Love, love expelled each passion of the soul ;
 No room for these, for love possessed the whole.
 Despised the minstrel, and forgot the strain,
 Love only pleases ; love alone shall pain :
 Disturbed the mien of unaffected ease, 75
 And all that native sweetness formed to please.
 The fair to all the pangs of love resigned ;
 And hugged the tyrant in her labouring mind.
 What blest solace shall the racked maid require !
 In crowds and silence glows the enchanted fire : 80
 Some hope of ease in solitude to find,
 The fair removes, but left her soul behind.
 Night's silver shield possessed the southern way,
 And silent sheds on earth nocturnal day.
 Remove the peers—to drown in soft repose 85
 The care, the toils of day, and all its woes.
 In vain the hill-born courts, with bending eyes,
 The downy power, soft sleep far distant flies.
 To heart-corroding thoughts he gives his breast,
 And fair Egidia all his soul possessed. 90

Still to his mind the fair ideas rise,
 Still blooming painted to his fancy's eyes.
 The blooming virgin swims th' harmonious round,
 Her eyes with every glance inflict a wound,
 Each little gesture, each attractive grace, 95
 Each smirking feature of her lovely face ;
 Each harmless look, to innocence resigned,
 In fond procession pass before the mind.
 O blooming ! lovely, more than mortal charms ;
 But, ah ! created for another's arms. 100
 O ! heavenly nymph, adorned with every grace,
 Whom lavish nature has designed to please :
 Could aught like me, O maid ! the Hunter cries,
 Draw but one look from these love-darting eyes !
 O could my longing hours, devoid of rest, 105
 Excite a sigh within that throbbing breast !
 But, ah ! methinks I hear yon virgin say,
 Away, away, indecent clown, away :
 It ill befits these labour-hardened arms
 To clasp, enraptured, such a world of charms. 110
 How ill his figure, how uncouth he moves :
 Away, rough hind, unfit for courtly loves.
 Life I will sink the pangs of love beneath,
 Or shame shall throw me to the jaws of death.
 The Hunter said, and hugged his gloomy care, 115
 And pined beneath thy sable hand, Despair !
 These drooping thoughts employed the troubled head ;
 He tumbles ceaseless on the downy bed :
 Till pitying sleep floats on his boiling breast,
 Stole on his eyes, and gave a troubled rest. 120
 Now mimic Fancy, fleeting fairy ! reigns,
 And gentle trips through thought-created scenes.
 A thousand eye-balls in her forehead stare ;
 A thousand wings around her beat the air.
 Far swifter than the cloud-compelling wind, 125
 The fleetest daughter of the spirit mind,

Or skims the sea, or trips o'er desert land,
 And nature listens to her great command.
 Create, with equal ease, the goddess can
 An atom, world, an insect, or a man. 130
 By Fancy's hand, the sleeping hero led,
 Strayed in the windings of a verdant mead;
 Her own creation: rocks environed round,
 And leafy wood surround the happy ground.
 Down the black rocks, descend on every side 135
 The bubbling streams, and silent roll the tide
 Through the dyed vale; while breathing zephyrs pass
 Along the plain, and whistle through the grass.
 The fragrant flowers their dewy bells unfold,
 While southern Phœbus paints the buds with gold. 140
 There, half-inclining, blushed the crimson rose;
 The snowy lily all its beauty shews;
 In golden splendour there the crocus shines;
 Surcharged with dew the violet inclines:
 And more ten thousand ne'er acquired a name, 145
 Hanging, projected o'er the murmuring stream.
 From every bough the feathered warblers sing,
 And youthful laughs around the joyful spring.
 While thus the sleeping youth delighted roves
 Through fancied fields, and breeze-remurmuring groves, 150
 Upon a flowery bank Egidia lay,
 In beauty's bloom, and all serenely gay.
 The fair observed, and to the grove she flies,
 But gently courts him with returning eyes.
 The youth inflamed, O! stay, my darling, stay! 155
 No foe you fly, O stay, my love! I pray.
 No wood-born savage rudely seeks your arms;
 Stay, stay, O nymph! and let us view thy charms.
 I crave, I burn, I die of mad despair;
 Stay, lovely maid! and sooth my glowing care. 160
 The fair relents, and seems to yield her charms;
 The youth prepares to clasp her in his arms:

While, fleet as thought, the blissful vision flies,
And nought appears to his new-wakening eyes.
The youth awakes, again awakes the flame;
Dream on, fond soul, for ever dream the same,
The hero cries; in vain he calls for rest,
Soft sleep far flies from the revolving breast.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO VII.

Monday, 29th November ¹.

AURORA opes the portals of the dawn,
And orient Phœbus chequered through the pane.
Up springs the youth, the youth upsprings and sighs—
Farewell, ye regal halls, farewell, he cries;
Farewell, unhappy honours of the war: 5
I grasp, I grasp, thy sable hand, Despair.
Ye well-known mountains, and ye rural scenes,
Ye rough-browed rocks, and heath-involved plains,
Receive your traveller, nor receive him whole,
The fair Egidia claims your ranger's soul: 10
Once more I'll trace alone these arduous brows,
And pitying Echo shall repeat my woes.
Ye once-loved scenes, what pleasure can ye find?
What blessed solace to sooth the Hunter's mind?

¹ These dates in the MS. are preserved, to mark the period when the poem was written.

None, none but thee, O soul-attractive fair ! 15
 Can free my mind of heart-corroding care.
 Still to my mind thy form shall stand confessed,
 Till death shall snatch thee from my bleeding breast.

November 30.

But how remove and leave the maid behind,
 The pain, the comfort, of my love-sick mind ? 20
 Farewell, O north ! farewell, ye heathy plains,
 The maid detains me in coercive chains.
 But how be here, and view these heavenly charms
 Infolded willing in another's arms ?
 Another revel on that snowy breast ; 25
 Another in the fair Egidia blessed.
 I'll fly, I'll fly these soul-inflaming eyes,
 Roar seas betwixt us, and let mountains rise.
 Be silent fame, nor ever pain the ear,
 I wish to know, it thrills my soul with fear. 30

Thus racked the hill-born youth his manly mind ;
 Nor knew beneath thy hand Egidia pined,
 All-conquering love ! Increased the golden day,
 And darts oblique on earth a sultry ray.
 The peers assembled in the audience hall, 35
 And, where the valiant youth ? incessant call.
 With heavy steps the mountaineer descends ;
 Each honoured hero to the warrior bends.
 The feast renewed—goes round the sparkling bowl,
 And temperate draughts revive the drooping soul. 40
 And deigns the stranger tell from whence he came,
 To reap this harvest of unequal fame,
 The monarch placid spoke—What happy sire
 To hear thy deeds shall feel a father's fire ?
 What happy mother does the hero own, 45
 Who now sits tearful for her godlike son ?

What happy sire

To hear thy deeds shall feel a father's fire ?

What numerous tribe now miss your warrior-head,
 While in the youth the people's bulwark fled ?
 Say, highly-honoured, say, your country's friend,
 Speak, valiant youth :—Ye noble peers attend. 50
 The monarch said, and with attentive mien
 Expects reply.—The Hunter, touched with pain,
 In mute suspense, and deep-revolving stands,
 Fain to evade—but 'tis the king commands.
 Then thus : Of me no joyful father hears, 55
 No matron's eye for me is drowned in tears ;
 No numerous tribe sigh for their absent head ;
 In me, in me no popular bulwark fled :
 Obscure, unhonoured, and the mate of swains ;
 No noble blood encircles in these veins. 60

2d December, 1756.

Ere reason shone upon my infant mind,
 If fame says true, too fickle fortune, kind,
 Smiled on the morn of life ; her little care
 A nurse removes from all-destroying war.
 From house to house, from land to land, she flies, 65
 Infolding in her arms her little prize :
 My dear, my dear, oft, oft she weeping said,
 And me unto her heaving bosom laid ;
 How fallen ! how fallen is that house of state !
 Once blest recess of what is truly great. 70
 How wrapt in night is all that grandeur gone !
 And you, my darling, hopeless, left alone.
 Ah me ! when pierced with steel thy father lay,
 And bloody streams flow round him every way,
 Thy mother came, she starts, she tears her hair, 75
 And with her shrieks she rends the midway air ;

What happy mother does the hero own,

Who now sits tearful for her godlike son ?] " Let thy grey-haired father, who perhaps is blind with age ; let him hear the sound of thy voice, and brighten within his hall." Vol. i. p. 162.

What cruel hand, what bloody hand, she cries,
Has done this deed? her words are lost in sighs.
My life! my soul! what more have I beneath?
She stopt—she staggered, and she swooned in death, 80
What ruffian rage from every hall resounds;
Groans press on groans, and wounds increase on wounds.
Here, pierced with steel, a faithful servant lay;
And windowed there the mangled maids decay.
With thee, with thee, my life, I trembling fly, 85
And tempt the horrors of the nightly sky;
Through want and penury with thee I fare,
Nor pay too dearly for protecting care.
Thus oft she said, thus oft she wept and sighed,
While I, in pity to her sorrow, cried, 90

Now twice three summers scarce my limbs informed
With hapless life, while yet more roughly stormed
Thy blasts, Misfortune! fluctuating tide
Of life, how changeful! my preserver died.
Then sighing, tearing, friendless, sad, forlorn, 95
Full on thy headlong stream, Misfortune! borne;
With trembling steps, through unknown lands, I stray;
Goodnature feeds, and fortune points the way.
Unheedful, onward thus I mournful tread,
Till Grampian rocks, projected o'er my head, 100
Threat ruin o'er my head; bewildered there,
With mournful cries, I rend the empty air.
I sigh, I gasp, my hapless fate bemoan,
And echoing rocks returning groan for groan.
Woe's me, I soft repeat in broken sighs; 105
Woe's me, false echo from the rocks replies.
O come, O come, I then enraptured cry;
O come, O come, the hollow rocks reply.
The voice obeyed. I come, 'tis silence all;
I cry, another rock repeats the call, 110
From rock to rock, from hill to hill, I move,
And long, Fatigue! against thy toils I strove:

O'ercome with care, o'erwhelmed with endless toil,
 I spread my limbs along the heathy soil.
 The plaintive sound begins to faint in sighs ; 115
 The sad response in just gradation dies.

I now am dandled by the hand of fate,
 And death seems knocking at the trembling gate.
 Upon the cheek the roseate colour dies,
 And life swims faintly on my closing eyes. 120

While 'twixt two rocks the setting sun displays
 A golden splendour and a stream of rays,
 Advanced a shade ; I, starting, hope to fly,
 The weakened limbs my vain efforts defy.
 At first I saw a frizled snow of hair, 125

Lost in the gleam, or glistening wave in air :
 A nearer view disclosed a withered man,
 Deep-dinted wrinkles both his cheeks o'er-ran ;
 Sunk are his bloodshot eyes, each blooming grace
 Congealed, and age sat wintered on his face. 130

Inwrapt in party-coloured plaid he stands ;
 A batton trembled in his aged hands :
 He views, he feels the hapless foundling's woes,
 And pity brightens on his aged brows :
 A generous sympathy his bosom warms ; 135

He hugs me, trembling, in his folding arms.
 Cease, cease to cry, my dear, he soothing said,
 Cease, cease to cry, then wrapt me in his plaid.
 Whence came the babe ? whence came my child ? he cries ;
 I answered not, congealed in dumb surprise. 140

What cursed design, what cruel heart could part
 Such blooming beauty from a brazen heart ?
 What heavenly features, what attractive grace,
 What beauty wanders in his blooming face !
 How sweetly pleasant through that vail of woes, 145
 Thus in a shower is seen the blushing rose :
 O cease, my son, and dry these briny tears,
 You'll find a father in my tottering years.

He ceased, and me unto his bosom pressed,
Yet unconfirmed, I trembled on his breast; 150
As one who, hopeless, carried on the tide,
By unexpected fortune gains the side,
Suspended on a twig, in deep surprise,
Quakes on the plain, and scarce believes his eyes.
I trembled thus; he shakes the heathy plains 155
With tottering feet; his steps a staff sustains.
At length from his low roof black columns rise
Of pitchy smoke, and gain on evening skies.
The turfy hut, with virid moss o'ergrown,
Long rows support of uncemented stone. 160
Round, sheep, rough goats, and lowing herds appear,
And sounds commixed invade at once the ear.
Rocks intersperse the variegated space;
Here stony columns rise, there smiles the virid grass:
While through the shaded green, rough murmuring, glides 165
A brook crystalline, with meand'ring tides.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO VIII.

Now past a child, yet an imperfect man,
With youthful limbs through mossy heaths I ran;
Exulting in the vernal pride of years,
Forgot misfortune and my childish tears;
From twanging strings began let fly the dart, 5
Or with the winged ball arrest the hart;
The flying chace with supple joints pursue,
Or gird the forest with the hunter's crew;
To wholesome sports gave all my youthful mind,
Gain on the youths, and leave the youths behind. 10
The senior saw his son outstrip the whole,
And gladness brightens the time-laden soul.
Thus when some country sees her son afar
Extend her arms, and urge the prosperous war,
Exulting thoughts each generous soul elate, 15
And gladness looks around with joy complete.
Soon as Aurora faintly promised day,
And mountains hood their tops in dusky gray,

The narrow vales and steepy rocks resound
 With shouts inciting on the faithful hound. 20
 The fleeting tribe devour the heathy way,
 Vanish along, and rouse the lurking prey.
 The timid prey to every quarter fly,
 Skim o'er the heath, and leave the aching eye.
 The branching stag, and lightly-bounding roe, 25
 Stretch o'er the field, and pant before the foe :
 The gasping hind the cooling flood relieves,
 One death she flies, another death receives ;
 In vain attempts to leave the liquid tide,
 The nimble foe awaits on every side : 30
 Long floating, wearied, sinks in watery death,
 And spirts the foam with her departing breath.
 Increased the day, the branchy nation fall,
 Or torn by dogs, or winged by the ball.
 Stag falls on stag, hound lacerates with hound, 35
 And bloody torrents smoke along the ground.
 The radiant lord of day his glory shrouds,
 And hides his beamy head in sable clouds ;
 Rough-murmuring blasts along the mountains howl,
 And sable darkness quenched the glowing pole : 40
 Thick-gathered mists enwrap the mountains o'er,
 And hoarse-voiced thunders roughly rumbling roar.
 Red lightnings dart in awful streams of light,
 Flash through the gloom, and vanish from the sight.
 Engaged the warring elements resound, 45
 Rain batters earth, and smokes along the ground.
 Down the steep hill the headlong torrent groans,
 Drives trees uprooted, rocks and rattling stones ¹.
 Nought can resist : earth from her caverns rung ;
 The flood spreads on the vale, and turbid rolls along. 50
 Bewildered in the dark diurnal night,
 Hood-winked with clouds, and with uncertain light,

¹ Vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

I ply the moist uncomfortable way,
 And errant, through the shaggy mountains stray.
 My friends, my fellows, I incessant cry ; 55
 In the rough blast my words half-uttered die.
 My friends I call, my words in wind are lost ;
 And nought is heard but the shrill-whistling blast.
 From heath to heath, from hill to hill, I roam
 In vain, researching for my humble home. 60
 When on the howling wild, black rained the night,
 And from my eyes erased the glimmering light.
 Athwart the gloom the sparkling meteor sails
 With livid glories and volcanian trails.
 The dire portents my youthful soul affright, 65
 And kindle horrors in the womb of night.
 Aghast, immoveable, I shivering stood,
 Cold horror trembled through my-freezing blood.
 While a soft voice invades my trembling ear,
 My soul is charmed, and listened in my fear. 70
 "Twixt every blast is heard the pleasing sound,
 Then in the howling hurricane is drowned.
 Led by the voice, I cheerful mete the way ;
 Swells on the ear the soft-approaching lay.
 Charmed, I advanced, astonished I survey 75
 Dart through a rocky chink a livid ray ².
 Inward I peeped, a lovely maid is seen,
 Trip through the cave in robes of sprightly green :
 White is her skin, her cheeks are rosy red ;
 Soft wave behind the honours of her head. 80
 Ennobled features due respect command,
 And blazed a taper in her snowy hand :
 Swifter than wind the fleeting vision glides
 Athwart the cave, and swims on airy tides.

² *Dart through a rocky chink a livid ray.*] The horrid cave of Moma, where "The spirits of their fathers came, shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks." II. 60.

The sport of every blast the vision reels,
Nor touched the earth with lightly-bounding heels.

85

Thus, in a splendid day, or lunar night,
Assembled boys let fly the towering kite;
The beardless youths extatic leap with joy,
While it ascends and flutters in the sky.

90

With sprightly air the phantom beauty sings
Exploits of fairies and of phantom kings;
The vows of youths, the enamoured virgin's care,
And all the soft deceits of shifting fear.
Charmed with the lay, yet freezed with dumb surprise,
I staring stood, and scarce believed my eyes.
Doubtful advancing to enjoy the light,
Or glide, retreating, to the womb of night,
I reasoned long in my revolving breast,
At length my soul, half muttering, thus expressed :

95

100

Behind, rough rushes night with thundering storms,
And awful light the gloomy sky deforms;
Before, a calm recess attracts the view,
Where fainting nature may her strength renew.
What though there glides within a feeble mind,
An empty phantom, or a puff of wind?
By fancy formed; to life restrain your flight,
Nor fly a shade and perish in the night.
Confirmed, advancing, O! whose noble birth
Descends from more than men the worms of earth;
O be propitious, nymph! I suppliant said,
And to the wanderer lend thy timely aid;
Rest here my limbs until returning day
Instruct the path, and point the ranger's way.

105

110

115

I suppliant said—the vision thus replies,
And bends aside her beauty-sparkling eyes.
A youth, descended from the blood of great,
Lost to himself, to honour, and to state,
Long Grampus shall ascend your arduous brows,
And with the winged death arrest the roes;

120

At length, bewildered in the sable night,
 Led by a voice and feeble ray of light,
 Shall, undesigning, learn approaching fate,
 And mount from knowledge to the arms of state.
 Hard is the ascent, but, oh ! how seeming light, 125
 When honour tempts thee to the world polite !

The phantom said, while to my wondering eyes
 Green prospects spread, and varied scenes arise.
 A spacious field, to limits unconfined,
 Spreads every way, and leaves the eye behind. 130
 Ten thousand through its spacious windings stray ;
 Ten thousand walk, and each a different way :
 They ceaseless ply their errors, void of rest ;
 Each cursed his way, but calls his way the best.
 Scoffs, murmurs, accusations, causeless fear, 135
 And desperate voices thunder on the ear.

Full in the centre of the spreading ground,
 With sloping sides, arose a virid mound :
 Easy the ascents at distance seem to rise ;
 A nearer view disclosed the slippery ice. 140
 Glad on the top a maid of winning charms,
 Courts from below with snowy-spreading arms ;
 Her rosy cheeks are dimpled o'er with smiles,
 And with one wink the hapless she beguiles.
 Up the steep hill ten thousand lovers crawl, 145
 And on the point of bliss they headlong fall.
 Again, again the glittering steep they ply ;
 Again they fall, again they quivering lie.
 But some more happy gain the arduous brow,
 And giggle scoffs upon their mates below. 150
 By the gay maid in splendid garments clad,
 And laurels planted on the towering head :
 Thus for a moment they majestic reign,
 The envy of their rivals on the plain.

With swelling cheeks, and vengeance-flaming eyes, 155
 I saw a ghastly form terrific rise :

Thy offspring, hell ! her ever-moving tongue
Rolls infamy, thy sluggish stream, along ;
Pregnant with ill, she heaves her rolling breast ;
For ever stare her eyes devoid of rest : 160
Her poison-churning jaws divide with rage,
She puffs and hurls them trembling off the stage.
The raging fury bangs the flying throng,
Roars on the rear, and sweeps the wretch'd along.
Nor ceased the pest, till in the flood beneath, 165
Deep, silent, sable stream, they sunk in death.
The foul-voiced noise begins to melt away,
The ghastly fury feels a swift decay,
And vanish ; lo ! a new succession rose ;
It falls, another on its ruins grows. 170

Thus in the circle of the rolling year,
Fierce winter blasts, and vernal showers uprear
The flowery field ; here drops the blushing rose,
There from the withered stem another grows :
Flower grows on flower, and stem succeeds on stem, 175
For ever different, but appear the same.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO IX.

O, more than mortal! then I raptured cry,
Explain these wonders that attract the eye!
Youth, feeble youth, with ignorance combined,
Weaken the soul, and veil the wondering mind:
I said,---the blooming vision quick replies, 5
This field's the world, there honour's columns rise;
There stray, inconstant, all thy feeble kind;
Their roads as various as the shifting wind.
Towards that blooming form they turn their eyes,
And honour, honour, is the good they prize. 10
They rave, they burn, they died for honour's charms!
Through toil, through death, they seek her lovely arms:
But scarce their ardent thirst they can assuage,
Till slander hiss them off the envied stage;
Till infamy shall blast the ill got fame, 15
And dark oblivion tumble round their name.
The phantom spoke, the wonderous scene decayed:
A new creation graced the forming maid;

A rural scene ! there heavy ears inclined,
 Shine o'er the field, and vibrate in the wind. 20
 The loaden tree with ripened fruitage glows ;
 And through the grove the balmy zephyr blows.
 With gathered squadrons, cays¹, a sable train,
 Swim in the sky, or cheque the yellow plain.
 To different toils apply the rustic throng ; 25
 Here lazy oxen drag the plough along :
 The lusty sheaves the binding reapers swell,
 And the slow carman hurls the screaming wheel.
 Now, ripe for birth, the full grown autumn smiled,
 And more than nature laughs along the field. 30
 Sated with joys complete, I turn the eye
 To shaggy mountains, and inclement sky ;
 My fellows of the chace, I trembling view,
 In quest of me, a lamentable crew :
 The sable rocks they ceaseless rend with cries, 35
 And sorrow trickled from their longing eyes.
 Here, here I am, I often, often cried ;
 The heedless crew passed on, nor aught replied.
 While on the plain I view my parent—sage,
 Tottering beneath a load of grief and age ; 40
 With drooping head, which years had cap'd with snow,
 Laid on a staff, and move unwilling slow,
 The senior quaked on age-suspended limbs,
 And sad around, his fading eye-ball swims :---
 My son, my son ! O, darling of my age ! 45
 What headlong torrent, with impetuous rage,
 Roars round thy lifeless limbs ; and, drowned, bears
 The light, the comfort of my aged years.
 O life fallacious ! how thy hopes decay,
 You grant a bliss, then snatch the prize away ! 50
 Ah me ! for this did I my age employ,
 For death untimely save the rising boy !

¹ Cays—Rooks.

What ardent joys did then my soul confess,
While Donald vanquished in the rapid race ;
What ardent joys dilate my ardent mind, 55
While you transfix'd the hart, or bounding hind ;
Oft have I seen, but ah ! shall see no more,
Here, here, where hapless I your loss deplore,
Unerring wing the feathered arrow's flight,
Or wield the gauntlet, or discharge the quoit. 60
Come, Death, inwrap me, sable, silent shade ;
And, mourning grave ! receive this hoary head.
He stopt, he sighed, and tore the silver hair,
And gnashed beneath thy grievous weight, Despair !
I feel his grief, the tears begin to flow, 65
And all my soul is touched with mighty woe.
I start, I stretch my limbs, his soul to ease,
While on the eye the transient scene decays :
Faded the view, extinct diurnal light,
And howled without the cloud-enveloped night. 70
Thus in the horizon of the silent night,
The setting moon darts parallel its light,
Silters the flood, and paints the landscape gay,
And deals around the bright nocturnal day :
But, sunk beneath, the pleasing prospects fail, 75
And every object wears a melancholy veil.
Sunk in a flood of heart-corroding woes,
O'erwhelmed I stood ; another scene arose :---
Mingled with heroes in the iron field,
A second self, astonished, I beheld ; 80
My shape, my size, my features, all the same,
As oft looked trembling from undimpled stream ;
Athwart the side the well-known scabbard flies,
The well-known plaid hangs plaited down the thighs ;
O'er half my leg the spangled buskin glows, 85
And orient hair from th' azure bonnet flows :
Upon this breast the plaid half hid beneath,
The polished pistol, minister of death !
Beneath my lifted arm the enemies groan,
And I exult in bravery not my own ; 90

And victory, terrific, in her car,
Hurls on the deluge of the noisy war ;
Graspt honour in thy arms, and high renowned
My godlike heroes their preserver owned.
Shouts, acclamations, rend the fluid air, 95
While slow approached a soft majestic fair ;
Her blooming charms my reeling soul surprize,
I senseless stood, and fixed on her my eyes :
My soul is melted with the soft desire,
The virgin smiled, and seemed to feel my fire. 100
At once concedes her more than mortal charms,
I spread my hands to clasp her in my arms ;
When all at once the blooming scene disjoin'd,
And Donald hugged a blast of empty wind.
Oh ! cruel, cruel ! I desponding said, 105
While sunk the taper and the phantom maid ;
Rough-rumbling thunders through the sable groan,
And blustering winds proclaim the vision gone.
I start, unsheathed my sword, uprightly stood
My hair, surprise ran shivering through my blood. 110
A sprite in every fiery meteor past,
A sprite seemed howling in each whistling blast ;
Until my soul, by resolution swayed,
Despised each fear, and thought upon the maid.
The maid, the maid, all, all my soul possessed, 115
The maid sat empress in my rolling breast.
Then, then her phantom all my bosom warms,
What must I feel who saw her real charms ;
Her thought-created graces I admire,
My reason slept, and fancy fed the fire. 120
The wished for morn its early blushes spread,
Reared o'er the eastern hill her rosy head ;
Sunk are the winds, the clouds together fly,
And glows serene the azure-arched sky.
Cheered with the blest return of sacred light, 125
Eased of the gloomy terrors of the night,

I glad ascend, and homeward bend my way ;
 The hut appears with the meridian day.
 What scene appears of heart-corroding woe,
 The melancholy crowd, solemnly slow, 130
 Support my dead preserver to the grave ;
 Death sped the blow, which aged sorrow gave.
 For me, for me, the senior drew his breath !
 For me, for me, the aged sunk in death !
 To find me in the grave ; I sobbing paid 135
 My tearful tribute to the reverend shade :
 At once, love, gratitude, and duty mourn,
 My sire, my counsel, in the silent urn.

Now on the eye decay the blissful scenes,
 The rough-browed rocks, and all the sloping plains 140
 Delight no more ; no chace, no winged fowl,
 No goat, no cattle, cheer the mournful soul.
 The senior gone, the rural sports decayed,
 And love attracts the traveller to the maid.

As when the playful youth delighted views 145
 A thousand flowers, of thousand various hues,
 Glow on the murmuring rivulet's farther side ;
 He dips his foot, and, trembling, backward flies,
 Returns again, and lops the blooming toys :
 Thus undetermined long I dubious stood, 150
 Then headlong plunged in fortune's sable flood ;
 Swift bounding forward, I devour the way,
 The oaten field and low-roofed hut decay ;
 The hills step backward, as I onward stride
 Along the sharp-spiked rocks and mountains side. 155
 Tay, on thy banks, a courteous host ! received,
 And balmy rest the nerve of toil relieved.

Soon as the sky with, Sol ! thy chariot glows,
 Made strong for toil, the wandering traveller goes ;
 Ceaseless I mete the road, till setting day 160
 Darts parallel to earth a golden ray.

A place there is, where the cerulean main
Glides up 'twixt rocks, and forms an azure plain ;
There, there I stood, astonished to survey
The roaring billows on the watery way ;
How liquid mountains dash against the shore,
The rough rocks rumble, hoarse the billows roar :
I stretch'd my limbs along the murmuring deep,
And the hoarse billows lull my soul asleep.

THE HUNTER:

A POEM.

CANTO X.

HIS toils, his woes, the hill-born hero sung,
While from their seats the attentive audience hung.
His woes, his toils, as yet they seem to hear ;
As yet his accents hang upon the ear,
Though ceased. Swift from his seat Alcanor rose, 5
Down to his heel the sable mantle flows ;
His aged limbs shook with the weight of years,
His fading eyes distil the briny tears :
O valiant youth ! your face, the age rejoined, 10
Recalls my hopeless son unto my mind ;
The same his features, and his shape the same,
Thus death untimely wrapt the youthful frame.
Ah me ! my son, you treason's victim lay,
While at your side thy consort's charms decay ;
While with thy child a matron servant fled ; 15
And friends enquiring thought your memory dead.
But thou, dear object of my aged care,
Whom Heaven designed the sad Alcanor's heir,

By more than mortal led—thee, thee I own,
 My joy, my hope, my reviviscent son ! 20
 Be still, fond heart ! no more Alcanor grieves,
 Since in my godlike youth my Allan lives.
 The Senior said ; and clasped the hero round :
 His reverend sire the valiant grandson owned.
 Tears flow on tears, and sigh succeeds on sigh, 25
 And either soul melts with the sudden joy ;
 Swell on the air congratulations round,
 And mighty titles round the Hunter sound.
 Now, envy fled, the ancient peerage own,
 And greatness flashes from the mean unknown. 30
 Thus in the quarry, rough in every part,
 The moss-grown marble, till reformed by art,
 Unvalued lies, till forming hammers groan,
 The halls of greatness shine with Parian stone.
 Thus shone the chief amidst the bevied great, 35
 Brighter his fame shone on the arms of state ;
 With joyful shouts the palace thundered round,
 And percussive walls repel the sound.
 Thus lost in distance empty thunders roar,
 Or foaming billows lash the sounding shore ; 40
 Heard by the midnight travellers as they roam,
 And swells the murmur on the silent gloom.
 The fair Egidia, as she sat alone,
 And silent breathed her sighs in plaintive moan,
 Felt noisy shouts invade the trembling ear, 45
 Starts from the dream of thought, and looks with fear.
 Surprise is painted in her blooming mien,
 And care succeeds the soft enamoured pain :
 Ah ! hapless me ! the trembling virgin cries,
 The tear half dropping from her azure eyes, 50
 The warrior youth, all by the great envied,
 Falls now perhaps a victim to their pride ;
 O'erpowered, for such of late assailed the ear,
 From fields of death, and iron noise of war.

Ophelia there ? Come, maid ! What means that noise ? 55
 The hill-born youth departs, the peers rejoice :
 My queen ! the maid replies ; the bowl is crowned,
 And with the hero's health the vaulted halls resound.

A sudden stupor every sense pervades,
 Upon her cheek the roseate tincture fades ; 60
 In dumb surprise her soul astonished swims ;
 The downy bed supports her falling limbs :
 A sudden qualm of sorrow and surprise
 Bound up the tongue, and blocked the gates of voice :
 The wakening soul resumes the seat again, 65
 She ceaseless rolls in agonizing pain ;
 Tossed round her limbs, and furious with despair,
 She beat her breast, and tore her golden hair.
 Surprise is o'er ; the tears begin to flow ;
 And words expressive of the mighty woe : 70
 Egidia lives ! and what she prized is fled !
 Come, death ! and waft the hapless to the dead.
 Come lop this virgin flower, my sable spouse,
 And quench the flood-gates of these rushing woes.
 Sooth, sooth, O gentle ! all my troubled breast ; 75
 Within thy arms at last my soul shall rest !
 Birth, grandeur, state, farewell, ye empty toys,
 Ye curse of life, obstructions of my joys !
 O should a shepherdess upon the plain
 Bear me, a daughter, to some humble swain ; 80
 Not nursed to grandeur, unconfined to state,
 The stately youth might love his rural mate !
 Clasp'd in Love's arms, in some low hut reclined,
 I'd pour upon his breast my love-sick mind ;
 With thee, my swain, would bear the wintry cold, 85
 With thee would guard the cattle to the fold ;
 Through Poverty's cold stream with thee would gain,
 And lean-cheek'd Want might puff his blast in vain ;
 With thee, with thee would tempt the rugged heath ;
 With thee would live, with thee would sink in death. 90

O bear me, bear me, Fortune, to some grove,
Where your transfixer, harts ! and mine may rove.
Touched with my care, my tyrant may prove kind,
Nor let that form conceal an iron mind.

I seem, I seem through lonely fields to stray, 95
Love wings my feet, and Love directs the way ;
I see, I see my lovely Hunter come,
In pride of years, and beauty's fairest bloom.
See, see, the suppliant seems to own my charms !
I rush, I rush into his manly arms. 100
But why, enthusiast ! does thy fancy stray ?
Grandeur forbids, and birth besets the way.
See ! Greatness chides me with a frowning face ;
For shame, for shame, desire a clown's embrace !
Let opening earth the blushing maid receive, 105
Avail from Calumny the spotless grave.
But, Calumny, can you my case remove ?
Too weak a combatant for mighty Love—
Love, mighty Love, I am thy victim whole !
Love holds the reins, and actuates my soul. 110
But ah ! perhaps a maid of happier charms
Attracts the traveller to her lovely arms.
In vain, Egidia, melts thy tearful eyes,
Thy rival shall enfold thy envied prize.
Blow, Boreas, blow the rough cerulean main, 115
And from her arms the lovely youth detain.
Time, time may wear her image from his mind,
And chance may make the hill-born hero kind.
In vain, in vain I sooth my glowing care,
In vain elude thy venom'd pangs, Despair ! 120
Even now, perhaps, the seamen ply the oar,
And waft my soul into the farther shore.
The lovely maid upon the bed reclined,
Thus mournful tortured all her virgin mind.
Obsequious maids, around the love-sick fair, 125
Fetch sigh for sigh, and tear distil with tear.

Some silent stand, and some attempt relief
 By balmy words, and sooth the virgin's grief ;
 But still her snowy throbbing bosom sighs,
 And tears descend from her love-darting eyes. 130
 Her snowy neck disordered hair o'erspread,
 Her tear-washed cheeks diffuse a rosy red,
 Her swelling arms are decored with snow,
 And all the graces in the virgin glow.

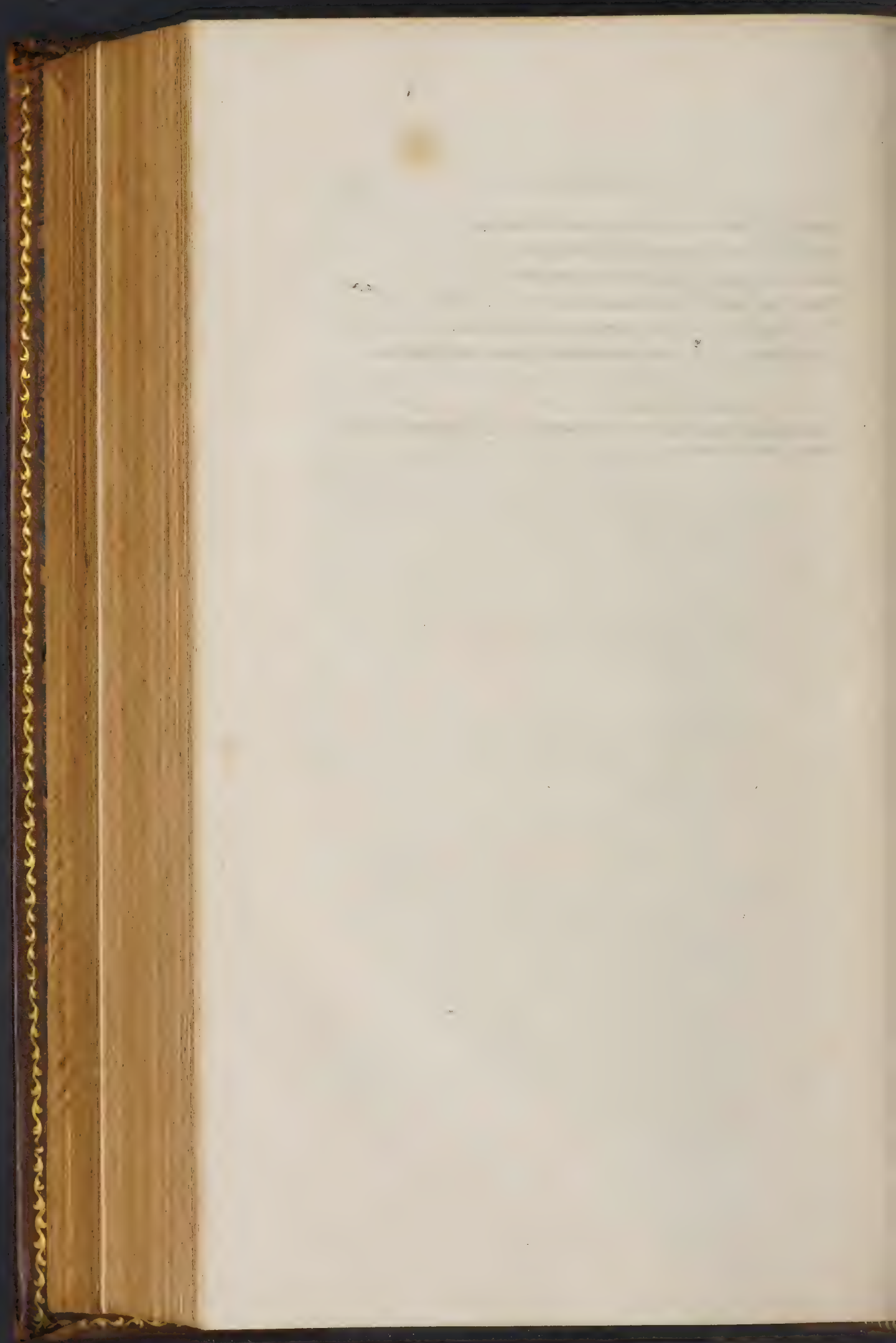
Thus, spreading her white limbs along the plains, 135
 The blooming Venus mourned Adonis slain :
 Adown her rosy neck the tresses flow,
 Her eyes look languid through the veil of woe ;
 'Twixt her loose robe her heaving breast is seen,
 And all the graces mourn around their queen. 140
 Thus on the downy bed the virgin burns,
 And round the fair the blooming bevy mourns.

The monarch hears his love-sick daughter's pain :
 Why weeps my daughter, why, my joy, complain ?
 The youth remains, nor is the noble fled, 145
 Nor shall his noble blood disgrace the marriage-bed.
 No horrid herdsman, no indecent hind,
 Of clownish manners, or rapacious mind,
 First, Cupid, aimed thy soft enamouring dart,
 And vanquished all my young Egidia's heart. 150
 Obscure, unhonoured, heedless, all alone,
 Lost to himself, and to the world unknown,
 The youth, long, Grampus ! climbed thy brows, till fate
 Instructs the mind, and spread the arms of state.
 Good is thy choice, and what thy sire designed ; 155
 Dry, dry these cheeks, and sooth thy troubled mind.
 The monarch placid spoke : The maid arose,
 Her raptured soul with joys extatic glows.
 The veil of woe removed, she brightly shone ;
 As beamy Phæbus, or the silver moon 160

Emerging from a cloud, she graceful moves ¹,
And gently trip around the little loves.
Before the priest the blooming couple stand ;
Much she desired, but blushed to join the hand.
'Tis done ; the youthful hero spreads his arms, 165
And clasps, enraptured, more than phantomed charms.

¹ Or the silver moon

Emerging *from a cloud, she graceful moves.*] "She came in all her
beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east." I. 92.



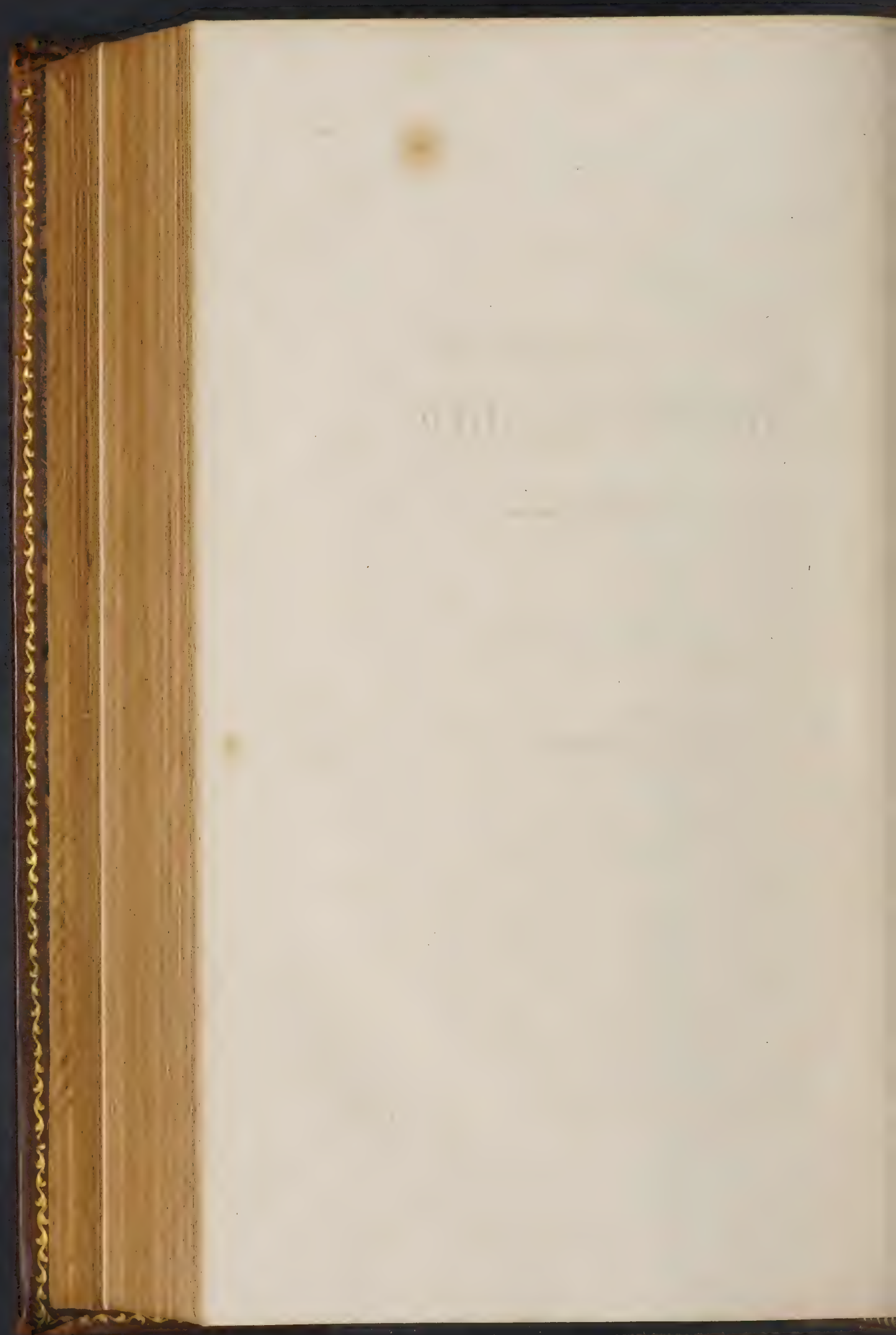
THE HIGHLANDER :

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.



First published in 1758.



THE HIGHLANDER :

A POEM.

CANTO I.

THE youth I sing, who, to himself unknown,
Lost to the world and CALEDONIA's throne,
Sprung o'er his mountains to the arms of Fame,
And, winged by Fate, his sire's avenger, came ;
That knowledge learn'd so long deny'd by Fate, 5
And found that blood, as merit, made him great.

The aged chieftain on the bier is laid,
And grac'd with all the honours of the dead :
The youthful warriors, as the corpse they bear,
Droop the sad head, and shed the gen'rous tear. 10
For Abria's shore Tay's winding banks they leave,
And bring the hero to his father's grave.

His filial tears the godlike Alpin sheds,
And towards the foe his gallant warriors leads.
The chief along his silent journey wound, 15
And fixed his rainy eyes upon the ground ¹ ;

¹ *And fixed his rainy eyes upon the ground.] "They were like stars, on
a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through the mist." I. 558.*

Behind advanced his followers sad and slow,
In all the dark solemnity of woe.
Meantime fierce Scandinavia's hostile pow'r
Its squadrons spread along the murmuring shore ; 20
Prepar'd, at once, the city to invade,
And conquer Caledonia in her head.
His camp, for night, the royal Sweno forms,
Resolv'd with morn to use his Danish arms.
Now in the ocean sunk the flaming day, 25
And streaked the ruddy west with setting ray ;
Around great Indulph, in the senate, sat
The noble chiefs of Caledonia's state.
In mental scales they either forces weigh,
And act, before, the labours of the day ; 30
Arrange in thought their Caledonia's might,
And bend their little army to the fight.
Thus they consult. Brave Alpin's martial gait
Approach'd the portals of the dome of state,
Resolv'd to offer to his king and lord, 35
The gen'rous service of his trusty sword.
Th' unusual sight the gallant chief admires,
The bending arches and the lofty spires.
On either side the gate, in order stand
The ancient kings of Caledonia's land. 40
The marble lives ; they breathe within the stone,
And still, as once, the royal warriors frown.
The Fergusses are seen above the gate ;
This first created, that restor'd, the state.
In warlike pomp the awful forms appear, 45
And, bending, threaten from the stone the spear ;
While to their side young Albion seems to rise,
And on her fathers turns her smiling eyes.
And next appears Gregorius' awful name,
Hibernia's conqu'ror for a gen'rous fame. 50

Incased in arms, the royal hero stands,
 And gives his captive all his conquered lands.
 The filial heart of hapless Alpin's son
 In marble melts, and beats within the stone.
 Revenge still sparkles in the hero's eye: 55
 Around the Picts a nameless slaughter lye.

The youthful warrior thus reviews, with joy,
 The godlike series of his ancestry,
 The godlike forms the drooping hero cheer,
 And keen ambition half believes the seer: 60
 Eager he shoots into the spacious gate;
 His eye commands;—without his followers wait.

No frowning spearman guards the awful door;
 No borrowed terror arms the hand of power;
 No cringing bands of sycophants appear, 65
 To send false echoes to the monarch's ear;
 Merit's soft voice, oppression's mournful groan,
 Advanced, unstifled, to th' attentive throne.

The hero, ent'ring, took his solemn stand
 Among the gallant warriors of the land. 70
 His manly port the staring chiefs admire,
 And half-heard whispers blow the soldier's fire.
 A while his form engaged the monarch's eyes;
 At length he raised the music of his voice:

“Whence is the youth? I see fierce Denmark warms 75
 Each generous breast, and fires 'em into arms.
 A face once known is in that youth exprest,
 And mends a dying image in my breast.”

He said:—and thus the youth: “'Midst rocks afar,
 I heard of Denmark, and of Sueno's war. 80
 My country's safety in my bosom rose:
 For Caledonia's sons should meet her foes.
 We ought not meanly wait the storm at home,
 But rush afar, and break it ere it come.
 Few are my followers, but these few are true; 85
 We come to serve our country, fame, and you!”

He said :---the king retorts : " Thy form, thy mind,
 Declare the scion of a generous kind.
 With Scotia's foes maintain the stern debate,
 And spring from valour to the arms of state. 90
 Whoe'er would raise his house in Albion, should
 Lay the foundation in her en'mies' blood."

Then to the chiefs : " Supporters of my throne,
 Your sires brought oft the Roman Eagles down.
 Yourselves, my lords, have caused the haughty Dane 95
 To curse the land he tried so oft in vain.
 Norwegian firs oft brought them o'er the waves,
 For Albion's crown ; but Albion gave 'em graves.
 Be still the same ; exert yourselves like men,
 And of th' invaders wash our rocks again. 100
 Though few our numbers, these, in arms grown old,
 In Albion's and in Indulph's cause are bold.
 The brave man looks not, when the clarion sounds,
 To hostile numbers, but his country's wounds ;
 Bold to the last, and dauntless he'll go on, 105
 At once his country's soldier, and her son."

The monarch thus his royal mind exprest,
 The patriot kindling in each generous breast.
 Each chieftain's mind with pleasure goes before,
 Already mingling with the battle's roar. 110
 In thought each hero sweeps the bloody plain,
 And deals, in fancy, death upon the Dane.

Dunbar arose, the brave remains of wars,
 Silver'd with years, o'er-run with honest scars ;
 Great in the senate, in the field renown'd : 115
 The senior stood ; attention hung around.

He thus : " Fierce Denmark all the north commands,
 And belches numbers on our neighb'ring lands ;
 England's subdued, the Saxons are o'ercome,
 And meanly own a Danish lord at home. 120
 Scarce now a blast from Scandinavia roars,
 But wafts a hostile squadron to our shores.

One fleet destroy'd, another crowns the waves ;
 The sons seem anxious for their fathers' graves :
 Thus war returns in an eternal round ; 125
 Battles on battles press ; and wound on wound.
 Our numbers thinned, our godlike warriors dead,
 Pale Caledonia hangs her sickly head.
 We must be wise, be frugal of our store,
 Add art to arms, and caution to our pow'r. 130
 Beneath the sable mantle of the night,
 Rush on the foe, and, latent, urge the fight.
 Conduct, with few, may foil this mighty power,
 And Denmark shun th' inhospitable shore."

The senior spoke : a general voice approves ; 135
 To arm his kindred-bands each chief removes.
 Night from the east the drowsy world invades,
 And clothes the warriors in her dusky shades.
 The vassal-throng advance, a manly cloud,
 And with their sable ranks the chieftains shroud. 140
 Each chief, now here, now there, in armour shines,
 Waves through the ranks, and draws the lengthened lines.

Thus, on a night when rattling tempests war,
 Through broken clouds appears a blazing star ;
 Now veils its head, now rushes on the sight, 145
 And shoots a livid horror through the night.

The full-form'd columns, in the midnight-hour,
 Begin their silent journey tow'rd the shore :
 Through every rank the chiefs inciting roam,
 And rousing whispers hiss along the gloom. 150

A rising hill, whose night-invelop'd brow
 Hung o'er th' encamped squadrons of the foe,
 Shoots to the deep its ooze-immantled arm,
 And stedfast struggles with the raging storm.
 Here ends the moving host its winding road, 55
 And here condenses, like a sable cloud,
 Which long was gathering on the mountain's brow,
 Then broke in thunder on the vales below.

Again the chiefs, in midnight-council met,
Before the king maintain the calm debate : 160
This waits the equal contest of the day,
That rushes headlong to the nightly fray.

At length young Alpin stood, and thus begun :
“ Great king ! supporter of our ancient throne !
Brought up in mountains, and from councils far, 165
I am a novice in the art of war ;
Yet hear this thought.—Within the womb of night,
Confirm the troops, and arm the youth for fight,
While, softly treading, to yon camp I go,
And mark the disposition of the foe ; 170
Or wakeful arm they for the dismal fight,
Or, wrapt within the lethargy of night,
Are left abandon’d to our Scottish sword ;
By sleep’s soft hand in fatal chains secur’d.
If Denmark sleeps in night’s infolding arms, 175
Expect your spy to point out latent storms ;
But, they in arms, too long delay’d my speed,
Then place the faithful scout among the dead.”

A general voice th’ exploring thought approves,
And every wish with youthful Alpin moves. 180

The hero slides along the gloom of night :
The camp-fires send afar their gleaming light.
Athwart his side the trusty sabre flies ;
The various plaid hangs plaited down his thighs ;
The crested helm waves awful on his head ; 185
His manly trunk the mail and corslet shade ;
The pond’rous spear supports his dusky way ;
The waving steel reflects the stellar ray.

Arrived, the dauntless youth, solemnly slow,
Observant moved along the silent foe. 190
Some ’braced in arms the midnight vigil keep ;
Some o’er the livid camp-fires nod to sleep ;
The feeding courser to the stake is bound ;
The prostrate horseman stretched along the ground ;

Extended here the brawny footman lay, 195
 And, dozing, wore the lazy night away ;
 The watchman there, by sleep's soft hand o'erpowered,
 Starts at the blast, and half unsheaths his sword.

Th' exploring youth, through night's involving cloud,
 Circling the foe, their disposition viewed. 200

At length the hero's dusky journey ends,
 Where Haco feasted with his Danish friends.
 Haco by more than Sueno's blood was great,
 The promis'd monarch of the triple state.
 The Scandinavian camp the youth secured 205
 With watchful troops, and not unfaithful sword.

Two oaks, from earth by headlong tempests torn,
 Supply the fire, and in the circle burn ;
 Around, with social talk, the feast they share,
 And drown in bowls the Caledonian war. 210
 O'erpowered at length by slumber's silken hand,
 They press the beach, and cower upon the strand.

A gallant deed the mountain-youth design'd ;
 And nursed a growing action in his mind.
 Awful the chief advanced ; his armour bright 215
 Reflects the fire, and shines along the night.
 Hovering he stood above the sleeping band,
 And shone, an awful column, o'er the strand.

Thus, often to the midnight traveller,
 The stalking figures of the dead appear : 220
 Silent the spectre towers before the sight,
 And shines, an awful image, through the night.
 At length the giant phantom hovers o'er
 Some grave unhallowed, stained with murdered gore.—

Thus Alpin stood. He exiles to the dead 225
 Six warrior youths ; the trembling remnant fled :
 Young Haco starts, unsheaths his shining sword,
 And views his friends in iron chains secured.
 He rushes headlong on the daring foe ;
 The godlike Alpin renders blow for blow. 230

Their clattering swords on either armour fell ;
Fire flashes round, as steel contends with steel.
Young Alpin's sword on Haco's helmet broke,
And to the ground the staggering warrior took.
Leaning on his broad shield the hero bends ; 235

Alpin aloft in air his sword suspends :
His arm up-raised, he downward bends his brow,
But scorned to take advantage of the foe.

Young Haco from his hand the weapon threw,
And from his flaming breast these accents drew : 240

" Bravest of men ! who could through night come on ;
Who durst attack, and foil an host alone !

I see the man high on the warrior placed,
Both mend each other in your noble breast.
Accept, brave man, the friendship of a Dane, 245
Who hates the Scot, but yet can love the man."

He said ; while thus the Scot : " With joy I find
The man so powerful in an en'my's mind ;
Your forces fled, amidst night's dark alarms,
You both could stand, and use your gallant arms : 250
Such valiant deeds thy dauntless soul confess,
That I the warrior, though the Dane, embrace."

His brawny arms he round the hero flung ;
As they embrace the clashing corslets rung.

The Dane resumes : " With the sun's rising beam, 255
We may, in fields of death, contend for fame ;
Receive this shield, that, midst to-morrow's storms,
Haco may grateful shun his well-known arms."

He said ; and gave the gold-enamelled round ;
While, as he reached, the studded thongs resound. 260
The amicable colloquy they end ;

And each, a foe, clasped in his arms a friend.
This to the camp his dusky journey bends ;
While that to Albion's chiefs the hill ascends.

Th' exploring journey all with pleasure hear, 265
And own the valiant scout their noble care.

Dissolved the council; the attack declined;
Each with the gift of sleep indulged his mind:
And, 'midst his kindred-bands supinely laid,
Each softly slumbered on a mossy bed.

270

His mind to soft repose young Alpin bends,
And seeks the humble circle of his friends:
Reclining on a rock the hero lies,
And gradual slumbers steal upon his eyes.
Still to his mind the Danish camp arose,
Hung on his dreams, and hagg'd his calm repose:
Once more he mixed with Haco in the fight,
And urged, impending, on the Danish flight.

275

THE HIGHLANDER:

A POEM.

CANTO II.

HEAVEN'S opening portals shot the beam of day ;
Earth changed her sable robe to sprightly grey ;
To west's dark goal the humid night is fled ;
The sun o'er ocean rears his beamy head ;
The splendid gleam from Scottish steel returns, 5
And all the light reflexive mountains burns.

Deep-sounding bag-pipes, gaining on the air,
With lofty voice awake the Scottish war.
The gallant chiefs, along the mountain's brow,
Stand 'cased in arms, and lower upon the foe ; 10
Or awful through the forming squadrons shine,
Build up the ranks, and stretch the lengthened line.

Each clan their standards from the beam unbind ;
They float along, and clap upon the wind :
The hieroglyphic honours of the brave 15
Acquire a double horror as they wave.

The southern warriors stretch the lines of war
Full on the right, obedient to Dumbar.

Hardened to manhood in the school of arms,
He moves along sedately as he forms : 20
Next deeply stretch their regular array,
To break the iron tempest of the day,
The sons of Lennox, and their gallant Grahame,
Oft honoured with the bloody spoils of fame.
He towers along with unaffected pride, 25
Whilst they display their blazing arms aside.

Great Somerled possess the middle space,
And ranged the kindred valour of his race ;
The dauntless sons of Morchuan's rocky soil,
And the rough manhood of Mull's sea-girt isle. 30

The mountain-chiefs, in burning arms incased,
And carrying all their country in their breast,
Undaunted rear their useful arms on high,
Now fought for food, and now for liberty,
Now met the sport of hills, now of the main, 35
Here pierced a stag, and there transfixed a Dane.
Though nature's walls their homely huts inclose ;
To guard their homely huts, though mountains rose ;
Yet feeling Albion in their breasts, they dare
From rocks to rush, and meet the distant war. 40

The full-formed lines now crown the mountain's brow,
And wave a blazing forest o'er the foe.
The king commands : down in array they creep ;
Their clanking arms beat time to every step ;
As they descend, they stretch along the strand, 45
Restore the ranks, and make a solemn stand.

Before the camp the Danish columns rise,
And stretch the battle to the clarion's voice.
Majestic Sueno kept the higher place,
Great in the war, as in his noble race ; 50
And, when the sword to milder peace shall yield,
In council great, as in the thundering field.

Behind their king, to either hand afar,
Rough Norway's sons extend the front of war.

He moves, incased in steel and majesty, 55
Along the ranks, and plans them with his eye ;
Speaks his commands with unaffected ease,
And unconcerned the coming battle sees.

Bent on his purpose, obstinately brave,
To win a kingdom, or an honest grave, 60
He seemed to look tow' rds Norway's rocky shore,
And say,—I'll conquer, or return no more.

Far to the right fierce Magnus' fiery sway
Compels the troops, and rears the quick array :
Haughty he moves, and catching flame from far, 65
Looks tow' rds the Scots, anticipates the war ;
Feels cruel joys in all his fibres rise,
And gathers all his fury to his eyes.

Young Haco on the left the battle rears,
And moves majestic through a wood of spears ; 70
With martial skill the rising ranks he forms,
No novice in the iron-trade of arms.
Thus formed, the Danes, in unconfused array,
Stretch their long lines along the murmuring sea.
Their anchored ships, a sable wood, behind, 75
Nod on the wave, and whistle to the wind.

On either side thus stretched the manly line ;
With darting gleam the steel-clad ridges shine :
On either side the gloomy lines incede,
Foot rose with foot, and head advanced with head. 80
Thus when two winds descend upon the main,
To fight their battles on the watery plain,
In two black lines the equal waters crowd,
On either side the white-topped ridges nod.
At length they break, and raise a bubbling sound, 85
While echo rumbles from the rocks around.

Thus march the Danes, with spreading wings afar ;
Thus moves the horror of the Scottish war ;
While drowsy silence droops her mournful head,
Whose calm repose the clanking arms invade. 90

The mountain-youth, with unaffected pride,
 Twice thirty warriors rising by his side,
 His native band, precedes the Scottish forms,
 A shining column in the day of arms.
 In act to throw, he holds the ponderous spear, 95
 And views with awful smiles the face of war.
 Nodding along, his polished helmet shines,
 And looks superior o'er the subject lines.

On either side, devoured the narrow ground
 The moving troops. The hostile ridges frowned. 100
 From either host the herald's awful breath
 Rung, in the trumpet's throat, the peal of death.
 The martial sound fomented their kindling rage;
 Onward they rush, and in a shout engage.
 The swords through air their gleaming journeys fly, 105
 Crash on the helms, and tremble in the sky.
 Groan follows groan, and wound succeeds on wound,
 While dying bodies quiver on the ground.

Thus, when devouring hatchet-men invade,
 With sounding steel, the forest's leavy head, 110
 The mountains ring with their repeated strokes;
 The tapering firs, the elms, the aged oaks,
 Quake at each gash; then nod the head and yield,
 Groan as they fall, and tremble on the field.
 Thus fell the men; blood forms a lake around, 115
 While groans and spears hoarse harmony resound.
 The mountains hear, and thunder back the noise,
 And echo stammers with unequal voice.

As yet the battle hung in doubtful scales;
 Each bravely fought, in death or only fails. 120
 All, all are bent on death or victory,
 Resolved to conquer, or with glory die.
 Fierce Denmark's honour kindles fire in these;
 On these pale Albion bends her parent-eyes.
 This sternly says, "Shall Denmark's children fly?" 125
 But that, "Or save, or with your country die."

The Scots, a stream, would sweep the Danes away;
 The Danes, a rock, repelled the Scots array.
 They fight alternate, and alternate fly,
 Both wound, both conquer, both with glory die. 130

Thrice Haco strove to break Dumbar's array,
 And thrice Dumbar impelled him to the sea.
 The fiery Magnus, foaming on the right,
 Pours on the mountain-chiefs his warrior might.
 The mountain-youths the furious chief restrain, 135
 And turn the battle back upon the Dane.

The ranks of Sueno stand in firm array,
 As hoary rocks repel the raging sea.
 The hero to the phalanx crowds his might,
 And calmly manages the standing fight ; 140
 Not idly madd'ning in the bloody fray,
 He wears delib'rately the foe away.

Straight on his spear the godlike Alpin stood,
 His flaming armour 'smeared with Danish blood.
 He casts behind an awe-commanding look, 145
 And to his few, but valiant, followers spoke :

" The cautious Danes, O friends ! in firm array,
 With perseverance may secure the day ;
 Our people fall. Let us their force divide ;
 Invade with flame their transports on the tide. 150

They will defend, the Scots restore the day ;
 Follow, my friends, your Alpin leads the way !"
 He said, and rushed upon the phalanxed Dane ;
 The bending ranks beneath his sword complain.

Arms, groans of men, beat time to every wound, 155
 Nod at each blow, and thunder on the ground.
 Behind his friends advance with martial care,
 Move step for step, and spread the lane of war.

He lowers before, and clears the rugged road ;
 They rush behind, a rough and headlong flood. 160

Thus on some eminence the lab'ring swain
 Unlocks his sluice to drench the thirsty plain ;

With mattock armed, he shapes the water's course ;
The liquid flows behind with rapid force.

Thus valiant Alpin hews his bloody way, 165
And thus his friends force through their firm array ;
With great effort he seizes on the strand,
Turns to his friends, and issues his command :

" Thicken your lines, the battle's shock sustain,
And gall with vigour the recoiling Dane. 170

Brave Caledonians ! face your country's foe ;
Your lives are hers, her own on her bestow."
He added not. The valiant youths obey ;
The hero shaped along his rapid way ;
Rushed to the camp, and seized a flaming brand, 175
Then took his lofty seat upon the strand.

Swift from his arm the crackling ember flies,
Whizzes along, and kindles in the skies :
The pitchy hull receives the sparkling fire ;
The kindling ship the fanning winds inspire. 180
Black smoke ascends ; at length the flames arise,
Hiss through the shrouds, and crackle in the skies.
The riding fleet is all in darkness lost,

Its canvas wings the flame spreads on the blast.
Red embers, falling from the burning shroud, 185
Hiss in the wave, and bubble in the flood.

Great Sueno turns, and sees the flame behind
Swell its huge columns on the driving wind ;
Then thus to Eric : " Urge your speedy flight,
Recal the fiery Magnus from the right : 190
Quick let him come ! th' endanger'd transports save,
And dash against the burning ship the wave."

The youth obeys, and, flying o'er the sand,
Repeats in Magnus' ear the king's command.
The warrior starts, rage sparkling in his eyes, 195
He towers along, resounding as he flies.
He comes : from Sueno's army squadrons fall
Around the chief, and rear the manly wall ;

Till in their front the stately chief appears,
They wave behind an iron wood of spears ; 200
In all the gloomy pomp of battle lower,
And beat with sounding steps the fatal shore.

Bent to support the flame, his thin array
Young Alpin draws along the murmuring sea.
He holds the massy spear in act to throw, 205
And bends his fiery eyes upon the foe.

Advanced,—with awful din the fight began ;
Steel speaks on steel, man urges upon man.
Groans, shouts, arms, men, a jarring discord sound,
Gain on the sky, and shake the mountains round. 210

Fierce Magnus here would rush into the main ;
Young Alpin there would keep at bay the Dane.
One pushes the swift boat into the sea ;
Through his bent back the faulchion cleaves its way :
Another dashes to the ship the wave, 215
And bends at once into a watery grave ;
Spouts with departing breath the bubbling flood,
And dyes the water with his foaming blood.

Thus fought the men.—Behind the flame resounds,
Gains on the fleet, and spreads its wasteful bounds. 220
Great Magnus, burning at the dismal sight,
Advanced, with rage redoubled, to the fight.
“ Degen’rate Danes !” the raging warrior cries,
“ The day is lost,—your fame, your honour, dies !
Advance,—condense your ranks,—bear on your way, 225
And sweep these daring striplings to the sea.”

The men advance : proceeds their haughty lord,
And wounds the air with his impatient sword.
Bending where Alpin reapt the bloody plain,
“ Turn ! here’s a man ; turn, stripling, here’s a Dane !” 230
He said.—The mountain-warrior turns his eyes,
Then sternly wheels, and with a blow replies.
Great Magnus falling on young Alpin’s shield,
Adds to the dismal thunder of the field.

Revengeful Alpin, with descending blade, 235
Crashes the shining thunder on his head.
They aim, defend ; their swords, at every stroke,
Talk on the way, and gleam along the smoke.

At length on Magnus fate deals home a wound ;
He nods to death, and thunders on the ground. 240
Starting from the wide wound, the bubbling blood
Sinks through the sand, and rolls a smoking flood.
Prone on the strand, extended every way,
Clad o'er with steel, a shining trunk he lay.
Thus, on its lofty seat, should winds invade 245
The statue, keeps the mem'ry of the dead,
It quakes at every blast, and nods around,
Then falls, a shapeless ruin, to the ground.

The Danes beholding their commander die,
Start from their ranks, and in confusion fly. 250
The youth pursues : the flames behind him roar,
Catch all the fleet, and clothe with smoke the shore.
Mean time great Sueno, Denmark's valiant king,
Round royal Indulph bends the hostile ring.
Hemmed in a circle of invading men, 255
They face on every side the closing Dane ;
Deal blow for blow, and wound return for wound,
And bring the staggering en'my to the ground.
Great Somerled, Argyle's majestic lord,
Through Harald's sounding helmet drives his sword : 260
Staggering he falls ; his rattling arms resound,
And in the pangs of death he bites the ground.

Through Hilric's shield great Indulph urged the spear ;
It pierced his breast, and smoked behind in air :
Groaning he sinks ; as when repeated strokes 265
Bring headlong to the ground the slaughtered ox.

Brave Grahame through mighty Canute urged the spear,
Where, 'twixt the helm and mail, the neck was bare.
Pressed with the helm his ponderous head inclined,
He nodding falls, as trees o'erturned by wind. 270

While thus the en'my's front the chieftains wore,
 And piled with hostile trunks the fatal shore,
 By slow degrees their force declines away,
 Surrounding Denmark gains upon the day.
 Great Indulph stood amidst the warrior-ring; 275
 All give attention to their valiant king:

"Hear me, ye chiefs," the mournful monarch cries,
 "We fall to-day, our state, our country dies.
 Let us acquit ourselves of Albion's death,
 And yield in her defence our latest breath." 280

He said, and rushed from the surrounding ring,
 And 'midst the battle sought the Danish king.
 Ready to fight the royal warriors stood,
 And longed to revel in each other's blood;
 While Alpin, rushing from the flaming shore, 285
 With wasteful path pursued the flying power,
 Hewed through great Sueno's ring his bloody way,
 And to the desp'rate chieftains gave the day,
 Rushed 'twixt great Indulph and bold Sueno's sword,
 And with his royal life preserved his lord. 290
 Brave Sueno nods, falls to the strand, and cries,
 "O honour! Denmark lost, undone!" and dies.

But still fierce Denmark made a broken stand;
 Here stands a squadron, there a gloomy band
 Rears a firm column on the smoky shore, 295
 Makes the last efforts of a dying power.

Thus, after fire through lanes its way has took,
 A prostrate village lies o'erwhelmed in smoke;
 But here and there some sable turrets stand,
 And look, a dismal ruin, o'er the land. 300
 So stood the Danes; but, soon o'erpowered, they fly,
 Stumble along, and in their flight they die.

Norvegia's sons, of Magnus' fire bereft,
 Fell down before the chieftains of the left.
 The great Dumbar, upon the right, repelled 305
 Young Haco's force, and swept him off the field:

He winds his hasty march along the coast,
Fights as he flies, and shields his little host.
At length, within a wood o'ershades the sea,
With new-felled oaks he walls his thin array;
Bent on his fate, and obstinately brave,
There marked at once his battle-field and grave.

310

THE HIGHLANDER:

A POEM.

CANTO III.

As when, beneath the night's tempestuous cloud,
Embattled winds assail the leafy wood,
Tear on their sable way with awful sound,
And bring the groaning forest to the ground:
The trunks of elms, the shrub, the fir, the oak, 5
In one confusion sink beneath the shock :
So death's sad spoils the bloody field bestrowed ;
The haughty chieftain, the ignoble crowd,
The coward, brave, partake the common wound,
Are friends in death, and mingle on the ground. 10

Dark night approached : the flaming lord of day
Had plunged his glowing circle in the sea ;
On the blue sky the gath'ring clouds arise,
And tempests clap their wings along the skies ;
The murm'ring voice of heaven, at distance, fails, 15
And eddying whirlwinds howl along the vales ;
The sky inwrapt in awful darkness lowers,
And threatens to descend at once in showers.

The Caledonian chiefs, to shun the storm,
Beneath a leafy oak their council form. 20

An ancient trunk supports the weary king ;
The nobles bend around the standing ring.
With swords unsheathed the awful forms appeared,
Their shining arms with Danish blood besmeared :
Their eyes shoot fire ; their meins unsettled shew, 25
The battle frowns as yet upon their brow.

The monarch rose, and leaning on the oak,
Stretched out his hand, and to the nobles spoke :
“ My lords ! the Danes, for so just Heav’n decreed,
Even on that shore they thought to conquer, bleed. 30

In vain death wrapt our fathers in his gloom,
We raise them, in our actions, from the tomb.
Not infamous their aim, o’er lands afar
To spread destruction and the plague of war ;
To meet the sons of battle as they roam, 35
Content to ward them from their native home ;
To shew invaders that they dared to die,
For barren rocks, for fame, and liberty.

In you they live, fall’n Denmark’s host may shew ;
Accept my thanks ; your country thanks you too.” 40

He added not ; but turned his eyes around,
Till in the ring the valiant youth he found.
“ Approach, brave youth !” the smiling monarch cried,
“ Your country’s soldier, and your country’s pride.
Scotland shall thank thee for this gallant strife, 45
While grateful Indulph owes to thee his life.”

Thus he, advancing ; and with ardour prest
The gallant warrior to his royal breast.
The unpretentious Alpin bends his eyes,
And, mixed with blushes, to the king replies : 50

“ To save our king, our country’s ancient throne,
Are debts incumbent on her every son ;
O monarch ! add it not to Alpin’s praise,
That of this gen’ral debt his part he pays.”

Thus said the youth, and modestly retired, 55
While, as he moves, the king and chiefs admired :
Slow to his stand his easy steps he bears,
And hears his praises with unwilling ears.

The king resumes : " O chiefs, O valiant peers !
Glad Caledonia dries her running tears : 60
The warrior raised his faulchion o'er her head
Now sleeps forgotten on an earthen bed.

Fierce Scandinavia's fatal storms are o'er,
Her thunderbolts lie harmless on the shore.
But as when, after night has beat a storm, 65

On the mild morn some spots the sky deform,
The broken clouds from every quarter sail,
Join their black troops, and all the heavens veil ;
The winds arise, descends the sluicy rain,
The storm, with force redoubled, beats the plain : 70

So, when the youthful Haco shall afar
Collect the broken fragments of the war,
The hero, armed with Sueno's death, may come,
And claim an expiation on his tomb.

Deep in that wood the gallant warrior lies : 75
Who shall to-night his little camp surprise,
Surround the martial Dane with nightly care,
And give the final stroke to dying war :
Hence Norway's ships shall shun our fatal sea,
And point the crooked beak another way ; 80
If chance they spy where oft their armies fell,
Shall turn the prow, and crowd away the sail."

He said no more : the gen'rous chiefs arise,
Bent on the glory of the enterprise.
Eager to climb through dang'rous paths to fame, 85
The nightly war they severally claim.

One chief observed where godlike Haco lay ;
This knew the wood, and that the dusky way :
Another urged his more unwearied friends ;
And every chieftain something recommends. 90

Thus for the arduous task the chiefs contest,
While each would grasp the danger to his breast.
Th' attentive monarch heard their brave debates,
And with a secret joy his soul dilates.

Young Alpin burns to urge the war of night, 95
To mix again with Haco in the fight.

Eager he stood, and thus the chiefs addressed,
The warrior lab'ring in his manly breast :

" King ! gallant chiefs ! this enterprise I claim ;
Here let me fix my unestablished fame. 100

Already you have beat her arduous path,
Reaped glorious harvests in the fields of death :

Repeated feats fixed fame within your power,
But I gleam once, then sink, and am no more.

Nor am I wholly ign'rant of the fight, 105
I've urged the gloomy battles of the night :

Æbudæ's chief once touched on Abria's strand,
And swept our mountains with his pilf'ring band ;

All day they drove our cattle to the sea,
I went at midnight, and rescued the prey ; 110

With a poor handful, and a faithful sword,
Dispersed the robbers and their haughty lord.

'Twas I commanded—these the gallant men !
May we not act that midnight o'er again ?"

The hero spoke : a murm'ring voice ensued 115
Of loud applause : each hero's mind subdued,

The glorious danger to the youth resigns :

He tow'rs along, and marshals up his lines.

Some gallant youths, to share his fame, arise,
And mingle in the glorious enterprise. 120

The warrior-band move on in firm array ;
He tow'rs before along the sounding sea.

Through their tall spears the singing tempest raves,
And falling headlong on the spumy waves,

Pursues the ridgy sea with awful roar, 125
And throws the liquid mountains on the shore.

In each short pause, before the billow breaks,
The clanking Caledonian armour speaks.

Thus on some night when sable tempests roar,
The watchman wearying of his lonely hour, 130
Hears some rent branch to squeak 'twixt every blast,
But in each ruder gust the creak is lost.

The king and gallant chiefs, with wishful eyes,
Pursue the youthful warrior as he flies.
His praise through all the noble circle ran ; 135
Approached the ghastly figure of a man :
His visage pale ; his locks are bleached with years ;
His tott'ring steps he onward scarcely bears :
His limbs are laced with blood, a hideous sight !
And his wet garments shed the tears of night. 140
With slow approach he lifts his fading eyes,
And raised the squeaking treble of his voice.

" O king ! I feel the leaden hand of death,
To the dark tomb I tread the gen'ral path :
Hear me, O king ! for this I left the field, 145
For this to thee my dying form revealed :
Norway in vain had interposed her flood,
I come, alas ! to pay the debt of blood.
Possessed of crimes, which the good king pursued,
In fell conspiracy, unblest ! I vowed 150
With fierce Dovalus ; that I live to tell !

By us, by us, the great king Malcolm fell !
Touched with remorse, behind my shield I laid
His smiling child, and wrapt him in my plaid.
Now to the sea we urge our rapid flight, 155
Beneath the guilty mantle of the night.
Still in my arms I little Duffus bear ;
Behind the voice of men and arms we hear.
My comrades fly.—I lay the infant down,
And with my guilty life from vengeance run. 160
They found him, sav'd him ; for I knew the voice :
It was"—He said, and closed at once his eyes ;

Slowly inclined, and tumbling headlong down,
His guilty life breathed in a feeble groan.

The mournful monarch stood in dumb surprise ; 165
The fate of Malcolm filled afresh his eyes.

He folds his arms, and bends his silent look,

Then, starting from the gloom of sorrow, spoke :

“ You see, my lords, though Denmark’s hostile state
Long saved the traitors from the hand of fate ; 170

Yet, heaven, who rules with equal sway beneath,

Snatched from her arms a victim due to death ;

Dovalus shall not sink among the dead,

But with that vengeance hangs o’er treason’s head.

Still, Malcolm, still, thou gen’rous, and thou best ! 175

’Thy fate hangs heavy on a brother’s breast ;

You left a young, you left a helpless son,

But lost to me, to Scotland, and his throne.

Perhaps, oppressed with hunger and with cold,

He tends some peasant’s cattle to the fold ; 180

Or fights a common soldier on the field,

And bows beneath the sceptre he should wield.”

No more he said : the noble circle sighed ;

They droop the silent head, nor aught replied.

Now died apace the occidental light ; 185

The subject world receives the flood of night.

The king from every side his troops recalls ;

They fall around and rear their manly walls.

He issues to return the great command,

They move along, and leave the fatal strand. 190

The city gained, each soldier’s weary breast

Forgets the day, and sooths his toil with rest.

The king receives, with hospitable care,

The gallant chiefs, and drowns in wine the war.

Within the royal hall the nobles sat ; 195

The royal hall in simple nature great.

No pigmy art, with little mimicry,

Distracts the sense, or pains the weary eye :

Shields, spears, and helms, in beauteous order shone,
Along the walls of uncemented stone. 200

Here all the noble warriors crown the bowl,
And with the gen'rous nectar warm the soul;
With social talk steal lazy time away,
Recounting all the dangers of the day:
They turn to Alpin, and the gloomy fight, 205
And toast the gallant warrior of the night.

Meantime young Alpin 'girts the fatal wood,
And longs to mix again with Danish blood.
Already Haco had, with martial care,
With walls of oak embraced an ample square: 210
Himself beneath a tree the storm defends,
And keeps in arms around his watchful friends.

The fair Aurelia by the hero's side,
An awful warrior, and a blooming bride,
Who placed in martial deeds her virgin care, 215
Wields in her snowy hand the ashen spear.
A silver mail hung round her slender waist,
The corslet rises on her heaving breast.
On her white arm the brazen buckler shows,
The shining helm embraced her marble brows; 220
Her twining ringlets flowing down behind,
Sung grateful music to the nightly wind.

Fate was unkind: just as the lovers wed,
Nor yet had tasted of the nuptial bed;
Great Sueno's trumpet called the youth to war, 225
He sighed, embraced, and left the weeping fair.
With love emboldened, up the virgin rose,
From her soft breast the native woman throws;
And with the gallant warrior clothes the wife,
Following her Haco to the bloody strife. 230

She sought her love through war's destructive path,
And often turned from him the hand of death.
The chief, attentive, all the youth surveyed,
And in the warrior found the lovely maid.

She leans inclining on her martial spear, 235
And only for the youth employs her fear.

The valiant Scot assails the oaken wall :
The bulwark groans, the brave defenders fall.
With sounding steel the firm barrier he plied,
And poured his warriors in on every side. 240
The godlike Haco, rushing through the night,
Now here, now there, opposed th' invaders' might ;
To every corner gave divided aid,
Still, still supported by the martial maid.

Thus when the ocean, swelling o'er the strand, 245
Invades with billowy troops the subject land,
The sed'lous swains the earthen weight oppose,
And fill the fissures where the tempest flows ;
So valiant Haco flew to every side,
And stemmed with pointed steel the manly tide ; 250
With great effort preserved the narrow field,
And 'twixt the fair and danger kept the shield.
She, only she, employs the hero's care ;
Haco forgot, he only thinks on her.

He longs to sink with glory to the dead, 255
But can he leave in grief the captive maid ?
Her dying image hags his fancy's eyes,
What should he do, if fair Aurelia dies ?
Love, mighty love, arrested all his pow'r ;
He wished for flight, who never fled before. 260

But as the lioness, to save her young,
Despises death, and meets the hunter-throng ;
So, starting from the sable maze of care,
He faces death, and shields the lovely fair.
The martial maid, with equal love possessed, 265
Would dart 'twixt danger and her Haco's breast,
Oppose her buckler to the lifted spear,
And turn from him the iron hand of war.

Now godlike Alpin hewed his bloody path
Through Danish ranks, and marked his steps with death. 270

Th' inclosed square with desp'rate hand he shears,
 And reaps a bloody field of men and spears.
 Groans, crashing steel, and clangour of the fight,
 Increase the stormy chorus of the night.

The Danes, diminished, meet the unequal war, 275
 Where two fall'n oaks confine an inner square;
 Join their broad shields, the close-wedged column rear,
 And on the Scottish battle turn the spear.
 On every side the Caledonians close,
 Hemming the desp'rate phalanx of the foes, 280
 To give the final stroke to battle crowd,
 While Haco thus bespoke the Danes aloud:
 "Ye sons of North, unfortunate, though brave!
 Here fate has marked out our common grave,
 Has doomed our bodies to enrich these plains: 285
 Then die revenged—like warriors and like Danes!"

He spoke, and turning to the martial maid,
 Embraced her softly, and thus sighing said:
 "Shall then my spouse, my love, my only joy,
 Shall fair Aurelia with her Haco die? 290
 Thy death afflicts me.—I in vain complain;
 I'll save Aurelia, or expire—a Dane!"
 He said, and, gath'ring up his spacious shield,
 Prepared to meet the battle in the field.

Young Alpin heard. It touched his feeling breast, 295
 He stopped the war, and thus the Dane addressed:
 "Our Caledonia, now relieved of fear,
 Feels pity rising in the place of care,
 Disdains to tyrannise o'er vanquished foes,
 And for her steel on them her pity throws. 300
 I now dismiss brave Haco from the field,
 And own the gen'rous present of the shield."

He said: his thanks returns the royal Dane,
 Himself escorts them to the sounding main.

A ship escaped the flame, within a bay, 305
 Where bending rocks exclude the rougher sea,

Secure from stormy winds in safety rides,
And slowly nods on the recoiling tides:
Thither they bend, and launching to the sea,
Plow with the crooked beak the wat'ry way;
Their sable journey to the North explore,
And leave their sleeping friends upon the shore,

THE HIGHLANDER:

A POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE sprightly morn, with early blushes spread,
Rears o'er the eastern hills her rosy head :
The storm subsides ; the breezes, as they pass,
Sigh on their way along the pearly grass.
Sweet carol all the songsters of the spray ;
Calm and serene comes on the gentle day.

5

Amidst attendant fair Culena moves,
Culena, fruit of Indulph's nuptial loves !
Too soon to fate the beauteous queen resigned,
But left the image of herself behind.
To the calm main the lovely nymphs repair,
To breathe along the strand the morning air ;
They brush with easy steps the dewy grass,
Observing beauteous nature as they pass.

10

Th' imperial maid moves with superior grace ;
Awe mixed with mildness sat upon her face ;
High inbred virtue all her bosom warms,
In beauty rises, and improves her charms.

15

Silent and slow she moves along the main,
Behind, her maids attend, a modest train ! 20
Observe her as she moves with native state,
And gather all their motions from her gait.

Thus through Idalia's balm-distilling grove,
Majestic moves the smiling queen of love :
Her hair flows down her snowy neck behind, 25
Her purple mantle floats upon the wind ;
The Graces move along, a blooming train !
And borrow all the gestures of their queen.

Thus steal the lovely maids their tardy way
Along the silent border of the sea. 30
Slow-curling waves advance upon the main,
And often threat the shore, and oft abstain.
A woody mound, which reared aloft its head,
Threw trembling shadows o'er a narrow mead :
From a black rock crystalline waters leap, 35
Arch as they fall, and through the valley creep,
Chide with the murmuring pebbles as they pass,
Or hum their purling journey through the grass.

Pleased with the scene the wand'ring virgins stood ;
The main below, above the lofty wood. 40
Their eyes they sate with the transporting scene,
And, sitting, press the fair-enamel'd green ;
Enjoy with innocence the growing day,
And steal with harmless talk the time away.

Meantime fierce Corbred, who preferred in vain 45
His suit to Agnes, fairest of the train,
Who fled from Tweed to shun his hated arms,
Entrusting fair Culena with her charms ;
Saw the disdainful nymph remote from aid,
And bent his lustful eyes upon the maid. 50
He rushed with headlong ruffians from the wood,
And seized the fair : the virgins shriek aloud.
For help, for help, the struggling virgin cries,
And as she shrieks, aloud the wood replies.

Alpin alone, (his men were sent before), 55
Stalked on his thoughtful way along the shore.
The distant plaint assailed the hero's ear,
He drew his sword, and rushed to save the fair.
Before the chief the dastard Corbred fled,
And to her brave preserver left the maid. 60
Prostrate on earth the lovely virgin lay,
Her roses fade, and all her charms decay :
In humid rest her bending eye-lids close ;
With slow returns her bosom fell and rose :
At length returning life her bosom warms, 65
Glow in her cheeks, and lights up all her charms.
Thus, when invading clouds the moon assail,
The landscape fails, and fades the shining vale ;
But soon as Cynthia rushes on the sight,
Reviving fields are silvered o'er with light. 70
Th' affrighted fair the gallant warrior leads,
To join, upon the sand, the flying maids.
They crowd their cautious steps along the sea,
Quake at each breath, and tremble on their way ;
Their tim'rous breasts unsettled from surprise, 75
To every side they dart their careful eyes.
Thus, on the heathy wild the hunted deer
Start at each blast, together crowd through fear,
Tremble and look about, before, behind,
Then stretch along, and leave the mountain-wind. 80
The gallant youth presents the rescued fair,
Confirms their trembling breasts, removes their care ;
The gen'rous story from herself they hear,
And drink his praises with a greedy ear ;
Steal on the youth their eyes, as Agnes spoke, 85
And pour their flutt'ring souls at every look.
But fair Culena feels a keener dart ;
It pierced her breast, and sunk into her heart :
She hears attentive, views, admires, and loves,
Her eye o'er all the man with pleasure roves. 90

With painful joy she feels the flame increase,
Her pride denies it, but her eyes confess :
She starts, and blushing turns her eye aside,
But love steps in, and steals a look from pride.

Thus fair Culena struggles up the stream, 95
And 'tempts in vain to quench the rising flame.
At length, with blushing cheek and bending look,
Th' imperial maid the warrior thus bespoke :
" O gen'rous chief ! for thus your deeds would say,
How shall our gratitude thy kindness pay ? 100
Indulph shall hear, and Indulph shall reward ;
Such gen'rous actions claim a king's regard."

She said ; and thus the chief : " Imperial maid,
More than the debt thy approbation paid.
In this I did not strive with gallant men, 105
Or drive disordered squadrons from the plain ;
But frightened from his prey a sensual slave ;
The gloomy sons of guilt are never brave.
Whoe'er would seize on a defenceless fair,
Would shun the sword, and fly amain from war." 110

He said, and stalked away with manly state ;
Grandeur, with awe commixed, informed his gait.
His pond'rous mail reflects the trembling day,
And all his armour rings along the way.
The royal maid observes him as he flies, 115
In silence stands, and from her bosom sighs,
Slowly moves on before the silent fair,
And in the palace shuts her secret care.

Meantime young Alpin seeks the king and peers ;
But fair Culena in his bosom bears. 120
In vain against the rising flame he strove,
For all the man dissolved at once to love.

Within the high-arched hall the nobles sat,
And formed in council the reviving state ;
For instant peace solicitous prepare, 125
And raise a bulwark 'gainst the future war.

No high-flown zeal the patriot hurled along,
No secret gold engaged the speaker's tongue ;
No jarring seeds are by a tyrant sown,
Nor cunning senate undermines the throne. 130
To public good their public thoughts repair,
And Caledonia is the gen'ral care.

No orator in pompous phrases shines,
Or veils with public weal his base designs.
Truth stood conspicuous, undisguised by art ; 135
They spoke the homely language of the heart.

Arrived the gallant warrior of the night ;
They hear with eager joy the gloomy fight.
His conduct, courage, and compassion raise,
And every voice is forward in his praise. 140

The great Dumbar his awful stature rears,
His temples whitened with the snow of years.
On the brave youth he bends his solemn look,
Then, turning round, thus to the nobles spoke :
" Beneath the royal banner, Scots afar 145

Had urged on Humber's banks the foreign war ;
My father dead, though young I took the shield,
And led my kindred warriors to the field.
The noble Caledonian camp was laid
Within the bosom of a spacious mead. 150

Green-rising hills encompassed it around,
And these king Malcolm with his archers crowned ;
Full on the right a spacious wood arose,
And thither night conveyed a band of foes.
The king commands a chief to clear the wood, 155
And I the dang'rous service claim aloud.
I went, expelled the foes, and killed their lord,
And ever since have worn his shining sword.

I now retire from war, in age to rest ;
Take it, brave youth, for you can wield it best." 160

He said, and reached the sword. The youth replied,
Shooting the heavy blade athwart his side :

“ My lord, with gratitude this sword I take,
 Esteem the present for the giver’s sake.
 It still may find the way it oft explored, 165
 And glut with hostile blood its second lord ;
 To bloody honour, hew its wasteful path,
 A faithful sickle in the fields of death.”

He thus. With placid mein great Indulph rose,
 And spoke : “ Thus always meet our Albion’s foes ; 170
 With foreign blood your native arms adorn,
 And boldly fight for ages yet unborn.

For us, my lords, fought all our godlike sires ;
 The debt we owe to them our race requires :
 Though future arms our country should enslave, 175
 She shall acquit our ashes in the grave ;
 Posterity degen’rate, as they groan,
 Shall bless their sires, and call their woes their own.

Let us, my lords, each virtuous spark inspire,
 And where we find it, blow it to a fire. 180

Thy service, gallant Alpin, in this war,
 Shall both be Indulph’s and the senate’s care.
 Meantime, with manly sports and exercise,
 Let us from bus’ness turn the mental eyes :
 The mind relaxed acquires a double force, 185
 And with new vigour finishes the course.”

He added not : the godlike chiefs obey ;
 All rise at once ; great Indulph leads the way.
 The palace here, and there a virid mound,
 Confine a flow’ry spot of grassy ground. 190

The under-rock, emerging through the green,
 Chequers with hoary knobs the various scene.
 Thither repair the chiefs and sceptered king,
 And bend upon the plain the hollow ring.

Obedient servants from the palace bear 195
 The horny bow, the helm, the shining spear,
 The mail, the corslet, and the brazen shield ;
 And throw the ringing weight upon the field.

Imperial Indulph, tow'ring o'er the plain,
With placid words addressed the warrior train : 200

" Let those who bend the stubborn bow arise,
And with the feathered shaft dispute the prize ;
An antique bow a Balearian wore,
When Romans thundered on our Albion's shore.
The skilful archer, dealing death afar, 205
Threw on our Scottish host the distant war ;
Great Fergus springs, a king devoid of fear,
And through his body shoots the reeking spear ;
The bloody spoil through striving cohorts brings,
And sends this relic down to after kings." 210

Thus, grasping the long bow, the monarch said :
Rose valiant Grahame and youthful Somerled.
Next Gowal in the strife demands a part,
Famed on his native hills to wing the dart.

Full on the mound a helm, their aim, was placed ; 215
And Gowal drew the nerve first to his breast ;
The bow reluctant yields, then backward springs ;
The nerve resounds, through air the arrow sings.
Close to the aim, the earth the arrow meets,
And, as it vibrates, the bright helmet beats. 220
Applause ensues. The shaft was sent by Grahame,
And cut its brazen journey through the aim.
The prize on him the murm'ring chiefs bestow,
Till Somerled assumes the ancient bow.
The dancing chord the leaping arrow left, 225
And, rushing, took on end Grahame's birchen shaft ;
Tore on its way, around the shivers fly,
And Somerled brings off the prize with joy.
" Who," cries the king, " this shield his prize shall bear,
And fling with skilful hand the martial spear ? 230
Behind this buckler mighty Kenneth stood,
When Tay, impurpled, ran with Pictish blood."

He said, and placed a mark, the knobby round,
And measured back with equal steps the ground.

The valiant Grahame, the mountain-youth, arose ; 235
 Gowal again his martial stature shows ;
 Bent on the knobby splendour of the prize,
 First from his hand the singing weapon flies.
 The steel-head marked a circle as it run,
 Flamed with the splendour of the setting sun. 240

Thus when the night the weeping sky o'er-veils,
 Athwart the gloom the streaming meteor sails,
 Kindles a livid circle as it flies,
 And with its glory dazzles human eyes.

Thus flew the spear, and sinking in the mound, 245
 With quick vibrations beat the air around ;
 But missed the shield. Grahame's not unpractised art
 Dismisses through the air the murm'ring dart :
 Full on the middle boss it takes the shield ;
 The fighting metals clatter o'er the field : 250
 From the firm knob the point obliquely flies,
 And on the field the trembling weapon lies.

Next valiant Alpin takes the pond'rous spear,
 And bending back dismisses it through air :
 The long quick weapon flying o'er the field, 255
 Falls on the boss, and perforates the shield ;
 The waving shaft is planted on the mound ;
 And with applause the neighbouring rocks resound.

Young Somerled wrenched from the rock a quoit,
 A huge, enormous, sharp, unweildy weight ; 260
 Such now-a-days as many panting swains
 A witness rear on long-contested plains :
 Slow-bending down, at length the hero springs ;
 The rolling rock along the heavens sings ;
 Falling, it shakes at once the neighb'ring ground, 265
 And on the face of earth indents a wound.

Thus when strong winds the aged tow'r invade,
 And throw the shapeless ruin from its head ;
 It falls, and cleaves its bed into the ground ;
 The valley shakes, and rocks complain around. 270

All try the mark to reach, but try in vain;
 All falling short, unequal wound the plain.
 Alpin with diffidence assumes the stone,
 For such a space had Somerled o'erthrown:
 Th' unwieldy rock a while he weighs with care, 275
 Then springing sends it whizzing through the air;
 The wond'ring warriors view it as it rolls;
 Far o'er the distant mark the discus falls;
 It shakes the plain, and deals a gaping wound,
 Such as when headlong torrents tear the ground. 280
 Th' applauding chiefs own in the manly game
 The hero great as in the fields of fame.
 Culena, leaning on her snowy arms,
 Observant from the window points her charms. 285
 Th' imperial virgin saw with pleasant pain,
 The fav'rite youth victorious on the plain:
 Sadly she sighed, accusing cruel fate,
 Which chained her in captivity of state.
 The veil of night had now inwrapt the pole;
 The feast renewed, goes round the sparkling bowl. 290
 Great Indulph rose with favour-speaking mein;
 Approaching Alpin thus the king began:
 " Say, will the stranger tell from whence he came,
 To reap this harvest of unrivalled fame?
 Nobler the youth, who, though before unknown, 295
 From merit mounts to virtue and renown,
 Than he, set up by an illustrious race,
 Totters aloft, and scarce can keep his place!"
 The monarch spoke: attentive look the peers,
 And long to drink his voice with greedy ears. 300

THE HIGHLANDER:

A POEM.

CANTO V.

THE hero, rising from his lofty seat,
Thus unpretentiously accosts the great :
“ The fame of Denmark passed our mountains o’er,
And filled our ears on Abria’s distant shore :
Brave Rynold starts : the aged chief alarms, 5
And kindles all his family to arms.
A hundred youths, who, from the sounding wood,
Or towering mountain, brought their living food,
Obey the bag-pipe’s voice ; for all in view
Of Rynold’s seat, the friendly canton grew. 10
The hoary warrior leads the onward path,
No stranger to the road which led to death.
Behind advancing, I, with martial care,
Lead on the youthful thunder-bolts of war ;
With arms anticipate the kindling fire, 15
And move to every motion of my sire.
“ On Grampus night her mantle round us throws ;
We slept on heath ; the dappled morn arose :

Descending thence, pursue our headlong way,
And cross the silver errors of the Tay. 20
Groans, feeble shrieks, ascending from the vale,
Speak on the pinions of the southern gale.
A dismal scene breaks on our distant eyes ;
Here one pursues, and there another flies.
This breathes his life through the impurpled wound, 25
While his proud villa smokes along the ground.
That with the foe maintains unequal strife,
While his dear offspring fly, and dearer wife.
“ The senior saw it with indignant eyes,
And bid, at once, his kindred ranks arise. 30
With hasty steps we seize a virid brow,
And form a sable cloud above the foe.
Thus on the mountain’s brow, I oft have seen
The mustering clouds brew torrents for the plain ;
At length the blustering south begins to roar, 35
And heaven descends impetuous in a shower ;
The bubbling floods foam down the hill, and spread
A swimming deluge on the subject mead.
“ Thus Rynold formed on the mountain’s brow,
And headlong rushed into the vale below, 40
While on the banks of Tay terrific shine
The steel-clad foe, and stretch the hostile line.
They form a wall along the flowing flood,
And awful gleam their arms, an iron wood.
We shout, and rush upon the hostile throng : 45
The echoing fields with iron clangour rung.
Firm stood the foe, nor made they flight their care,
But hand to hand returned the equal war :
Man close to man, and shield conjoined to shield,
They with the stable phalanx keep the field. 50
With pointed spear I marked the stoutest foe,
And Heaven directed home the happy blow :
He tumbles backward to the groaning flood :
Tay circles round, and mingles with his blood.

My kindred youth their useful weapons wield, 55
Fomenting the confusion of the field.
Dane fell on Dane, and man transfix'd his man,
Till bloody torrents smok'd along the plain.
At length they fly along the banks of Tay;
Their guilty leader points th' inglorious way. 60
Eager we follow. Still the foe with art
Wound as they fly, and shoot th' inverted dart.
Rynold is wounded. Still he urg'd the foe;
While down his limbs the crimson torrents flow:
With eager voice he still foment's the strife, 65
Preferring Albion's liberty to life.

"An ancient pile upreared its reverend head,
And from its lofty seat surveyed a mead:
The mould'ring walls confessed their beauty past;
A fragment falls with each invading blast. 70
Old arms above the gate time's empire own;
The rampant lion moulders in the stone:
Tall elms around, an old and shattered band,
Their naked arms erect, like sentries stand.

"Within the ruined walls their fear inclose 75
The desp'rate squadrons of the flying foes.
An ancient plane, whose leaf-dismantled weight
Rude winds o'erturned, secures the shapeless gate.
On every side my quick array I form,
Prepared at once the muniment to storm. 80
Missing my sire, I fly to find the chief,
And give the wounded all a son's relief.

"Far on the plain the wounded warrior creeps,
And scarcely moves along his tottering steps;
But still, far as his feeble voice could bear, 85
He kindles with his words the distant war.
Quick I approached. He first the silence broke;
And leaning on his lance the warrior spoke:"

"Say, why returns young Alpin from the fight?
Pursue the foe, and urge the Danish flight. 90

I sink, my son, I sink into the grave ;
 You cannot me, your country, Alpin, save.'

" No more he said. I mournful thus reply,
 Compassion melting in my filial eye :
 ' O sire, the Danes, within yon walls secured, 95
 Will share our pity, or must feel our sword :
 Of filial duty what his wants require,
 I come to offer for a dying sire.'

" He thus returns: ' Still good, still generous mind !
 My wants are, Alpin, of no earthly kind : 100
 The world, the fading world, retires from view ;
 Earth cloyes me now, and all it has, but you.
 Go, Alpin, go ; within that lofty wood
 A hermit lives, a holy man and good !
 Relieve, my son, relieve me of my cares, 105
 And for the dying Rynold raise his prayers.'

" This said, himself the wounded warrior laid
 Within the coolness of a birchen shade :
 Some youths around employ their friendly care,
 And o'er the dying shed the mournful tear. 110
 Around the ancient fastness guards I sent,
 And to the lofty wood my journey bent.
 Two rising hills, whose brows tall poplars grace,
 With stretching arms a woody plain embrace ;
 Along the tree-set vale a riv'let flowed, 115
 And murmured softly through the under-wood :
 Along the purling stream my steps I bear,
 And seek the lonely mansions of the seer.
 Irreg'lar files of towering elms embrace,
 In their calm bosom, an enamelled space. 120
 Full at the end a rock, with sable arms
 Stretched o'er a moss-grown cave, a grotto forms.
 A silver stream, clear issuing from the stones,
 In winding mazes through the meadow runs ;
 Depending flowers their varied colours bind, 125
 Hang o'er the entrance, and defend the wind.

On a green bank the holy seer is laid,
 Where weaving branches cloud the chequered shade;
 In solemn thought his hoary head's inclined,
 And his white locks wave in the fanning wind. 130

“ With reverend steps approaching, I began :
 ‘ O blest with all that dignifies the man !
 Who, far from life, and all its noisy care,
 Enjoy'st the aim of all that wander there :
 Let, holy father, thy propitious aid 135
 Guide dying Rynold through the deathful shade.’

“ I said : the prophet heavenward lifts his eyes,
 Long fixed in solemn thought, and thus replies :
 ‘ Vain mortals ! worms of earth ! how can ye dare
 To deem your deeds not Providence's care ? 140
 Heaven looks on all below with equal eye ;
 They long escape, but yet the wicked die.
 With distant time, O youth ! my soul's imprest ;
 Futurity is lab'ring in my breast :
 Thy blood, which rolling down from Fergus came, 145
 Passes through time, a pure untainted stream.
 Albion shall in her pristine glory shine,
 And, blessed herself, bless the Fergusian line.

‘ But, ah ! I see grim treason rear its head,
 Pale Albion trembling, and her monarch dead ; 150
 The tyrant wield his sceptre 'smeared with blood—
 O base return ! but still great Heaven is good :
 He falls, he falls ; see how the tyrant lies !
 And Scotland brightens up her weeping eyes :
 The banished race again resume their own, 155
 Nor Syria boasts her royal saint alone.
 Its gloomy front the lowering season clears,
 And gently rolls a happy round of years.

‘ Again I see contending chiefs come on,
 And, as they strive to mount, they tear the throne ; 160
 To civil arms the horrid trumpet calls,
 And Caledonia by her children falls.

The storm subsides to the calm flood of peace ;
 The throne returns to Fergus' ancient race.
 Glad Caledonia owns their lawful sway ; 165
 Happy in them, in her unhappy they !
 See each inwrapped untimely in his shroud,
 For ever sleeping in his generous blood !
 Who on thy mournful tomb refrains the tear ?
 O regal charms, unfortunately fair ! 170
 Dark Faction grasps her in his sable arms,
 And crushes down to death her struggling charms :
 The rose, in all its gaudy livery drest,
 Thus faintly struggles with the blust'ring west.
 ' Why mention him in whom th' eternal fates 175
 Shall bind in peace the long-discording states ?
 See Scot and Saxon, coalesced in one,
 Support the glory of the common crown.
 Britain no more shall shake with native storms,
 But o'er the trembling nations lift her arms.' 180
 " He spoke, and in the cave inclosed his age :
 In wonder lost, I leave the hermitage,
 Measure with thoughtful steps my backward way,
 While to the womb of night retires the day.
 Pale doubtful twilight broods along the ground ; 185
 The forest nods its sleeping head around.
 " Before my eyes a ghastly vision stood ;
 A mangled man, his bosom stained with blood !
 Silent and sad the phantom stood confest,
 And shewed the streaming flood-gates of his breast. 190
 Then pointing to the dome his tardy hand,
 Thither his eyes my silent way command.
 He hands my sword, emits a feeble groan,
 And weakly says, ' Revenge me, O my son !'
 I to reply—he hissed his way along, 195
 As breezes sing through reeds their shrilly song.
 I stood aghast, then winged me to obey ;
 Across the field I sweep my hasty way.

The men I arm ; the firm barrier we ply,
 And those who dare dispute the passage die. 200
 With dying groans the lonely walls resound :
 I on the guilty leader deal a wound ;
 Through his bright helm the sword its journey takes,
 He falls, and thus with dying accents speaks :
 ‘ Just Heaven ! in vain the wicked shun thy power ; 205
 Though late thy vengeance, yet the blow is sure.
 This earth received the blood from off my hands ;
 A just return, my own, my own demands !
 In night’s dead hour, when all but treason slept,
 With ruffian bands, a bloody train, I crept. 210
 ’Twas here, ’twas here, oh ! long-deserved death !
 ’Twas here the godlike man resigned his breath :
 The sleeping fam’ly we with blood surprise,
 And send the palace flaming to the skies.
 I fled, but fled, alas ! pursued by fate : 215
 ’Tis now I find that I have sinned too late.
 O Malcolm ! O my king ! before my eyes
 He stands confessed ;—accursed Dovalus dies.’
 “ His guilty soul in these dire accents fled ;
 I left with hasty steps the silent dead. 220
 Beneath the birch my aged sire I found,
 His life was ebbing through the purple wound.
 On me the aged senior lifts his eyes,
 And mixes feeble accents with his sighs :
 ‘ Alpin, the commerce of this world I leave ; 225
 Convey my relicks to my father’s grave.
 Ten friendly youths the homely rites shall pay ;
 Lead thou the rest, my Alpin, to the fray :
 Denmark invades : this was a pilfering band,
 Who spread divided terror o’er the land.’ 230
 “ He said : a qualm succeeds ; tears fill my eyes,
 And woe securely shuts the gates of voice ;
 Silent and sad I hang the dying o’er,
 And with warm tears intenerate his gore.

" The chief resumes : ' My brave, my only son ! 235
 Yes, Alpin, I may call thee all my own ;
 I shall not veil a secret in my death ;
 Take then this story of my latest breath :
 The twentieth season liv'ries o'er the year,
 Since on the Severn's banks I met the war ; 240
 In private feud, against a Saxon lord,
 The great Dumbar had raised his kindred sword ;
 I on the foe my bow auxiliar bend,
 And join afar our fam'ly's ancient friend :
 Returning thence, I next the Tay divide, 245
 That very night the great king Malcolm died.
 My clan in arms might then preserve their king ;
 But fate withstood ; along in arms we ring.
 An infant's cries, at distance, took my ear,
 I went, found thee a helpless orphan there.' 250
 The king, who long infixed in dumb surprise,
 Run o'er the speaking youth with searching eyes,
 Here stopt him short, his arms around him flung,
 And silent on th' astonished warrior hung ;
 My son, my son, at last, perplexed, he cries, 255
 My Duffus ! tears hung in his joyful eyes :
 The crowding tide of joy his words suppressed ;
 He clasps the youth in silence to his breast.
 Th' astonished chiefs, congealed in dumb amaze,
 Stiffened to silence, on each other gaze. 260
 Sudden their cheeks are varied with surprise,
 And glad disorder darted from their eyes.
 As when before the swains, with instant sound,
 The forky bolt descending tears the ground ;
 They stand ; with stupid gaze each other eye : 265
 So stood the chiefs oppressed with sudden joy.
 At length, relaxed from fetters of surprise,
 " Welcome, brave youth !" the sceptered senior cries.
 " Welcome to honours justly thine alone,
 Triumphant mount, though late, thy father's throne. 270

To thee with joy the sceptre I resign ;
And waft the kingdom to the coming line."

He said : and thus the youth : " I only know
To shoot the spear, and bend the stubborn bow ;
Unskilled to stretch o'er nations my command, 275
Or in the scales of judgment poise a land.

Wield still the sceptre which with grace you wear,
And guide with steadier hand the regal car ;
While, looking up to thee, with humble eye,
I first transcribe my future rules of sway ; 280
Till late enjoy the throne which you bequeath,
And only date dominion from thy death."

Resolved he spoke : bursts of applause around
Break on the chiefs : with joy the halls resound.
As when some valiant youth returns from far, 285
And leaves the fields of death, and finished war ;
Whom time and honest scars another made,
And friendly hope long placed among the dead ;
At first his sire looks with indifference on,
But soon he knows, and hangs upon his son : 290
So all the chiefs the royal youth embrace ;
While joys, tumultuous, rend the lofty place.

While thus the king and noble chiefs rejoice,
Harmonious bards exalt the tuneful voice :
A select band by Indulph's bounty fed, 295
To keep in song the mem'ry of the dead !
They handed down the ancient rounds of time,
In oral story and recorded rhyme.

The vocal quire in tuneful concert sings
Exploits of heroes, and of ancient kings : 300
How first in Fergus Caledonia rose ;
What hosts she conquered, and repelled what foes.
Through time in reg'lar series they decline,
And touch each name of the Fergusian line ;
Great Caractacus, Fergus' awful sword ; 305
'That bravely lost his country, this restored :

Hibernia's spoils, Gregorius' martial fire ;
The stern avenger of his murdered sire :
Beneath his sword, as yet, whole armies groan,
And a whole nation paid the blood of one.

310

At length descend the rough impetuous strains
To valiant Duffus, and the slaughtered Danes :
The battle lives in verse ; in song they wound ;
And fallen squadrons thunder on the ground.

Thus in the strain the bards impetuous roll,
And quaff the generous spirit of the bowl,
At length from the elab'rate song respire ;
The chiefs remove, and all to rest retire.

315

THE HIGHLANDER :

A POEM.

CANTO VI.

Now in the blushing east the morn arose ;
Its lofty head in grey the palace shows.
Within, the king and valiant chiefs prepare
To urge the chace, and wage the mountain-war.
The busy menials through the palace go ; 5
Some whet the shaft, and others try the bow ;
This viewed the toils ; that taught the horn to sound ;
Another animates the sprightly hound.
For the fleet chace the fair Culena arms,
And from the gloom of sorrow 'wakes her charms : 10
The hero's royal birth had reached her ear,
And sprightly hope assumed the throne of care.
Around her slender waist the cincture slides ;
Her mantle flows behind in crimson tides.

Bright rings of gold her braided ringlets bind ; 15
The rattling quiver, laden, hangs behind.
She seized, with snowy hand, the polished bow,
And moved before, majestically slow.
The chiefs behind advance their sable forms,
And with dark contrast heighten all her charms. 20
Thus, on expanded plains of heavenly blue,
Thick-gathered clouds the queen of night pursue ;
And as they crowd behind their sable lines,
The virgin light with double lustre shines.
The maid her glowing charms thus onward bears ; 25
His manly height aside young Duffus rears.
Her beauty he, his manhood she admires ;
Both moved along, and fed their silent fires.
The hunters to the lofty mountains came :
Their eager breasts anticipate the game : 30
The forest they divide, and sound the horn ;
The generous hounds within their bondage burn,
Struggle for freedom, long to stretch away,
And in the breeze already find the prey.
At the approaching noise the starting deer 35
Croud on the heath, and stretch away in fear,
Wave, as they spring, their branchy heads on high,
Skim o'er the wild, and leave the aching eye.
The eager hounds, unchained, devour the heath ;
They shoot along, and pant a living death : 40
Gaining upon their journey, as they dart,
Each from the herd selects a flying hart.
Some urged the bounding stag a different way,
And hung with open mouth upon the prey :
Now they traverse the heath, and now assail 45
The rising hill, now skim along the vale :
Now they appear, now leave the aching eyes ;
The master follows with exulting cries,
Fits, as he flies, the arrow to the string ;
The rest within the rattling quiver ring : 50

He, as they shoot the lofty mountains o'er,
 Pursues in thought, and sends his soul before.
 Thus they with supple joints the chase pursue,
 Rise on the hills, and vanish on the brow.

On the blue heavens arose a night of clouds ; 55
 The radiant lord of day his glory shrouds :

The rushing whirlwind speaks with growling breath,
 Roars through the hill, and scours along the heath ;
 Deep rolling thunder, rumbling from afar,
 Proclaims with murmuring voice th' aerial war : 60

Fleet lightnings flash in awful streams of light,
 Dart through the gloom, and vanish from the sight :
 The blustering winds through heaven's black concave sound,
 Rain batters earth, and smokes along the ground.

Down the steep hill the rushing torrents run, 65
 And cleave with headlong rage their journey on ;
 The lofty mountains echo to the fall ;
 A muddy deluge stagnates on the vale.

Culena moved along the level ground ;
 A hart descends before the opening hound : 70

From the recoiling cord she twanged the dart,
 And pierced the living vigour of the hart :
 He starts, he springs ; but falling as he flies,
 Pours out his tim'rous soul with weeping eyes.

As o'er the dying prey the huntress sighed, 75
 Before the wind heaven pours a sable tide,
 And lowering threats a storm : a rocky cave,

Where monks successive hewed their house and grave,
 Invites into its calm recess the fair :
 The reverend father breathed abroad his prayer. 80

The valiant Duffus comes with panting breath,
 Faces the storm and stalks across the heath.

His sleeky hounds, a faithful tribe, before,
 Are bathed with blood, and varied o'er with gore.
 Drenched with the rain, the noble youth descends, 85

And in the cave the growling storm defends.

Amazed, astonished, fixed in dumb surprise,
 The lovers stood, but spoke with silent eyes :
 At length the distant colloquy they rear,
 Run o'er the chace, the mountain, and the deer. 9
 Far from the soul th' evasive tongue departs,
 Their eyes are only faithful to their hearts.

The winding volumes of discourse return
 To hostile fields by gallant Duffus shorn.
 Th' imperial maid must hear it o'er again, 95
 How fell Dovalus was by Duffus slain,
 How by the son the father's murderer fell.
 The kindling virgin flames along the tale.
 She turns, she quakes, and from her bosom sighs,
 And all her soul comes melting in her eyes. 100
 Flames, not unequal, all the youth possess,
 He, for the first, hears willingly his praise.
 Praise, harshly heard from warriors, kings, and lords,
 Came down in balm on fair Culena's words.

The royal pair thus fed the mutual fire, 105
 Now speak, now pause, when both alike admire.
 He longs to vent the passion of his soul,
 And she the tempests in her bosom roll.
 Now he begun, but shame his voice opprest ;
 Loth to offend, his eyes must tell the rest. 110
 At length, upon the headlong passion borne,
 He spoke his love, and had a kind return ;
 She sighed, she owned, and bent her modest eyes,
 While blushing roses on her cheeks arise.
 Thus on the vale the poppy's blushing head, 115
 Brim-full of summer-showers, to earth is weighed ;
 Fanned with the rising breeze, it slow inclines,
 While o'er the mead the rosy lustre shines.

Indulph into his cave the hermit led,
 Found erring through the mountain's stormy head. 120
 Culena, starting as the king appears,
 Looks every way, and trembles as she fears ;

On her mild face the modest blushes rise,
And fair disorder darted from her eyes.
The parent king observed the virgin whole, 125
And read the harmless secret in her soul.
A while the maze of calm discourse they wind;
At length the king unveils his royal mind.
“ Warded from Albion’s head, the storm is o’er;
Her prince is found, her foes are now no more : 130
Through time ’tis ours her happiness to trace,
’Tis ours to bind the future bands of peace.
Posterity for Albion’s crown may fight,
And couch ambition in the name of right,
With specious titles urge the civil war, 135
And to a crown their guilty journey tear :
I end these fears : the streams shall run in one,
Nor struggling kindred strive to mount the throne.
I shield my daughter with young Duffus’ arms,
And bless the warrior with Culena’s charms.” 140
Thus said the king. Their willing hands they join,
The rev’rend priest runs o’er the rites divine.
The solemn ceremony closed with pray’r,
And Duffus called his own the royal fair.
The storm is ceased ; the clouds together fly, 145
And clear at once the azure fields of sky ;
The mid-day sun pours down his sultry flame,
And the wet heath waves glist’ring in the beam.
The hunter-chiefs appear upon the brow,
Fall down the hill, and join the king below ; 150
Slow through the narrow vale their steps they bear,
Behind advance the spoils of sylvan war.
Far on a head-land point condensed they stood,
And threw their eyes o’er ocean’s sable flood ;
Tall ships advance afar ; their canvas sails 155
In their swoll’n bosom gather all the gales ;
Floating along the sable back of sea,
Before the wind they cut their spumy way ;

Bend in their course, majestically slow,
And to the land their lazy journey plow. 160

Thus spongy clouds on heav'n's blue vault arise,
And float, before the wind, along the skies ;
Their wings opposed to the illustrious sun,
Shine, as they move, majestically on.

Thus godlike Harold brought his floating aid, 165
Unknowing Sueno's numbered with the dead.
From Anglia's coasts he called his troops afar,
To aid his brother in the foreign war.

Arrived, he in the wave the anchor throws,
Attempts to land, and Albion's chiefs oppose ; 170
Wave on the fatal shore the pointed spear,
And send the arrow whizzing through the air.

The Danes return the flying death afar,
And, as they crowd away, maintain the war.
An arrow tore through air its murm'ring path, 175
Fell on the king, and weighed him down to death :
Quick, from the wound, the blood tumult'ous sprung,
And o'er the sand the reeking weapon flung :
Prone on the strand an awful trunk he lies,
While sleep eternal steals upon his eyes. 180

The mournful chiefs around the dying stood,
Some raise the body, others stem the blood :
In vain their care ;—the soul for ever fled,
And fate had numbered Indulph with the dead.

Culena, whom young Duffus set apart, 185
With a green bank secured the hostile dart.
Her father's fate assailed her tender ear,
She beat her snowy breast, and tore her hair :
Frantic along the sand she run, she flew,
And on the corse distressful beauty threw : 190
She called her father's shade with filial cries,
And all the daughter streaming from her eyes.
Bent on revenge the furious Duffus strode,
And eyed, with angry look, the sable flood.

A ship, which near had took its nodding stand, 195
Fixed with the pitchy haulser to the strand,
Remains of Sueno's fleet, the hero viewed,
And to the mournful warriors spoke aloud :
" Let those whose actions are enchained by years
Honour the mighty dead with friendly tears; 200
While we of youth, descending to the main,
Exact severe atonement of the Dane."

He thus : and rushing through the billowy roars,
With brawny arms his rapid journey oars ;
Divides with rolling chest the ridgy sea, 205
Lashing the bubbling liquid in his way.

The boat he seized, and, meas'ring back the deep,
Wafted his brave companions to the ship ;
The haulser broke, unfurled the swelling sail,
And caught the vig'rous spirit of the gale : 210
Before the sable prow the ocean parts,
And groans beneath the vessel as it darts.

Now on the foe the Scottish warriors gain ;
Swells on the approaching eye the floating Dane.
Fierce Ulric's skill brought up the lazy rear, 215
Famed in the fields of main to urge the war.
Twice seven years, in base pursuit of gain,
He plowed the waves, the common foe of men ;
At last to Harold aiding arms he joined ;
Grasping the spoil with avaricious mind. 220
At first he shoots the leaping shaft afar,
And manages with skill the distant war.
The chiefs of Albion, with collected might,
Bear on the foe, and close the naval fight.
Deck joined to deck, and man engaged with man, 225
Sword spoke with sword, and Scot transfixed his Dane.
The smoking oak is covered o'er with gore,
Till the whole pirate crew are now no more.
The empty hull from wave to wave is tossed,
Nods as it floats, the sport of every blast. 230

The Caledonian chiefs again pursue:
 The Scandinavian fleet o'er ocean flew.
 T' elude the foe the Danes fly diff'rent ways;
 And cut with sep'rate prows the hoary seas.
 Some bear to sea, some rush upon the land, 235
 And fly amain on earth, a trembling band.

As, in pursuit of doves, on rapid wings
 The darting hawk through air his journey sings;
 But when the parting flock divides the sky,
 Hovers, in doubt this way or that to fly,— 240
 So undetermined long young Duffus stood;
 At length he sighed, and thus began aloud:
 "While thus, O chiefs, we urge the flying Dane,
 Unmourned, unhonoured lies the mighty slain;
 'Tis ours to grace with woe great Indulph's bier, 245
 And o'er his fallen virtue shed the tear."

The warrior spoke: the Caledonians sighed,
 And with returning prow the waves divide;
 With swelling sail bring on the fatal shore,
 Where o'er the dead the aged chiefs deplore. 250
 The warriors bear their monarch as they come,
 In sad procession to the silent tomb,
 Forsake with lazy steps the sounding main,
 And move a sad and lamentable train.

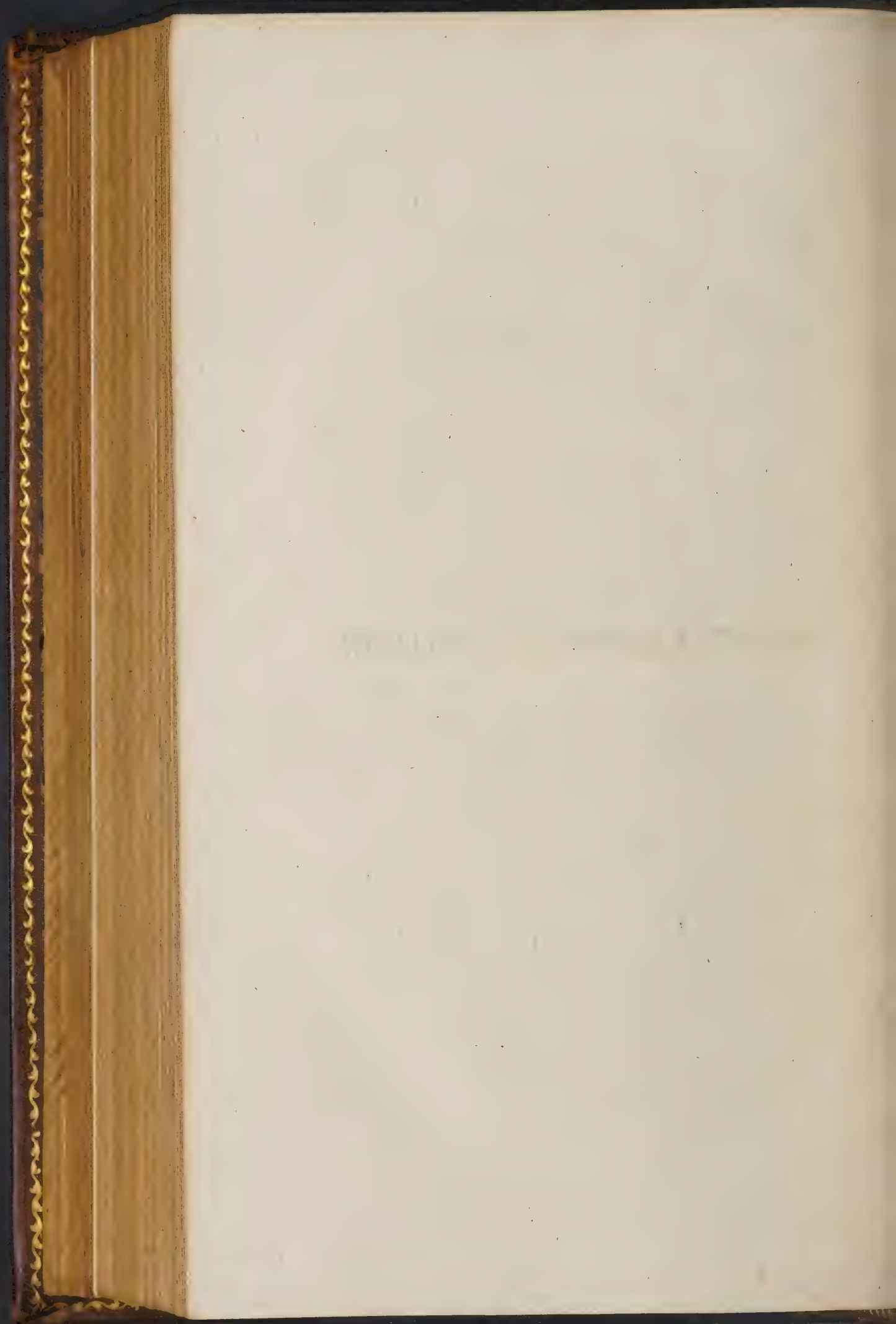
Behind the dead the tuneful bards appear, 255
 And mingle with their elegies the tear;
 From their sad hearts the mournful numbers flow
 In all the tuneful melody of woe.

In grief's solemnity Culena leads
 A mournful train of tear-distilling maids: 260
 Above the rest the beauteous queen appears,
 And heightens all her beauties with her tears.

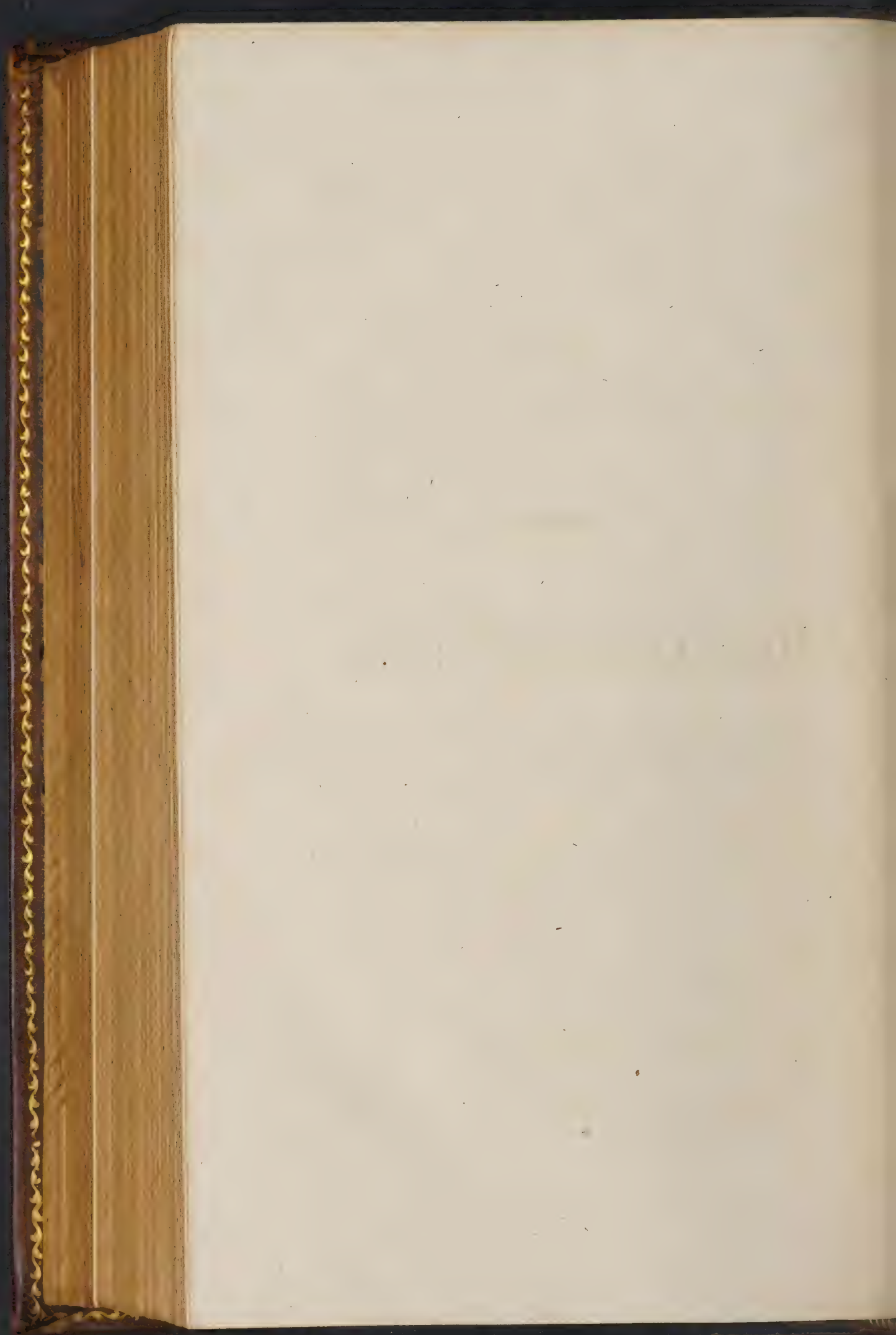
Now in the tomb the godlike Indulph laid,
 Shared the dark couch with the illustrious dead:
 All o'er his grave the mournful warriors sigh, 265
 And give his dust the tribute of the eye.

Removing, as the night inwra^pt the sky,
They share the nuptial feast with solemn joy.
The royal Duffus, with a husband's care,
Soothed in his martial arms the sorrowing fair,
O'er Albion's rocks exerted his command,
And stretched his sceptre o'er a willing land.

270



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



ON THE
DEATH OF MARSHAL KEITH.

KEITH then is fallen! What numbers can there flow,
What strains adequate to so great a woe!
Ev'n hostile kingdoms in dark pomp appear,
To strew promiscuous honours o'er his bier.
Hungaria gives the tribute of the eye, 5
And ruthless Russia melts into a sigh:
They mourn his fate, who felt his sword before;
And all the hero in the foe deplore.
What must they feel for whom the warrior stormed,
Whose fields he fought, whose every counsel formed! 10
Brave Prussia's sons depend the mournful head,
And with their tears bedew the mighty dead:
Sad round the corse, a stately ring they stand,
Their arms reflecting terror o'er the land;
With silent eyes they run the hero o'er, 15
And mourn the chief they shall obey no more;
A pearly drop hangs in each warrior's eye,
And through the army runs the gen'ral sigh¹.

¹ This piece appears to have been wrote before the account that M. Keith's funeral obsequies were solemnized by the Austrians had reached

Great Fred'ric comes to join the mighty woe ;
 Eternal laurels bind his awful brow ; 20
 Majestic in his arms he stands, and cries,
 Is Keith no more ? and as he speaks, he sighs ;
 In silence falls the sable show'r of woe ;
 He eyes the corpse, and frowns upon the foe :
 Then grasping his tried sword, the chief alarms, 25
 And kindles all his warriors into arms.
 Revenge, he cries, revenge the blood of Keith ;
 Let Austria pay a forfeit for his death.
 They join, and move the shining columns on ;
 Germania trembles to Vienna's throne. 30
 But Caledonia o'er the rest appears,
 And claims pre-eminence to mother-tears :
 In deeper gloom her tow'ring rocks arise,
 And from her vallies issue doleful sighs.
 Sadly she sits, and mourns her glory gone ; 35
 He's fallen, her bravest, and her greatest son !
 While at her side her children all deplore
 The godlike hero they exiled before.
 Sad from his native home the chief withdrew ;
 But kindled Scotia's glory as he flew ; 40
 On far Iberia built his country's fame,
 And distant Russia heard the Scottish name.
 Turks stood aghast, as, o'er the fields of war,
 He ruled the storm, and urged the martial car.
 They asked their chiefs, what state the hero raised ; 45
 And Albion on the Hellespont was praised.
 But chief, as relics of a dying race,
 The Keiths command, in woe, the foremost place ;

the author ; a circumstance which he would probably have converted to very good purpose. *BLACKLOCK'S Collection*, vol. i. p. 229. Edin. 1760.

This note is in Macpherson's enigmatical style, and the poem, which first appeared with his initials, (J. M'P. dated *Ruthven*, October 31, 1753,) in the *Scots and Edinburgh Magazines*, was evidently inserted by himself in *BLACKLOCK'S Collection*.

A name for ages through the world revered,
By Scotia loved, by all her en'mies feared ; 50
Now falling, dying, lost to all but fame,
And only living in the hero's name.

See ! the proud halls they once possessed, decayed,
The spiral tow'rs depend the lofty head ;
Wild ivy creeps along the mould'ring walls, 55
And with each gust of wind a fragment falls ;
While birds obscene at noon of night deplore,
Where mighty heroes kept the watch before.

On Mem'ry's tablet mankind soon decay,
On Time's swift stream their glory slides away ; 60
But, present in the voice of deathless Fame,
Keith lives, eternal, in his glorious name :
While ages far remote his actions show ;
And mark with them the way their chiefs should go ;
While sires unto their wond'ring offspring tell,
Keith lived in glory, and in glory fell.

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY¹.

LAMENTED shade ! thy fate demands a tear,
An offering due to thy untimely bier;
Accept then, early tenant of the skies,
The genuine drops that flow from friendship's eyes !
Those eyes which raptured hung on thee before, 5
Those eyes which never shall behold thee more :
So early hast thou to the tomb retired,
And left us mourning what we once admired.
For this did beauty's fairest hand arise
On all your shape, and kindle in your eyes ? 10
For this did virtue form your infant mind,
And make thee best, as fairest of thy kind ?
Did all the powers for this their gifts bestow,
And only charm us to increase our woe ?
A moment bless us with celestial day, 15
Then envious snatch the sacred beam away ?
Recall the beauteous prize they lately gave,
And bid our tears descend on ANNA'S grave ?

¹ First published with Macpherson's initials (J. M'P.), in the *Scots Magazine*, for May 1749, and reprinted with his name in *BLACKLOCK'S Collection*, V. II. p. 176. Edin. 1762.

How did the mother see her daughter rise,
A lovely plant to bless her aged eyes ! 20
How oft in thought her future pleasure trace,
Appoint her husband, and enjoy her race !
But now no husband shall enjoy that bloom,
Nor offspring rise from the unfruitful tomb.

An unexpected gift the virgin came, 25
The last, but fairest, of a falling name ;
A ray to light a father's eve she shone,
And healed the loss of many a buried son :
But soon invading darkness chased away
The beauteous setting of a glorious day ; 30
Soon Heaven, which gave, again resumed its own ;
And of his family he remains alone.

His thoughts in her refined no more he'll trace,
Or view his features softened in her face ;
No more in secret on her beauty gaze, 35
Or hide his gladness when he hears her praise :
Mute is the tongue which pleased his soul before,
And beauty blushes in that cheek no more.

Peace, gentle shade, attend thy balmy rest,
And earth sit lightly on thy snowy breast ; 40
Let guardian angels gently hover round,
And downy silence haunt the hallowed ground :
There let the Spring its sweetest offspring rear,
And sad Aurora shed her earliest tear.

Some future maid perhaps, as she goes by, 45
Shall view the place where her cold reliques lie :
Folly for once may sadden into care,
And pride, unconscious, shed one generous tear ;
While this big truth is swelling in the breast,
That death nor spares the fairest nor the best ; 50
That virtue feels the unalterable doom,
And beauty's self must moulder in the tomb.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
AN OFFICER KILLED BEFORE QUEBEC¹.

AH me ! what sorrow are we born to bear !
How many causes claim the falling tear !
In one sad tenor life's dark current flows,
And every moment has its load of woes :
In vain we toil for visionary ease, 5
Or hope for blessings in the vale of peace :
Coy happiness ne'er blesses human eyes,
Or but appears a moment, and she flies.
When peace itself can seldom dry the tear,
What floods demand the dreary wastes of war ! 10
Where undistinguished ruin reigns o'er all,
At once the truant and the valiant fall ;
Where timeless shrouds inwrap the great and brave,
And DAPHNIS sinks into a nameless grave.

¹ Inserted with the initials (J. M'P.), in the *Scots Magazine* for October 1759, and reprinted with the name in *BLACKLOCK'S Collection*, Vol. II. p. 134.

- Dear hapless youth, cut off in early bloom,- 15
 A fair, but mangled victim to the tomb !
 No friendly hand to grace thy fall was near,
 No parent's eye to shed one pious tear ;
 No favoured maid to close thy languid eyes,
 And send thee mindful of her to the skies : 20
 On some cold bank thy decent limbs were laid ;
 Oh ! honoured living, but neglected dead !
 So soon forsake us, dear lamented shade,
 To mix obscurely with the nameless dead !
 Thus baulk the rising glory of thy name, 25
 And leave unfinished an increasing fame !
 Thus sink for ever from a parent's eyes !
 Wert thou not cruel ? or ye partial, skies ?
 But what can bound, O thou by all approved !
 The sad, sad sorrows of the friend you loved ? 30
 A friend who doted on thy worth before !
 A friend who never shall behold thee more !
 Who saw, combined, thy manly graces rise,
 To please the mind and bless the ravished eyes ;
 A soul replete with all that's great and fair, 35
 A form which cruel savages might spare.
 If, in the midnight hour, lamented shade,
 You view the place where thy remains are laid ;
 If pale you hover o'er your secret grave,
 Or viewless flit o'er *Hoshelega's* * wave ; 40
 O ! when my troubled soul is sunk in rest,
 And peaceful slumbers sooth my anxious breast,
 To fancy's eyes in all thy bloom appear,
 Once more thy own unsullied image wear ;
 Unfold the secrets of your world to me, 45
 Tell what thou art, and what I soon shall be.
 He comes ! he comes ! but O how changed of late !
 How much deforms the leaden hand of fate !

* The river of St Laurenee.

Why do I see that generous bosom gored ?
Why bathed in blood the visionary sword ? 50
What rudeness ruffled that disordered hair ?
Why, blameless shade, that mournful aspect wear ?
For sure such virtues must rewarded be,
And Heaven itself approve of Wolfe and thee.
Yes, thou art blessed above the rolling sphere ; 55
'Tis for myself, not thee, I shed the tear.
Where shall I now such blameless friendship find,
Thou last best comfort of a drooping mind ?
To whom the pressures of my soul impart,
Transfer my sorrows, and divide my heart ? 60
Remote is he who ruled my breast before,
And he shall sooth me into peace no more.
Men born to grief, an unrelenting kind,
Of breasts discordant, and of various mind,
Scarce, 'midst of thousands, find a single friend ; 65
If Heaven at length the precious blessing send,
A sudden death recalls him from below ;
A moment's bliss is paid with years of woe.
What boots the rising sigh ? in vain we weep,
We, too, like him, anon must fall asleep ; 70
Life, and its sorrows too, shall soon be o'er,
And the heart heave with bursting sighs no more ;
Death shed oblivious rest on every head,
And one dull silence reign o'er all the dead.

THE
EARL MARISCHAL'S WELCOME

TO
HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

An Ode¹, attempted in the manner of Pindar.

‘TWAS when the full-eared harvest bow’d
Beneath the merry reaper’s hand ;
When here the plenteous sheafs were strew’d,
And there the corns nod o’er the land ;
When on each side the loaden’d ground, 5
Breathing her ripen’d scents, the jovial season crown’d ;
The villagers, all on the green,
The arrival of their lord attend ;
The blythsome shepherds haste to join,
And whistling from the hills descend ; 10
Nor orphan nor lone widow mourns ;
Even hopeless lovers lose their pains ;

¹ Inserted with the initials (J. M.), in the *Scots Magazine*, for September 1760 ; reprinted with the name in *Blacklock’s Collection*, Vol. II. p. 170.

To-day their banish'd lord returns,
 Once more to bless his native plains.
 Each hoary sire, with gladden'd face, 15
 Repeats some ancient tale,
 How he with Tyrcis, at the chace,
 Hied o'er the hill and dale :
 Their hoary heads with rapture glow,
 While each to each repeats, 20
 How well he knew where to bestow,
 Was to oppression still a foe ;
 Still mixing with their praise his youthful feats.

Then from the grass Melanthus rose,
 The arbitrator of the plains, 25
 And silent all stood fixed to hear
 The Tityrus of Mernia's swains ;
 For with the Muse's fire his bosom glow'd,
 And easy from his lips the numbers flow'd.

" Now the wished-for day is come, 30
 Our lord reviews his native home ;
 Now clear and strong ideas rise,
 And wrap my soul in extasies :
 Methinks I see that ruddy morn,
 When, waken'd by the hunter's horn, 35
 I rose, and, by yon mountain's side,
 Saw Tyrcis and Achates ride ;
 While, floating by yon craggy brow,
 The slowly-scattering mist withdrew ;
 I saw the roe-buck cross yon plain, 40
 Yon heathy steep I saw him gain ;
 The hunters still fly o'er the ground,
 Their shouts the distant hills resound ;
 Dunnotyr's towers resound the peal
 That echoes o'er the hill and dale. 45
 At length, what time the ploughman leads
 Home from the field his weary steeds,

At yon old tree the roe-buck fell :
The huntsmen's jocund mingled shouts his downfall tell.

“ The mem'ry of these happy days 50
Still in my breast must transport raise ;
Those happy days, when oft were seen
The brothers marching o'er the green,
With dog and gun, while yet the night
Was blended with the dawning light, 55
When first the sheep begin to bleat,
And the early kine rise from their dewy seat.”

Thus as he spoke, each youthful breast
Glow with wild extasies ;
In each eye rapture stands confest, 60
Each thinks he flies along the mead,
And manages the fiery steed,
And hears the beagles' cries.
The sage Melanthus now again
Stretch'd forth his hand, and thus resum'd the strain: 65

“ Now my youthful heat returns,
My breast with youthful vigour burns :
Methinks I see that glorious day,
When, to hunt the fallow-deer,
Three thousand march'd in grand array : 70
Three thousand march'd with bow and spear,—
All in the light and healthy dress
Our brave forefathers wore,
In Kenneth's wars, and Bruce's days,
And when the Romans fled their dreadful wrath of yore. 75

O'er every hill, o'er every dale,
All by the winding banks of Tay,
Resounds the hunter's chearful peal,
Their armour glittering to the day.”

Big with his joys of youth the old man stood ; 80
 Dunnotyr's ruin'd towers then caught his eye ;
 He stopp'd, and hung his head in pensive mood,
 And from his bosom burst the unbidden sigh.

Then turning, with a warrior look,
 Shaking his hoary curls, the old man spoke : 85

“ Virtue, O Fortune ! scorns thy power,
 Thou can'st not bind her for an hour ;
 Virtue shall ever shine ;
 And endless praise, her glorious dower,
 Shall bless her sons divine. 90

The kings of th' earth, with open arms,
 The illustrious exiles hail :
 See warlike Cyrus, great and wise,
 Demand, and follow their advice,
 And all his breast unveil. 95

“ See, pouring from their hills of snow,
 Nations of savages in arms !
 A desert lies where'er they go,
 Before them march pale Terror and Alarms.
 The Princes of the South prepare 100
 Their thousand thousands for the war ;
 Against thee, Cyrus, they combine ;
 The North and South their forces join,
 To crush thee in the dust :
 But thou art safe ; Achates draws 105
 His sword with thine, and backs thy cause ;
 Yes, thou art doubly safe, thy cause is just.

“ With dread the Turks have oft beheld
 His sword wide waving o'er the field ;
 As oft these sons of carnage fled 110
 O'er mountains of their kindred dead.

“ When all the fury of the fight
With wrath redoubled rag’d ;
When man to man, with giant-might,
For all that’s dear engag’d ; 116
When all was thunder, smoke, and fire ;
When from their native rocks the frightened springs retire ;
’Twas then, through streams of smoke and blood,
Achates mounts the city-wall :
Though wounded, like a god he stood, 120
And at his feet the foes submissive fall.

“ Brave are the Goths, and fierce in fight,
Yet these he gave to rout and flight ;
Proud when they were of victory,
He rushed on like a storm ; dispersed and weak they fly. 125
Thus, from the Grampians old,
A torrent, deep and strong,
Down rushes on the fold,
And sweeps the shepherd and the flock along.

“ When, through an aged wood, 130
The thunder roars amain,
His paths with oaks are strewed,
And ruin marks the plain :
So many a German field can tell,
How in his path the mighty heroes fell. 135

“ When, with their numerous dogs, the swains
Surprise the aged lion’s den,
The old warrior rushes to the charge,
And scorns the rage of dogs and men ;
His whelps he guards on every side ; 140
Safe they retreat. What though a mortal dart
Stands trembling in his breast, his dauntless heart
Glow with a victor’s pride.

“ So the old lion, brave Achates, fought,
And miracles of prowess wrought ; 145
With a few piquets bore the force
Of eighty thousand, stopped their course,
Till off his friends had marched, and all was well.
Even he himself could ne’er do more,
Fate had no greater deed in store—— 150
When all his host was safe, the godlike hero fell.”

Thus as he spoke, each hoary sire
Fights o’er again his ancient wars ;
Each youth burns with a hero’s fire,
And triumphs in his future scars ; 155
O’er bloody fields each thinks he rides,
The thunder of the battle guides
(Beneath his lifted arm, struck pale,
The foes for mercy cry) ;
And hears applauding legions hail 160
Him with the shouts of victory.

HORACE,

ODE xvi. BOOK 2. IMITATED¹.

THE weary sailor calls for ease,
When winds turmoil the angry seas,
And not a moon or star to guide²
His dreary course along the tide ;
When half the sky in showers descends, 5
And wind the gilded streamer rends ;
Blessed he, within the hut, he cries,
Now bends in rest his peaceful eyes ;

¹ This and the following pieces from BLACKLOCK'S *Collection*, (Vol. I. pp. 117—143.) form a series of fifteen poems hitherto unappropriated, but which I have no hesitation to ascribe to Macpherson. His *Verses on the Death of Marshal Keith*, were inserted evidently by himself, but without his name, at the end of the volume, which was published in October 1760, when he was desirous to conceal the circumstance of his being a poet. For the same reason his unpublished verses were inserted anonymously in the same *Collection* ; but they are sufficiently authenticated by the recurrence of the same images and expressions in his other productions. In the second volume, published after he had left the country, his name was prefixed without scruple to such pieces of his as were collected from the *Scots Magazine*.

² *And not a moon or star to guide.*] “ No star with green trembling beam, no moon looks from the skies.” *Six Bards*, vol. ii. p. 417.

Or hears the tempest idly rave ;
No av'rice tempts him to the wave. 10

Turn to the noisy camp your eye,
There care corrodes, and starts the sigh.
Shew me the man among them all,
Who drove o'er Minden's plains the Gaul ;
When Broglio's ranks at distance rise, 15
And cannon murmur through the skies ;
But would forego the breath of fame,
And live at ease without a name.

'Tis not the sash, the gown, the robe,
These gilded baits that catch the mob ; 20
Or tides of flatt'ers at the door,
Can paint with bliss the passing hour ;
Or half the cares within controul,
And calm the tumults of the soul.

Nor can the dome or lofty wall, 25
Or guards that crowd the tyrant's hall,
With all their instruments of wars,
Exclude the dark, invading cares :
Around the bed of state they fly,
And dash the guilty cup of joy³. 30

More happy he ! whose guiltless mind
Is to his native fields confined ;
Blessed with his state ; and craves no more
Than heaven allowed his sires before :

³ Around the bed of state they fly,
And dash the guilty cup of joy.] To authenticate the poem,
all that is said upon Care in the preceding or subsequent paragraphs is
taken from the description of Care in MACPHERSON'S *Hunter*, II. 92—
115.

Unseen, but felt, oft in the halls of state
He sits, and tinges all the pompous treat ;
And oft he hovers round the downy bed,
Thund'ring despair around the statesman's head.

See *Death*, 90.

Who sees his frugal table spread, 35
 Beneath the roof his fathers made ;
 No care, by day, disturbs his breast,
 He sleeps, by night, his brows in rest.

Whence all these schemes, this wild uproar,
 Since life itself shall soon be o'er ? 40

Why do we, with advent'rous eyes,
 See other suns in other skies ?
 Or pant where Indian billows roll ?
 Or freeze beneath the arctic pole ?

In vain we fly destructive Care, 45
 The monster in our breasts we bear ⁴.

Go, then ; forsake your calm retreat,
 Cringe at the portals of the great ;
 Attend the gaudy venal train,
 Throw virtue off, to raise your gain ; 50
 Or spread your canvas to the gale ;
 Or court the muses in the vale ;
 If still in sorrow you repine,
 Fly for relief to whores and wine.

In vain you fly from inbred woe : 55
 Care climbs the vessel's painted prow :
 Care haunts the palace of the great,
 And hovers round the dark retreat :
 Care clouds the fair one's lovely face,
 And floats within the sparkling glass. 60

*In vain we fly destructive Care,
 The monster in our breasts we bear.] And again, ver. 55
 In vain you fly from inbred woe,
 Care climbs the vessel's painted prow, &c.*

From the *Hunter*, II. 98.

*In vain you fly from Care,
 Sharp stings the gnawing monster every where :
 To shun him sailors vainly billows cleave,
 He sits incumbent on each sable wave.
 In vain through rugged earth incessant roam,
 Man is his prey, and every where his home.*

Even round the sprightly muse it flies,
And taints the numbers as they rise.

If life you want undashed with woe,
Serene enjoy the instant now ;
Nor ills you left behind deplore, 65
Nor eye the giant grief before ;
If Fortune shines, enjoy the ray,
And smile her very gloom away :
Let tempests sweep and billows roar,
The storm of life shall soon be o'er. 70

Some perish in their youthful bloom ;
With age some wither to the tomb ;
Heaven, as a curse, to some supplies
The years to others it denies ;
What can the longest liver do, 75
But see a greater train of woe ?

Be yours in public life to shine,
With all the glory of your line ;
To rule the battle's noisy tide,
Or Britain's great concerns to guide ; 80
Teach virtue to a venal throng,
While senates listen to your tongue.
To me my fortune more severe,
Has only given a mind sincere ;
A spark of genius to pass o'er 85
The tedious dulness of the hour ;
A soul that can a knave despise,
And eye the great with careless eyes.

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK 2. IMITATED.

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN tempests sweep and billows roll,
And winds contend along the pole;
When o'er the deck ascends the sea,
And half the sheet is torn away;
Shew me the man among the crew,
Who would not change his place with you;
Prefer the quiet of the plain
To all the riches of the main.

5

Thrice happy he! and he alone,
Who makes the golden mean his own;
Whose life is neither ebb nor flow,
Nor rises high nor sinks too low:
He prides not in the envied wall,
Nor pines in Want's deserted hall;
His careless eyes with ease behold
The star, the string, and hoarded gold.

10

Unlike the venal sons of power;
They rise, but rise to fall the more.
When faction rends the public air,
And Pitt shall tumble from his sphere,
In privacy secluded, you
Scarce feel which way the tempest blew.

15

20

Storms rend the lofty tower in twain,
 And bow the poplar to the plain;
 The hills are wrapt in clouds on high, 25
 And feel th' artillery of the sky;
 When not a breath the valley wakes,
 Or curls the surface of the lakes.

When storms on Fortune's ocean lowr,
 And rolling billows lash the shore; 30
 When loved allies return to clay,
 And paltry riches wing their way;
 The faithless mobs, the perjured whore,
 That hovered round thy pelf before,
 Fall gradual down the ebbing tide; 35
 Thy dog, the last, forsakes thy side:
 Retire within; enjoy thy mind;
 There, what they all denied thee, find.
 When Fortune threatens to fly, be gay,
 And puff the fickle thing away. 40
 Nor still it lowrs; the tempest flies,
 The golden sun descends the skies;
 The gale is living in the grass,
 In gentler surges roll the seas^x.
 But wisely thou contract the sail, 45
 And catch but half the breathing gale;
 Be cautious still of Fortune's wiles,
 Avoid the siren when she smiles;
 With prudence laugh her gloom away,
 And trust her least when she looks gay. 50

x

The tempest flies,

The golden sun descends the skies;

The gale is living in the grass,

In gentler surges roll the seas.] These lines alone would be sufficient to appropriate the poem to the father of Ossian, were it not evident that the piece proceeds from the same pen with the former translation.

THE CHOICE.

DID Fortune, what to few she'll give,
Allow me make my choice to live ;
I would not seek an envied seat,
Or daily visits of the great ;
Nor yet would my ambition fall 5
To meagre Want's deserted hall ¹ ;
To each extreme alike a foe,
Too low for high, too high for low.

For use, not shew, my house would stand
Amid a spot of fertile land ; 10
A lake below ; around a wood ;
Here bend a rock ; there rush a flood.
A mountain would in prospect rise,
And bear the grey mist to the skies.
When in some dark retreat I sit, 15
Be near a friend, a man of wit,

¹ *To meagre Want's deserted hall.*] In this, as in the preceding poem, the phraseology of "Want's deserted hall" is sufficient to authenticate the verses as Macpherson's ; independently of the following description which is altogether Ossian's :

A lake below ; around a wood ;
Here bend a rock ; there rush a flood.
A mountain would in prospect rise,
And bear the grey mist to the skies.

Of heart sincere, and converse free,
The lover of mankind and me ;
Who, should the world tumultuous roar,
Could calmly see the storm ashore, 20
Nor e'er admit a longing sigh
To vex my privacy and I.

Here would I pass my blameless days,
Beloved of virtue, and of ease ;
Here die in peace, and lie unknown 25
Without a monument or stone.
My friend might shed one pious tear ;
My image in his bosom bear ;
Might breathe, in verse, his tender moan,
But breathe unto himself alone ; 30
I envy to the world my name,
And puff away the strumpet Fame.

WRITTEN ON A BIRTH DAY.

ALAS the years ! how swift they roll,
How swift they fly to Death's dark goal !
And let them roll, and let them fly,
I die but once——and let me die.
Arrived at last at twenty-two ¹, 5
What honours rise upon my brow ?
What have I done to raise my name,
And send to future times my fame ?
No matter what——for this consoles,
That fame is but the breath of fools. 10
And what, alas ! a name can do,
When I am cold, when I am low ?
Shall I come back to hear my lays
Excite the critic's after-praise ?
Behold me quoted in reviews, 15
Or posted up to fame in news ?
Let Fame deny or grant the bays,
No censure I shall feel, nor praise.

¹ *Arrived at last at twenty-two.*] Macpherson, in 1760, was just twenty-two when, on the publication of the *Fragments*, he resolved "to send to *future times* his fame:" a phrase peculiarly his own, which he had not previously employed in the *Fragments*.

Why should I then destroy my peace,
 Or purchase fame with loss of ease? 20
 But still the soft Aonian maid
 Invites me, smiling, to the shade :
 " One song ere you lay by the lyre,
 " Myself my poet will inspire."
 Away !—I own your power no more, 25
 Away !—thou prostituted whore.
 Your charming simpers, artful smiles,
 Persuasive voice, and little wiles,
 No more shall cause me hunt for fame,
 Or seek that empty shade—a name. 30

THE MONUMENT.

IN vain we toil for lasting fame,
 Or give to other times our name ;
 The bust itself shall soon be gone,
 The figure moulder from the stone ;
 The plaintive strain, the moving lay, 5
 Like those they mourn, at last decay :
 My name a surer way shall live,
 A surer way, my fair can give :
 In her dear mem'ry let me live alone ;
 When NISA dies, I wish not to be known. 10

VERSES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ERSE.

BEHOLD, fair maid, what Nature could inspire,
When Albion's lovely dames confessed their fire;
When love was stranger to the guise of art,
And virgins spoke the language of the heart;
When sweet simplicity, with charms displayed, 5
Confirmed the bands which beauty first had made.

On rocks they lived among the savage kind,
But little of the rock was in their mind;
They felt the call of nature in their heart¹,
And Pity wept when Beauty shot the dart: 10
Each maid, with sorrow, saw her conquests rise,
And drowned with tears the lightning of her eyes.

When the loved youth appeared with manly charms,
And called the blooming beauty to his arms;

¹ *But little of the rock was in their mind;*

They felt the call of nature in their heart.] The same conceit is repeated in Oithona: "My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless as that sea." Vol. I. p. 525. The preceding short poem, "The Monument," is indisputably Macpherson's. See Vol. I. p. 196.

To meet his generous flame the maid would fly, 15
 Nor did the tongue, what eyes confessed, deny.
 No toils could her from his dear side remove;
 She shared his dangers, as she shared his love.
 With him against the chace she bent the bow;
 In fields of death with him she met the foe; 20
 If pierced with wounds, a mournful sight he lay,
 With tears she washed the gory tide away;
 And decent in the tomb her hero laid,
 And as she blessed him living, mourned him dead.
 In thee, blest nymph, indulgent Nature joined 25
 The face of beauty with the tender mind;
 In thee the present virtues we behold,
 With all the charms of Albion's dames of old:
 But be their sorrow to themselves alone,
 As thine their beauty, be their woes their own. 30
 Too oft, in times of old, did war's alarms
 Tear lovely Youth from Beauty's folding arms!
 Too oft the early tears of spouses flow,
 And blooming widows beat their breasts of snow,
 But when the happy youth of form divine, 35
 At once the fav'rite of the world and thine,
 Enjoys unrivalled all that heaven of charms,
 Death, late descend!—Avoid him, hostile arms!
 Let growing pleasures crown each rising year,
 Still be that cheek unsullied with a tear; 40
 That heart no pang but of affection know;
 That ear be stranger to the voice of woe.
 When Time itself shall bid that beauty fly,
 And lightning arm no more that lovely eye;
 May the bright legacy successive fall, 45
 And thy loved sons and daughters share it all;
 Thy sons be every virgin's secret care,
 Thy lovely daughters like the mother fair;
 The first in prudence emulate their sire;
 The last, like thee, set all the world on fire. 50

THE CAVE.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE wind is up, the field is bare ;
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair ¹,
With blessed Content has chose to dwell.

Behold ! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock ; beside the flood ;
Dry fern around obstructs the light ;
The winds above it move the wood ².

Reflected in the lake I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey-cloaked herd drives on the cow ;
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath ;
A freckled pointer scours the brow ;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

¹ *Where Contemplation, lonely fair.*] In Macpherson's poem of Death,

Come *Contemplation*, then, my *lonely fair* !

² The description of the Cave has been so repeatedly introduced into Ossian, I. 174. II. 234. that it is almost unnecessary to authenticate the poem any farther.

Curve o'er the ruin of an oak,
 The woodman lifts his axe on high,
 The hills re-echo to the stroke;
 I see, I see the shivers fly.

Some rural maid, with apron full,
 Brings fuel to the homely flame;
 I see the smoky columns roll,
 And through the chinky hut the beam¹.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
 Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
 Three panting dogs beside repose;
 One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake, at distance, spreads to sight,
 Skirted with shady forests round,
 In midst an island's rocky height
 Sustains a ruin once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls,
 Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh,
 By intervals a fragment falls,
 As blows the blast along the sky².

¹ *I see the smoky columns roll,
 And through the chinky hut the beam.] Hunter, vii. 157.
 At length from his low roof black columns rise,
 Of pitchy smoke, and gain on evening skies;
 The turfy hut, &c.*

Idem viii. 76.

Dart through a rocky chink a livid ray.
 "The columns of smoke pleased mine eye as they rose above my waves."
 Vol. I. p. 330. "Shewing their pale forms through the chinky rocks."
 II. 60

² *By intervals a fragment falls,
 As blows the blast along the sky.] Death, 71.
 When from a tottering roof a fragment falls.*

Highlander, v. 70.

A fragment falls with each invading blast.

Two rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide,
With lab'ring oars, along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat th' insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the grey mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats,—resound a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking o'er the plain:
When storms are past,—and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.

FRAGMENTS

FROM TYRTÆUS.

FRAGMENT I.

I CALL the man unworthy of my praise,
Who wins the palm in wrestling or the race ;
Should he excel in bulk and strength mankind,
Or in the course outstrip the Thracian wind ;
Though Nature gave him Tithon's form divine, 5
And Asia poured him wealth from every mine ;
Though Pelops' wide domains to him belong,
And more, Adrastus' eloquence of tongue ;
Though fortune every other virtue gave,
And yet deny the greatest—to be brave. 10
And brave alone is he, who can sustain
The wild confusion of the bloody plain ;
Can death and wounds behold with dire delight,
And shady legions moving to the fight.
For he alone a lasting name can raise, 15
And crown his early years with martial praise,

Who in the front of battle stands unmoved,
 The bulwark of the country which he loved;
 And loving, prodigal of life, to die,
 Avoids no evil more than basely fly. 20

His great example shall the host inspire,
 And thousands follow actions they admire.
 He turns the phalanx of the foe to flight,
 And rules, with martial art, the tide of fight:
 And when he falls amid the field of fame, 25

He leaves behind a great and lasting name;
 His sire, his country, shall with joy surround
 His corse, and read their glory in his wound.
 Both young and old shall sing his dirge of woe;
 And his long fun'ral all the town pursue: 30

His tomb shall be revered: his children shine
 Through every age, a long-extended line.
 Ne'er shall his glory fade, or cease his fame;
 Though laid in dust, immortal is his name,
 Who never from the field of battle flies, 35
 But for his children and his country dies.

But if the sable hand of death he shun,
 Returning victor, with his glory won;
 By young and old revered, his life he'll lead,
 And full of honour sink among the dead: 40

Or with his growing years his fame shall grow,
 And all shall reverence his head of snow¹.

The higher place from every youth he bears,
 And age shall quit him all the claim of years.
 Who then desires to rise to such a height, 45
 Desires in vain, if he forget the fight.

¹ *And all shall reverence his head of snow.*] See *Lathmon*, Vol. i. p. 495. where the repetition of the greater part of this paragraph authenticates the translation of Tyrtæus by Macpherson.

FRAGMENT II.

YE, then, who boast Alcides' race divine,
Be strong; great Jove shall ne'er forsake his line.
Aided by Heav'n, no human prowess fear;
Exalt the shady buckler to the war.
But, bent on fate, what danger need you fly, 5
Or shun a death so grateful to the sky?
Ye knew the horrid work of arms before,
The dismal shock of battle oft ye bore;
Or when you fled, or when the field you won,
In each reverse to you is fortune known. 10
For those who, in the front of battle, dare
Fight hand to hand, and bear the brunt of war,
But rarely fall.—Though dastards skulk behind,
'The fate they shun still haunts the cow'rdly kind.
What mind can well conceive, or tongue relate, 15
'The ills unnamed that on the truant wait?
To shun his fate when from the field he flies,
Pierced from behind, th' inglorious coward dies.
When prone he lies and gasping on the ground,
What shame, to see behind the gaping wound! 20
But, firm to earth, let every warrior grow,
Strain his large limbs, and low'ring eye the foe;
Let every shield, a mighty round, displayed,
From head to foot the gathered warrior shade;
Each vig'rous hand the spear portended hold, 25
When dreadful nods above the casque of gold.

To mighty deeds let each his arm extend,
Nor dread the darts his buckler may defend.
To distance let him not project the spear,
But manage hand to hand the work of war ; 30
Shield closed to shield, advance th' imbattled line,
Crest reach to crest, and casque to helmet join ;
When, breast to breast, are stretched the ranks of war,
Hew them with swords, or break them with the spear.
Ye, whom no heavy panoplies inclose, 35
Discharge, at distance, stones against the foes,
And hurl with martial force the missive spear ;
But near the phalanx, shun the closer war.

FRAGMENT III.

How graceful lies the brave man on the plain,
Covered with wounds, and for his country slain!
But ah! expelled from home, how mean! how low!
Through foreign realms to lead a life of woe!
Strolling with parents sunk in wieldless years, 5
A helpless wife, and infants drowned in tears!
Condemned to want and shame, him all shall hate,
And drive the wand'rer from the closing gate.
His form he shall disgrace, his race, his blood,
By ills unnamed and infamy pursued. 10
Nor only is the dastard lost to fame,
But, what is worse, to all the sense of shame.
But let us fight for Sparta while we may,
Nor spare a life which soon must pass away.

Collect your hands, ye warriors, closely fight; 15
Forget your fear; forget inglorious flight.
Let glory every martial bosom fill,
Nor value life when foes remain to kill.
Leave not the hoary vet'rans numbed with age,
Where burns the combat, and the thickest rage: 20
What shame! an aged warrior prone should lie,
Transfixed with wounds, when younger men are by;
His beard transformed, his wrinkled temples gray,
And breathe, in dust, his dauntless soul away?
Who can his hands behold, with shameless eyes, 25
Cov'ring his naked carcase as he lies,
Decent in death?—But all things youth become,
Whom nature covers with her fairest bloom;
Graceful, in life, to men and women's eyes;
Graceful, in death, when on the field he lies. 30
Then, once engaged, let every warrior grow
Firm to the earth, and low'r upon the foe.

ANACREON,

ODE IV. TRANSLATED.

ON beds of tender myrtles laid,
Or meinelot, supinely spread,
I'll quaff the bowl; and, neatly dressed,
Young Cupid shall direct the feast.
Come! fill the bumper to the brim, 3
And heave away this load of time.
This little wheel of vital day
Shall shortly roll itself away;
And when we to the dust return,
How small our portion in the urn! 10
Why should you then anoint my stone?
Or earth with rich libations drown?
No: rather let my sleeky hair
The fragrant oil and chaplet wear,
While yet I live; with all her charms 15
Call too my fair-one to my arms;
And Love, before from hence I go,
To mingle with the shades below;
Here let me dissipate my care,
And leave my grief in upper air. 20

ANACREON,

ODE VIII.

By night, on purple carpets spread,
When Bacchus hovered in my head;
In dreams I seemed to stretch the race
With virgins of the fairest face;
While taunting youths at distance stood, 5
As fair as of immortal blood;
And ridiculed me for the fair,
But seemed to wish themselves were there.
Unheeding I pursue my bliss,
And try to snatch one balmy kiss, 10
When, all at once, the vision fled,
And left me hapless on the bed:
The promised bliss hung in my brain;
I turned, and wished to sleep again.

IN ANSWER TO

A LETTER FROM DELIA.

TWICE has the winter vexed the main,
And twice the summer parched the plain,
Since, absent from his Delia's eyes,
Remote the hapless poet sighs,
And sees the joyless seasons roll, 5
Far from the charmer of his soul.

In vain, to shroud thee from my eyes,
Or billows roll, or mountains rise,
When diving in the secret shade,
I see, in thought, my charming maid 10
In all the light of beauty move¹,
As when she warmed my heart to love :

¹ When *diving in the secret shade*,
I see, in thought, my charming maid

In all *the light of beauty move*.] “Of Eivirallin were my thoughts,
when in all the light of beauty she came.” Vol. i. p. 125. But the whole
series of unappropriated poems, in Blacklock's *Collection*, is evidently
the composition of the same author; and that author is undoubtedly
Macpherson. The *Cave* alone had too much merit not to have been
claimed, had it been written by any other than the father of Ossian. The
very next poems, after this series in Blacklock's *Collection*, ADELA, and
MORNA, were printed anonymously, as if by the same author; but in

Again her charms my soul surprise,
 I feel the lightning of her eyes;
 Her marble neck, her hair behold. 15
 Like winding tides of melted gold;
 Still on her cheek the roses glow,
 Still swells her breast of heaving snow.
 The vision flies, delusive all!
 From what a height poor mortals fall! 20
 I wake to care—My fair no more
 I see;—The winds around me roar;
 Cold showers from sullen skies descend,
 And storms the lofty forest rend;
 I fly the tempest—leave the plain, 25
 But oh! from love I fly in vain.

In crowds would I dissolve my care,
 The peace I seek, I find not there.
 My absent fair one prompts my sighs,
 And calls the tears from both my eyes; 30
 My heart beats thick against my side,
 More swiftly rolls the crimson tide;
 I sweat, I pant, my ears resound,
 And vision dimly swims around.
 I pine, I languish in my pain, 35
 And scarce does half the man remain.

I eye the maids, the soft and gay,
 And wish to look my soul away;
 With other objects to supply
 The fair, the adverse fates deny; 40
 Ill were my fair by them supplied,——
 Their form disgusts, but more their pride.
 With haughty sneer they seem to say,
 Away, dull impudence! away!

the second volume, bad as they are, they were carefully assigned to the
 Honourable Andrew Erskine.

You look, you sigh, and weep in vain; 45
Go; woo some trull upon the plain.
With conscious shame I blush, I glow;
My Delia would not use me so——
A packet!—'tis my Delia's hand—
What would my lovely maid command? 50
Am I my fair-one's tender care?
Love me!—What would you love, my dear?
No fair domains of mine are spread,
No lofty villa rears its head;
No lowing herds are heard afar, 55
Nor neighs the courser at my car;
No pageantry of state is mine,
I boast no nobles in my line;
My numbers are admired by none,
Or by the partial maid alone; 60
No beauties on my limbs arise,
Nor armed with lightning are my eyes:
Love me! what would you love, my dear?
A gen'rous heart—a mind sincere;
A soul that fortune's frowns defies, 65
Nor flatters fools I must despise,
Is all I boast, my charming fair!
Love me!—what would you love, my dear!

A NIGHT-PIECE^{*}.

'Tis night: and storms the forest shake;
Dark roll the billows on the lake;
The whirlwind sweeps; descends the rain,
The torrents echo to the plain:
Through desert paths forlorn I stray, 5
And not a moon to light my way;
No friendly star with golden eye
Looks from the cieling of the sky.

Here sounds an oak;—there spreads a plane;
Above, the rock defends the rain; 10
The murm'ring rill o'er pebbles flies,
The wind along the bramble sighs:
A fox is howling on the rock,
A screech-owl on a blasted oak:
The passing meteor lights the vale; 15
A spirit whispers on the gale,
Or beck'ning longs to breathe its care;
And ghastly horror rides the air.

A ruin! 'Twas of old the seat
Of heroes now resigned to fate; 20
Where often mirth relaxed the soul,
And midnight crowned the rosy bowl;

^{*} See the *Six Bards*, of which I conceive that the *Night-piece* was the original form.

Where sprightly music swelled the sound,
While blooming beauty tript around.
They vanished, as they ne'er had been, 25
No lyre is heard, no maid is seen,
No more the tuneful lyrist warms,
Death long since rifled beauty's charms ;
No warrior's martial size is shown,
Time moulders down the very stone ; 30
With every blast the fragments fall,
And winds are blust'ring in the hall.

Unhappy man ! how short his date,
He springs to light, and sinks in fate ;
Ev'n from the womb, the tomb is seen ; 35
And sorrow fills the space between.
Bid paltry riches glut his eye,
Or empty glory raise him high ;
Bid him in wrangling senates glow,
Or turn the batt'ry on the foe ; 40
Yet, high or low, 'tis mankind's lot,
To live in grief, and die forgot.

Go, on the stone inscribe thy name,
And to the marble trust thy fame ;
Bid half the mountain form thy tomb, 45
The wonder of the times to come ;
The mound shall sink, the stone decay,
The sculptured figure wear away ;
The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
Some shepherd's future cot may raise ; 50
While, smiling round, his infant son
Admires the figures on the stone.

A tomb its dreary honour shows !
Three stones exalt their heads of moss ;
A bust, half-sunk in earth, appears, 55
The rude remains of former years ;
Dry tufts of grass around it rise,
The wind along the brushwood sighs,

Now peeping from the cloudy pole,
The moon has silvered o'er the whole. 60

Here, hoar tradition tells, repose
Two youths the dread of Albion's foes,
Of other times the grace and pride,
Who saved their country when they died;
But rolling time has lost their name, 65
So faithless is the breath of fame.

That light! it issues from the cot,
Be grief suspended,—care forgot:
There Nisa for her lover sighs,
And rolls on night her wishful eyes: 70
Why has my ling'ring rover stayed?
I come, I come, my lovely maid,
To feast my eyes on all your charms,
And lose my sorrow in your arms.

VERSES
TO
A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN half the nation round Almira sighs,
And sense secures the conquest of her eyes,
Why bids the nymph a muse unknown to fame
To grace her numbers with so fair a name?
Or would the maid add lustre to my lays? 5
Or shew the world how weakly I can praise?

The muse disclaimed, and all the powers of song,
The rapture vanished, and the lyre unstrung;
I left to other bards their groves of bays,
And sacrificed my hopes of fame to ease. 10
Nor Delia's charms could bid my numbers rise,
Nor caught my soul the fire of Chloe's eyes;
On Mira's cheek in vain did roses glow,
And Chloris heaved, unsung, her breast of snow;
Almira only could my breast inflame, 15
Were but my strength proportioned to my theme.

Grant then I sung, what honour could I pay,
Where every grace displayed prevents the lay?
Thee first in beauty, sighing thousands own;
And thou art stranger to thy worth alone: 20

Charms after charms in fair succession rise,
Thy wit pursues the progress of thine eyes ;
Each love-sick youth, without the poet's art,
Beholds enough to rob him of his heart ;
The muse despairs to make thee brighter shine, 25
Or give one beauty not already thine.

Permit me then, since useless are my lays,
To give my adoration for my praise ;
With other youths, the pleasing pain to prove ;
Though hope, alas ! can never lodge with love : 30
Let me admire the charms I'll ne'er possess ;
And eye, in rapture, what I can't express.

FRAGMENT
OF
A NORTHERN TALE.

See Preface to the Edition 1773.

WHERE Harold, with golden hair, spread o'er Lochlin * his high commands; where, with justice, he ruled the tribes, who sunk, subdued, beneath his sword; abrupt rises Gormal † in snow! The tempests roll dark on his sides, but calm, above, his vast forehead appears. White-issuing from the skirt of his storms, the troubled torrents pour down his sides. Joining, as they roar along, they bear the Torno, in foam, to the main.

Grey on the bank and far from men, half-covered by ancient pines from the wind, a lonely pile exalts its head, long-shaken by the storms of the north. To this fled Sigurd, fierce in fight, from Harold the leader of armies, when fate had brightened his spear with renown: When he conquered in that rude field, where Lulan's warriors fell in blood, or rose, in terror, on the waves of the main. Darkly sat the grey-haired chief; yet sorrow dwelt not in his soul. But

* The Gaëlic name of Scandinavia, or Scandinia.

† The mountains of Sevo.

when the warrior thought on the past, his proud heart heaved against his side : Forth flew his sword from its place, he wounded Harold in all the winds.

One daughter, and only one, but bright in form and mild of soul, the last beam of the setting line, remained to Sigurd of all his race. His son, in Lulan's battle slain, beheld not his father's flight from his foes. Nor finished seemed the ancient line ! The splendid beauty of bright-eyed Fithon covered still the fallen king with renown. Her arm was white like Gormal's snow ; her bosom whiter than the foam of the main, when roll the waves beneath the wrath of the winds. Like two stars were her radiant eyes, like two stars that rise on the deep, when dark tumult embroils the night. Pleasant are their beams aloft, as stately they ascend the skies.

Nor Odin forgot, in aught, the maid. Her form scarce equalled her lofty mind. Awe moved around her stately steps. Heroes loved—but shrunk away in their fears. Yet midst the pride of all her charms, her heart was soft, and her soul was kind. She saw the mournful with tearful eyes. Transient darkness arose in her breast. Her joy was in the chace. Each morning, when doubtful light wandered dimly on Lulan's waves, she roused the resounding woods, to Gormal's head of snow. Nor moved the maid alone, &c.

THE SAME VERSIFIED.

WHERE fair-haired Harold o'er Scandinia reigned,
And held, with justice, what his valour gained,
Sevo, in snow, his rugged forehead rears,
And, o'er the warfare of his storms, appears

Abrupt and vast. White-wandering down his side
A thousand torrents, gleaming as they glide,
Unite below ; and pouring through the plain
Hurry the troubled Torno to the main.

Grey, on the bank, remote from human kind,
By aged pines half sheltered from the wind,
A homely mansion rose, of antique form,
For ages battered by the polar storm.
To this fierce Sigurd fled from Norway's lord,
When fortune settled on the warrior's sword,
In that rude field where Suecia's chiefs were slain ;
Or forced to wander o'er the Bothnic main.
Dark was his life, yet undisturbed with woes ;
But when the memory of defeat arose,
His proud heart struck his side ; he graspt the spear,
And wounded Harold in the vacant air.

One daughter only, but of form divine,
The last fair beam of the departing line,
Remained of Sigurd's race. His warlike son
Fell in the shock which overturned the throne.
Nor desolate the house ! Fionia's charms
Sustained the glory, which they lost in arms.
White was her arm, as Sevo's lofty snow,
Her bosom fairer than the waves below,
When heaving to the winds. Her radiant eyes
Like two bright stars, exulting as they rise,
O'er the dark tumult of a stormy night,
And gladdening heaven, with their majestic light.

In nought is Odin to the maid unkind,
Her form scarce equals her exalted mind ;
Awe leads her sacred steps where'er they move,
And mankind worship where they dare not love.
But, mixed with softness, was the virgin's pride,
Her heart had feelings which her eyes denied.
Her bright tears started at another's woes,
While transient darkness on her soul arose.

The chace she loved; when morn, with doubtful beam,
 Came dimly wandering o'er the Bothnic stream,
 On Sevo's sounding sides she bent the bow,
 And rouzed his forests to his head of snow.
 Nor moved the maid alone, &c.

FINIS.

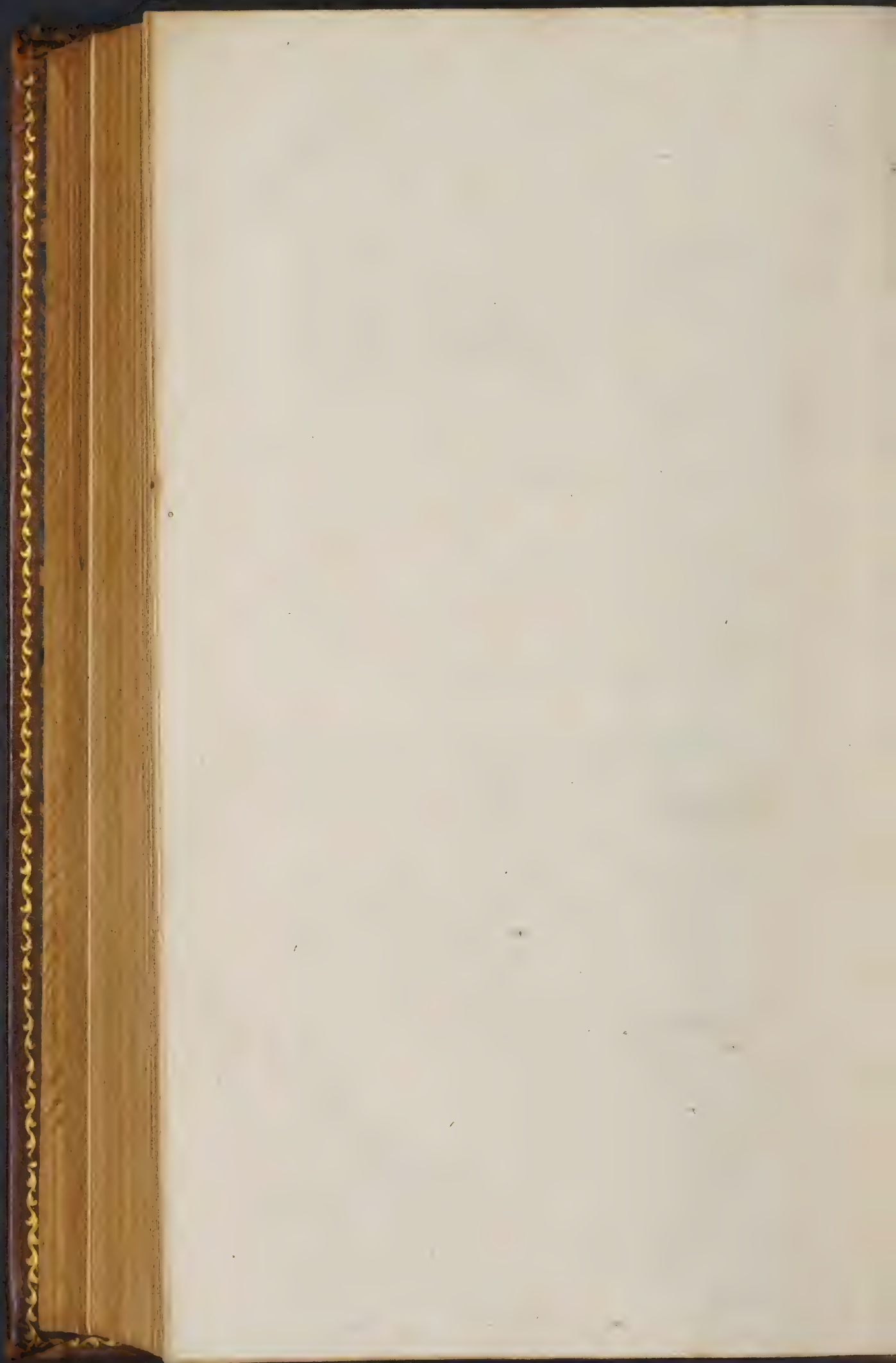
ERRATA, VOL. II.

Page 37. line 7. note.		<i>For bated heat, read beating heart.</i>
60.	10. text.	<i>For Muma, read Moma.</i>
79.	4. note.	<i>For dusky, read busky.</i>
120.	16.	<i>For adverting, that to this, read adver-</i> <i>ing to this, that.</i>
120.	17.	<i>For there is, read there are.</i>
151.	8. text.	<i>For their friends, read his friends.</i>
161.	10. note.	<i>For spirit, read spirits.</i>
162.	10. text.	<i>For a desert, read the desert.</i>
289.	4. note.	<i>For ab, read ob.</i>
333.	8.	<i>For ludus, read ludum.</i>
390.	21.	<i>For search, read reach.</i>
403.	12.	<i>For sea-rock, read sea-beat rock.</i>

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